

Literature Teaching in Schools

A Manual of Matter and Method

BY

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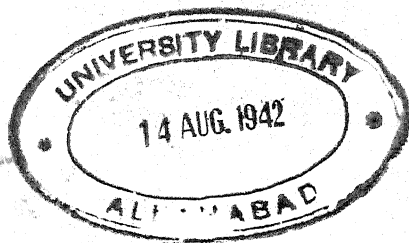
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PREFACE.

IT may be truly said that, in the curriculum of the elementary school, Literature is only just coming into its own. In his book on Education, Herbert Spencer decided that science was the knowledge "of the most worth"; and doubtless that dictum has had a great deal to do with the partial or total exclusion of Literature teaching, as such, from elementary school time-tables. But, after the bitter experiences of the Great War, and judged by its superior influence on mind and character, as compared with science, Literature must now be accorded the first place. Its success depends very largely upon the teacher. If he loves the work and is enthusiastic about it, he will succeed in transferring some of his ardour to his pupils; and then the great works of the great masters will be to them a perennial source of joy and satisfaction, and they will be anxious to have them as a permanent possession of their own.

The object of this book is to assist teachers in elementary and continuation schools, and those in charge of the lower forms of secondary schools, in their efforts to introduce their pupils to the greatest names and choicest works the English language possesses. Many school children of to-day are quite ignorant of their literary heritage. It is surprising to find the number of boys who have not read even *Robinson Crusoe*. In my boyhood days it was the favourite, but in these later times the many productions that are designed for juvenile consumption—and some of them very undesirable—bid fair to bury it. We must bring it out from its seclusion, and point out to the children of to-day what a masterpiece of interesting adventure-story it is. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, too, is even less read by school children than *Robinson Crusoe*; yet, apart altogether from its deeper meaning, it is a story of fascinating interest. Lord Macaulay tells us that it was more in demand in his day than the story of Jack the Giant

Killer. Surely the doings of Christian and Hopeful and Faithful and the rest are sufficient to satisfy any child's craving for romance. There is the same ignorance of large numbers of other famous books and poems. Many of them may appear hackneyed to us ; but let us remember that they are not hackneyed to the succeeding generations of children, and, if suitably dealt with, they will give as much delight to our pupils as they once gave to us.

This book is divided into three parts. Part I. gives tried and effective methods of teaching the various kinds of literature to younger and older pupils. Part II. contains complete courses for eight years of a child's school life ; and, as a help to the teacher, there are included summaries of a number of books and poems, with selected readings. The full courses may be taken, or selections made from them, according to the capacity of the pupils and the time allotted to the subject.

Part III. contains what is essential to be known of the various authors, taken in chronological order.

I am in complete agreement with Sir W. Robertson Nicoll when, in an article entitled *A Gossip about Literary History*, he says :—

“ For myself I do not believe you can separate between the author and his books. Nor would it be desirable to do so, even if it were possible. Interest young minds in the biographical history of famous authors, and you will find it far more easy to interest them in the author's books. I never cared to read Dr. Johnson's writings until the happy day I was introduced to Boswell. After having read him, I loved to read *The Rambler* and *Rasselas* and some of the rest, and to understand how they sprang from the noble, courageous, sorely-tried, benevolent soul whose utterances they were.”

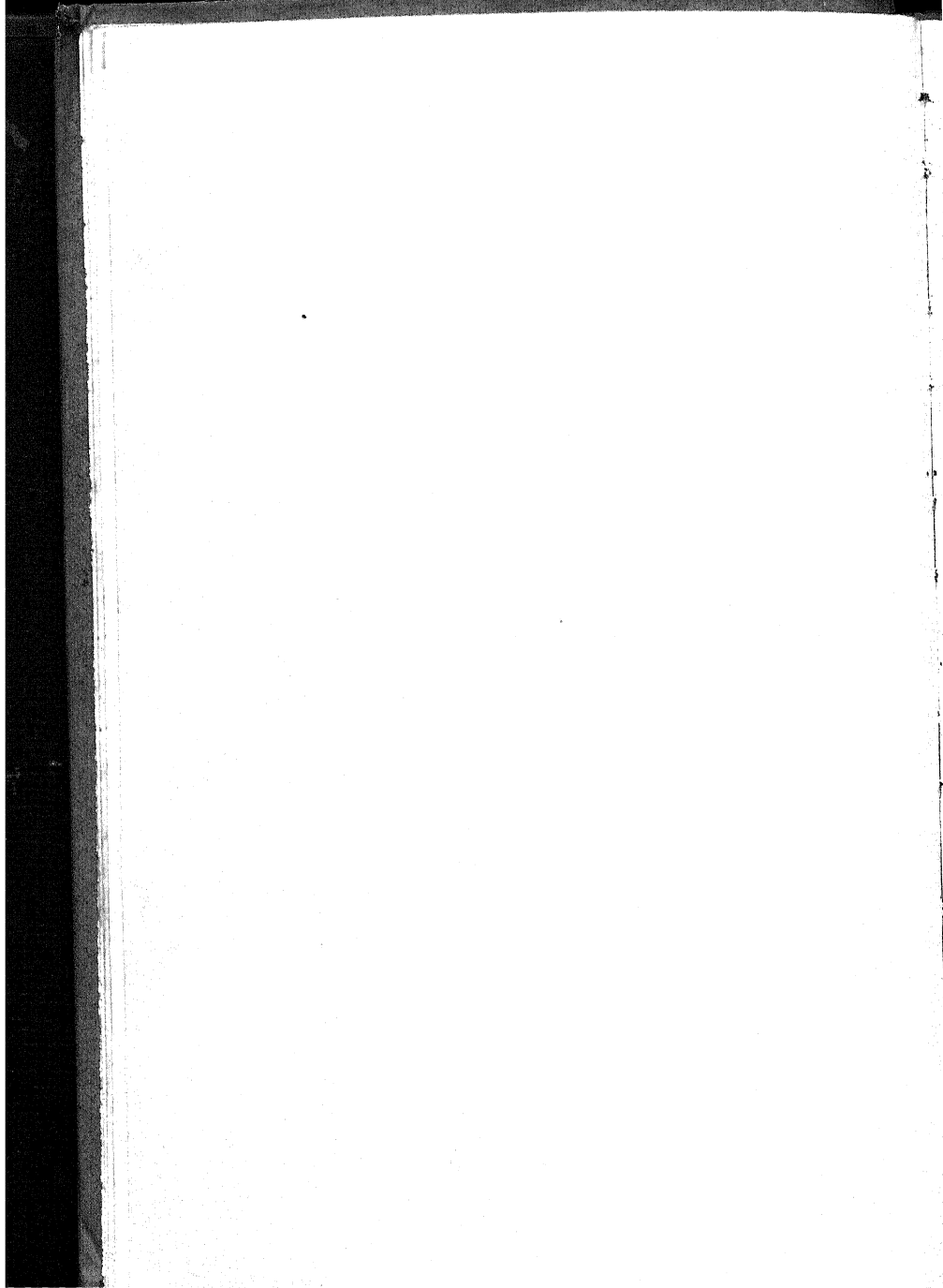
Only through a knowledge of an author's times and personal history can many of his sayings be correctly understood. How much more will children appreciate Charles Kingsley's poem of *The Three Fishers*, when they know that he spent his childhood on the coast of Devon, where fishermen lived and toiled and died, and that most of his old playmates found a watery grave. In his *Prose Idylls* he tells us that the merry beach beside the town was often covered with

shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of despair, as corpse after corpse was swept up at the feet of wife and child.

If Shakespeare had had a Boswell for his biographer, it would have obviated endless disputes about some of his writings, the *Sonnets* in particular. We should never have understood the pessimism of Carlyle, if we had known little or nothing of his life's story. If we introduce our pupils, even those of ten and eleven years of age, to the author himself, let them know something of his joys and sorrows, hopes and ambitions, habits and environment, they will certainly be much more interested in his work, even as we ourselves take more interest in a book written by a person with whom we are familiar, than we do in one by an unknown author.

In the courses for the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth years some of the chief prose works and poems of fifty-three leading English authors are dealt with. If these courses are followed, children will have something more than a nodding acquaintance with many of the great names and imperishable works of our incomparable literature—a knowledge that will be for them a humanizing and happy influence all through life.

J. E.



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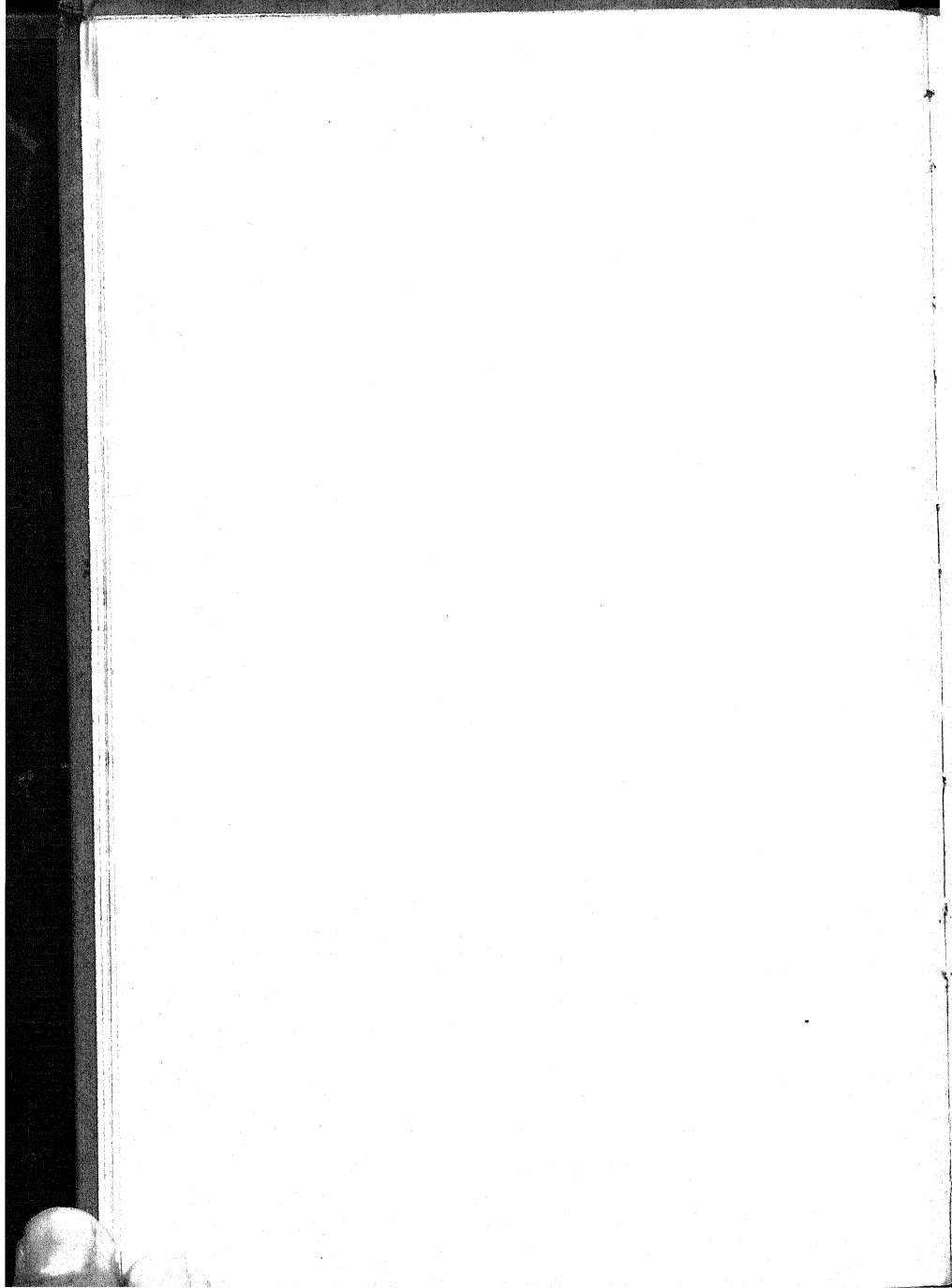
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PART I.

CHAPTER I.

LITERATURE AS A SCHOOL SUBJECT.

The most important subject in the school curriculum is Reading. It exercises a supreme influence on the thought and conduct of the young. It is the key that unlocks the library of the world's literature, the road along which the child must travel in his search for knowledge, and the pathway that leads him to the Delectable Mountains. It is a gift that should be a source of pleasure all through life. But, if this wonderful power which is given to him in the Elementary School be not used in the right way, it may lead him into dire peril. Everywhere pitfalls are put in the way of the young reader in the form of impossible stories of piracy, brigandage, burglary, and the lives of murderers and criminals. Tons of unhealthy juvenile literature pour from a certain section of the Press in an overwhelming flood, and the results of its pernicious influence are not infrequently revealed in the police courts that deal with juvenile offenders. How can we contrive to stem the torrent, or at least to counteract the evil? Surely by giving children a taste for something better, by introducing them to the greatest and wisest minds of all time. This is an end which can be attained by taking a suitable school course in literature, and dealing with it in an interesting and sympathetic way. For it will be found that in every child's breast there is some chord which ever responds to noble thoughts expressed in noble words. Some time before his death, the late Lord Avebury said :—

“English Literature is the birthright and inheritance of the English race. No one can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature, richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms. It is the true pride and glory of our country, and for it we cannot be too thankful.”

A distinction should be made between the teaching of literature and the teaching of ordinary composition and grammar. Literature must be looked upon as an interpretation of life. When we introduce a child to the golden realms of literature, we are, in fact, introducing him to life itself. On no account should the literature lesson be used to inculcate philological and grammatical subtleties. It must never be allowed to resolve itself into a dull language-drill lesson. This would defeat the aim and purpose of all literature teaching, which is to cultivate a deep and permanent love for all that is beautiful and true—a faculty of appreciation that will be a source of real pleasure all through life.

The first and most essential condition is that the teacher himself should be a lover and a student of literature. He must delight to revel in its beauties, and he must take an equal delight in leading his pupils along the flowery paths where they, too, can pluck the choicest blooms. The literature lesson should be anticipated with pure delight. It should be a lesson in which the emotions are stirred, the finer feelings are cultivated, and the lives of the children are permanently influenced for good. This will be the result, if the teacher succeeds in creating in the minds of the children a love for beautiful prose and musical poetry. If this is done, they will not, on leaving school, fling away their books as Byron flung away his Horace, for they will find in them a constant source of joy.

They will say with the poet:—

“ Oh for a booke and a shady nooke,
Eythre in doore or out;
With the green leaves whispering overhead,
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I maye reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.”

They will experience the truth of the late Lord Avebury's words:—

“ No one can read a good and interesting book for an hour without being the better and the happier for it.”

One of the essential aids to the successful teaching of literature is a good school library. As to its moral and educational value there can be no controversy. It is a means of widening the outlook of the children, of making them more thoughtful and intelligent, and of giving them an interest in things outside their own actual experience. Moreover, it will help them to cultivate that self-reliance which is continued when school-days are over.

It will be found a good plan to keep a number of suitable books in each classroom. When children have completed their allotted tasks in any subject to the satisfaction of the teacher, they should be allowed to take one of these books and read. Under proper conditions, they may also be allowed to come into their classroom and read before and after school hours; they should also be encouraged to discuss their reading with the teacher and with one another.

All children in the upper classes should be urged to join the Juvenile Section of the Public Lending Library, where one is available. The class teacher should have occasional talks on the choice of books, and take an interest in what the children read. By this means the school literature lessons will be effectively supplemented and strengthened.

The "practical" man may question the value of teaching literature at all, just as he questions the commercial value of teaching certain other school subjects. He will want to know what use it will be in business life. Will it make a boy a better writer, or train him to be more accurate in his spelling and arithmetic? The answer is, "No, it will not." Literature is not to be taught for the purpose of securing an increased income, but for the purpose of bringing such delights to the soul as can be obtained in no other way. "Man shall not live by bread alone," is eternally true. The cultivation of a love for what is beautiful and harmonious, the acquisition of a power to appreciate lofty thoughts and melodious sounds, will bring into many a life a sweetness and brightness and richness which money cannot buy. Let no man begrudge the hour set apart for such a worthy object.

CHAPTER II. STORIES.

What says Sir Philip Sidney in his *Apology for Poetry*?

"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."

(*The Poet Monarch of all Human Sciences.*)

The child-mind belongs to what may be termed the "legendary" stage in the evolution of the race; the child's story-loving instinct is strong and insatiable. There is nothing in this world that affords more delight to the average child than to sit with neck craned, straining to catch every word, mouth open, and eyes aflame, listening to the vivid telling of an interesting story by father, mother, teacher, or some other person who possesses the story-telling gift. The child's lively imagination calls up the various mental pictures as rapidly as they are suggested. The child can be lifted out of his own little world, and be spirited away for a time to the purple hills of fairyland and romance. Such a story as *Treasure Island* will be listened to with enthusiasm from start to finish; and if some of the more dramatic portions are read they will be heard with bated breath and tingling nerves. A story read by a capable reader has very much the same effect, though the impression is not so permanent as when the story is well told. In the elementary school one lesson a week should be set apart for this special purpose. The child with the dullest imagination will be stimulated, and all the listeners will soon develop an eagerness to read stories for themselves. This will always be the result, if the teacher never loses sight of the fact that the immediate purpose of story-telling is to give pleasure, rather than instruction. Valuable moral lessons will be drawn incidentally from most stories; but the stories should, as a general rule, be chosen for the delight they give, rather than for the moral they contain.

Many teachers have a place in the curriculum of their junior classes for story-telling, with the idea of its being recre-

ative, and of its developing in young children imagination, attention, and concentration ; but no provision is made for it in the upper half of the school. Surely all children of school age are also of the story age, though the older ones may prefer stories that approximate more to the conditions of real life than do fairy and folk tales. Moreover, in the upper classes the story can be made of much more value than has yet been indicated. If its chief aim is to enlarge and enrich the child's spiritual experience, and to stimulate healthy reaction upon it ; if it is looked upon as a relaxation from the stress of ordinary school work ; if it can be made a means of establishing a happy relation between teacher and children—then its continuance in the upper part of the school is not only desirable, but necessary.

No doubt many young teachers will tell themselves that, as far as they are concerned, the story-telling gift is not there. But the art can be effectively acquired. Sir Joshua Fitch says in his *Lectures on Teaching* :—

“ Even those who have no natural aptitude of this kind may acquire it by practice. Watch therefore for effective stories you hear, and practise yourself often in reproducing them. Observe the effect of telling such a story to a class ; see when it is that the eye brightens and the attitude becomes one of unconscious fixedness and attention ; and observe also when it is that the interest languishes and attention is relaxed.

“ Such experience and a desire to interest the scholars will go far to make anyone of ordinary intelligence a good narrator, and, therefore, to give him or her a new and effective instrument for gaining the children's attention and doing them good.”

Nothing better than this can be said on the subject.

CHAPTER III.

TYPES OF STORIES.

(1) The Fairy Tale.

Fairy tales and folk tales are of perennial interest to old and young; they exist in various forms amongst people of all times and all races. In these days we tell them to our children mainly for two reasons, (a) because they have a natural love for them, (b) because such stories contain some elements of moral worth.

To deprive a child of the fairy story, as some people wish to do, would be to deprive him very largely, in later life, of the power to appreciate the beautiful and the imaginative in our highest literature. The fairy tale is to child literature what Shakespeare's Plays are to adult literature, and we ought no more to think of banishing the one than the other.

Under this heading is included the hero or wonder tale; and to the child-mind, hungering and thirsting for romance and adventure, nothing is more suitable than the stories that tell of the mighty and valiant deeds of Ulysses, Siegfried, Beowulf, and Arthur.

(2) The Nonsense Story.

This kind of story supplies a vein of humour that is at times valuable and necessary in the schoolroom. There are occasions when lessons drag, when children seem to be particularly dull and irritating, and things begin to go wrong; then is the time to introduce a humorous story. The whole atmosphere is at once changed and the weariness disappears; for a good, hearty laugh is infectious, and speedily brings teacher and taught out of the Slough of Despond.

Humour, of a suitable kind, teaches children some of the facts and proportions of life. *The Three Little Pigs* and *Jack the Giant-Killer* always grip the attention of young children, as some of the stories of J. K. Jerome and W. W. Jacobs do

that of the older ones, and never fail to produce the spontaneous outburst of laughter so natural to them.

(3) The Nature Story.

A well-told nature story has the power to create in the child-mind vivid impressions of life among the lower animals. When a child hears a story told as if by a dog, a rabbit, or a lark, its curiosity is at once aroused. It enters into the life of the creature, accompanies it in its ups and downs, and is touched with a certain sympathy for it in its distress, and animated also with a joy in its escapes and victories. In fact, this kind of story is one of the best means of cultivating in children a love for their "animal brothers."

(4) The Historical Story.

The narration of stories of this class is the best means of accumulating material in preparation for the teaching of formal history. Properly used, the historical story inculcates a due sense of pride in one's own country and its achievements, and generates a love for the Motherland; in the child's eyes it also has the virtue of being "true." Moreover, it trains the child to admire all things that are honourable and of good report, and gives him contempt for actions that are mean and cruel and deceitful.

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL METHOD.

The teacher's first effort must be directed towards creating a suitable "atmosphere" in which the story or poem under consideration may be placed; and in so far as this is done will the lesson be a success or otherwise. This may usually be effected by considering certain experiences in the life of the author. Children in the upper classes should always know something of the author, and of the times in which he lived. If a picture or drawing of the one whose work is under consideration can be shown to the class, it will add to the interest, and help to differentiate the writer from others whose work will be dealt with during the course. In all classes there should be a stimulating introduction that graphically pictures the necessary setting, and enables the children to shut out, for the time being, the classroom, the school, the shops, and the streets, while it spirits them away "o'er hill, o'er dale," by limpid stream and spreading pine, to where they can drink in the odours of the "blossoms that hang on the bough."

When this has been done, the teacher should read the poem or prose selection without interruption, for the sole purpose of giving a general idea of the subject matter. He should then ascertain the views of his pupils regarding it—as, for example, which parts have struck them most, which they prefer, which character (if any) they like or dislike, and why.

The piece should then be read once more, and any necessary explanations made to ensure that the various ideas are quite understood. All possible aids should be used to make the impressions definite and permanent. Let the teacher show pictures of dresses, places, and scenes mentioned, or of any animals, birds, fishes, or flowers, to which reference may have been made. Specimens of natural products, implements, weapons, etc., or good drawings of them, all add to the interest and make the piece much more real to the children. If these

details be attended to, the poem, or prose work, will become a cherished and permanent possession.

In literature lessons the teacher must beware of spending too much of the allotted time in dealing with meanings and allusions. Occasionally and incidentally the rough places must be smoothed over, but the joy of continuing a story must not be dashed by an anatomical examination of certain verbal subtleties. Go right on with the tale, if a tale is being taken, telling some parts and reading others, as shown in the courses given; and then the literature lesson will be anticipated with more zest than any other lesson on the school time-table.

Some attention must also be paid to the "form," as well as to the "content," of the piece. Children will readily recognize how the sound echoes the sense by the use of alliteration, of short vowels and sharp consonants, or of long vowels and smooth consonants, all of which aid the reader or hearer to appreciate the true sense of the piece. This relationship can be taught best through the study of lyric poetry, many examples of which are given in the scheme of lessons in Part II.

Where comparisons can be made, they will be found of considerable value in giving ideas of style. For example, compare an essay of Addison's with one of Lamb's; Wordsworth's *Daffodils* with Herrick's; Wordsworth's *To a Skylark* with Shelley's, and his *To a Daisy* with Burns's poem; a passage from Scott with one from Dickens, and so on. Only simple notions of style and diction can, naturally, be expected from young children. They may be asked to say, for instance, whether the piece is easy to understand, or difficult; whether it is cheerful or sad, humorous or sarcastic, smooth or rough. If they can be taught to see these differences, they will come to recognize finer distinctions at some later stage.

If too much time is spent in dealing with a whole book, the children get wearied of it. Two or three lessons of forty-five minutes each should suffice. The teacher must be satisfied with giving his pupils an introduction to the work by descrip-

tive outline and extracts, and he should then leave the children to read the book for themselves. Only in this way can they be brought into touch with a desirable number of good books.

Essays should be studied for the theme and the style. Children should be able to give a satisfactory account of the theme ; and this they will readily do, if they grasp its leading ideas in their consecutive order. Some of the most expressive passages should be written out, to impress them on the minds of the children.

Dramatic works are the most difficult, and should be reserved for the highest classes. It has been maintained by some writers on education that Shakespeare should not be introduced to children in elementary schools ; his magnificent verse, we are told, was written for maturer minds, and young children are incapable of appreciating it. But the fact that children do not fully comprehend any piece of beautiful poetry or prose, need not concern us. If the passage be dealt with by a skilful teacher, the feeling of wonder will be awakened, new experiences will be suggested, and something will be gathered, even by the juvenile mind, of the Shakespearean grandeur and greatness. Interest will be aroused and imagination stimulated, and, as the years go by, the mists will clear, and the " children of a larger growth " will come to realize more fully the glorious creations of this " myriad-minded " man.

The whole story of the tragedy or comedy should be known ; and the scenes chosen to be read aloud by the teacher should be given with due emphasis, suitable gesture, and all the dramatic power that he can command. If this is properly done, the children will grasp the meaning of the noble language of the poet, without any resort to lengthy explanations.

The more or less dramatic presentment of suitable scenes is a means of arousing and maintaining interest, and will increase the sense of their reality. How much more effective for the dying John of Gaunt in *Richard II.* to be lying on an improvised bed, when repeating his eulogy of England, than to be standing in front of the class with his hands behind !

How children revel in acting the somewhat gruesome scene depicting Hubert and Arthur in *King John*! What delight they take in acting the *Pied Piper*! And how artificial the recital of these pieces often seems without the acting!

But this dramatic element must not, of course, be overdone. Elaborate scenery and dresses, and the drudgery of learning by heart large sections of various pieces and plays, not only take up time that should be devoted to actual literature teaching, but they interfere with the action of the child-imagination. Cardboard castles and fortifications, home-made swords, helmets, and shields are far more real to children than the highly-finished adult-made articles.

Of course, beautiful passages from various poems and prose works should be learnt by heart. Remember John Ruskin's testimony. He said:—

"My mother forced me by steady daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year. And to that discipline—patient, accurate, resolute—I owe not only a knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

Children must be taught to store in their memories some of the beautiful thoughts, expressed in beautiful language, of some of our greatest literary men and women. Each one will be "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever." For many of them will be remembered all through life, and will often bring joy and comfort in the dark hour. Let such quotations be written by the children in their note books, and then carefully learnt.

The simple study and analysis of character in novel and play should be dealt with incidentally.

CHAPTER V.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A STORY.

DAVID AND GOLIATH (I. *Samuel*, XVII.).

STEP I.—Carry the minds of the children away to the little village of Bethlehem near Jerusalem, where David, the youngest son of Jesse, lived with his father and mother and seven brothers, and spent his time in tending his father's sheep. Show pictures of the village and district and people.

STEP II.—Tell the story. War had broken out between the Israelites and the Philistines, and Saul, the King of Israel, posted his army in a favourable position for a battle. Several of David's brothers had gone out to fight, and Jesse told David to go down to the camp and see how they were getting on. The Israelites were on one hillside, and the Philistines on another opposite, and there was a broad valley between.

When David was walking into the camp, he heard a loud voice coming from the other side of the valley. He turned to look, and saw a giant soldier standing and facing the Israelites. He began to speak in a loud voice, and this is what he said :—

“Now, ye men of Israel, why are ye come here to fight us ? If our army meets yours, hundreds of lives will be lost. Let me tell you a better way of settling our quarrel. Choose a good soldier out of your army, and let him come here and fight a duel with me. If he kills me, our people will give in and will be your slaves. If I kill him, you shall be our slaves. Is not that a fair offer ? Now send a man at once, and let us fight it out. I challenge any man among you.”

But none of the Israelites went out to fight him, for he was ten feet high, was clothed in armour, and had great weapons that an ordinary soldier could hardly lift. His name was Goliath, and he came from a city called Gath. Still David was very surprised that not even *one* man could be found to fight him. When he enquired about it from some of the soldiers, he learnt that King Saul had offered a great reward

to any man who should kill the giant, and had even promised to give him one of his daughters for a wife.

When Eliab, David's eldest brother, heard that he was making these enquiries, he was very angry with him, and told him to go home and look after his sheep. But when King Saul heard about David, he sent for him. David was only seventeen, yet he told the King he would go and fight Goliath. But Saul said, "Thou art only a youth, and this Philistine is a great warrior, used to fighting ever since he was a boy. I am afraid thou wouldst only be throwing thy life away."

Then David told him how, when he had been minding his father's sheep, they had been attacked by a lion on one occasion and a bear on another, and how he caught up with them, struck them, and killed them; and he thought that if he could kill a lion and a bear, then, by God's help, he could kill this big Philistine.

When King Saul heard this, he said, "Go, and the Lord shall be with thee." He sent for his servants to clothe David with armour, put a brass helmet on his head, and arm him with a good sword. But when David tried to walk, he found he could hardly move; he was not used to armour, and the things were so heavy. So they took them off him again; and, armed only with his shepherd's staff and sling, he went forth to meet the giant.

When he reached the valley, he chose five smooth pebbles out of the brook at the bottom, and then walked on towards the place.

The giant heard that a champion was coming to meet him; so he buckled on his sword, examined his great spear, and fastened his armour securely. Then, accompanied by another soldier who carried his shield, he walked out to meet his opponent.

When he saw that there was nobody to fight him but David, he was very angry, for he thought the Israelites were making fun of him. He cursed David, called him names, and tried to frighten him. He said he would tear him in pieces, and give his flesh to the birds and beasts.

But David was not frightened. He said to the giant :—
“ I know thou art a great warrior, thou art protected by armour, and thou fightest with a sword, a spear, and a javelin ; but that does not frighten me. The Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, will help me to fight, and I shall defeat thee and cut off thine head, and give thy flesh to the birds and the beasts.”

This speech made Goliath so savage that he came towards David to take hold of him and kill him.

Instead of running away, David ran toward him. He put a pebble into his sling and flung it with all his might at the giant's face. It struck him in the middle of the forehead, crashed through the bone, and entered his brain. Goliath fell, face downwards, to the ground. David ran up to him, pulled out his big sword, and cut off his head.

The Israelites and Philistines had been watching the fight ; and when the Philistines saw that their champion was killed, they were filled with terror, and fled for their lives. The Israelites pursued them even to their own cities, and slew large numbers of them. David returned to the camp with the giant's head, and ever afterwards was the warrior hero of the Hebrew people.

STEP III.—Let the children express their opinions about David, and encourage them to ask any questions that occur to them. Lead them to see that David was full of courage, because he was going to do something to help his country, and because he firmly believed that God would help him to do it.

STEP IV.—Ask a series of questions on the story. *E.g.* : Who was David ? Where did he live ? What was his father's name ? How many brothers had he ? In which book of the Bible do we read about his fight with Goliath ? And so on.

STEP V.—Let several of the children tell a portion of the story each ; or perhaps one bright child will be able to re-tell the whole story.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A SHORT POEM.

I.—MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell,
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell,
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

Lord Tennyson.

STEP I.—Show the children a picture of Tennyson. Draw their attention to his mass of dark hair. Tell them of his bright brown eyes and deep musical voice. Describe how, from his beautiful home in the Isle of Wight, he watched the blue sea and the white cliffs and the rocks—the birds, the trees, and the flowers. Tell them how he shared the play of his boys, and delighted to show them nature's beauties.

STEP II.—Have a chat with the children about the sea and the many creatures that live in it. Show them some sea-shells "pink within" and "silver without." Let them hold them to their ears and tell what they hear. Talk of their former little inmates.

STEP III.—Let the children close their eyes, while the teacher describes a seaside scene in the evening, with the waves

sizzling on the beach, the moon-beams striking across the waters, and making them gleam like molten silver. Two little creatures, Minnie and Winnie, are fast asleep in their little shells in a cosy corner. Two twinkling stars peep into their shells, and wonder what Minnie and Winnie are dreaming about. Soon the dawn appears, the streaks of sunlight shoot over land and sea, and Minnie and Winnie wake up to watch the children make more sand castles, or paddle in the sea.

STEP IV.—Give the children cyclostyled copies of the poem. Read it through with them, and make any necessary explanations ; *e.g.* :—

(a) Echo on echo

Dies to the moon.

(b) The croft—an enclosed field or meadow.

(c) A green linnet—commonly so called, but, more exactly, the green finch.

STEP V.—Let the children read the poem for themselves, and learn the verse they like best.

II.—THE VILLAGE GREEN.

The sun doth arise
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring.

The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
Whilst our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Doth laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.

They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say :
" Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green."

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be cheery;
The sun doth descend,
And our sports have an end.

Round the laps of their mothers,
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds on the nest,
Are ready for rest—
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

William Blake.

STEP I.—Have a brief chat about the poet, a man who died a hundred years ago (1827). Tell how he loved the woods and hedgerows, the fields and flowers, the lambs and birds; and, though he had no children of his own, how he loved to be with little children, and to talk to them about these things.

STEP II.—Let the children picture to themselves an English village, as the teacher describes it—the green, with the children playing on it; the ivy-covered church on one side; the pretty houses and gardens, the clear stream running under the little bridge, the ducks and geese swimming about; the cattle and sheep grazing in the fields, the birds singing in the trees; and the hills and woods away in the distance.

STEP III.—Read through the poem, and then let the children visualize the scenes depicted in verses 1 and 2, 3 and 4, 5 and 6, as the teacher speaks about them, somewhat after the following manner:—

1 and 2.—It is early morning in the springtime. The sky is clear, and the sunbeams are streaming over the village, making everything look bright and beautiful. The church bells are pealing merrily, accompanied by the songs of the birds, and the melody is wafted over hill and dale to the neighbouring hamlets. The village boys and girls are up betimes, and shouts of joy and happy laughter are heard coming from the green, as the children join in their games.

3 and 4.—There is an old oak-tree near the green, with a seat fixed round it. Here some of the old folks sit and watch

the children at play. Old John enjoys it as much as the children themselves ; and now and again his voice rings out with laughter, as the children romp about in their various games. What the old people see reminds them of their own happy childhood, when they, too, played on the green in the delightful days gone by.

5 and 6.—The day is closing. The children have romped about until they are tired, now they move slowly away towards their homes, and prepare for bed. As the darkness gathers, the birds cease their songs, the little ones go to sleep, and a sweet stillness reigns over the pretty village.

STEP IV.—Give children cyclostyled copies of the poem, then read through it again, and explain any word or phrase that may not be fully understood. When this has been done, let the children read the poem for themselves.

STEP V.—Ask a series of questions on the contents of the poem. *E.g.* : Where does the sun rise ? Where does it set ? What season of the year is spoken of in the poem ? Where are the bells ? Why do they ring ? What birds are mentioned ? Where does the lark sing ? Where does it build its nest ? Name any other singing birds you have heard. What are the children doing ? What games do you suppose they are playing ? Why is the green called the “echoing green” ? Deal with the other verses in a similar way.

STEP VI.—Read through the poem once more, and then let the children learn any lines that appeal to them.

III.—SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
I fondly ask ;—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies : God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts : Who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state

Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

John Milton.

STEP I.—Have a talk about Milton and his writings. Speak about St. Dunstan's Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, and refer especially to Milton's blindness, which showed signs of its coming as early as 1644, and became complete in 1652, when Milton was only 44 years old. Try to picture the blind poet (show illustrations, where obtainable) with his pale face, long hair, and grey sightless eyes, sometimes seated at his organ ; sometimes dressed in black, and (perhaps ill with the gout, which eventually caused his death), sitting in an arm-chair in a little room hung with green ; sometimes dressed in his grey cloth coat, sitting at his house door in Bunhill Fields, when the weather was favourable, and chatting with his visitors.

STEP II.—Read through the poem, the children following on their cyclostyled copies. Speak to them about the structure and character of sonnets. Milton's sonnets are a variation of the Italian or regular style, the difference being that the Italian sonnet has a complete pause at the end of the eighth line, whereas in Milton's sonnets, usually the sense runs straight on from the eighth line to the ninth. Each consists of fourteen lines, with ten syllables to the line. The first eight lines are called the *octave*, and the last six the *sestet*. The octave is made up of two quatrains, in which the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyme ; in the above sonnet, for example,

 spent bent present prevent ;
 and the second, third, sixth, and seventh lines rhyme, for example,

 wide hide chide denied.

In the sestet, the rhyme-sequence is various ; sometimes, as in the above sonnet, lines one, two, and three rhyme respec-

tively with lines four, five, and six, thus,

need speed; best rest; state wait.

Sometimes, as in the sonnet on the Late Massacre in Piedmont, there are only two rhymes (first, third and fifth lines; second, fourth and sixth lines). Pupils should point out these rhymes.

A sonnet should properly be a poem self-contained and complete in itself. It must be dignified in its style, and is a poetic form specially appropriate to the expression of a profound thought or deep emotion. Milton's sonnets are among the most majestic in the language, as, for example, the one above referred to, on the Late Massacre in Piedmont. His sonnets may be compared with some of Shakespeare's and Wordsworth's.

STEP III.—Go through the poem again and make any necessary explanations, such as the following:—

My light is spent = my sight is gone for ever.

Ere half my days = in middle life.

He went blind at the age of 44, and lived to be 66. He had been blind three years, when he wrote this sonnet.

And that one talent which is death to hide. Milton compares himself to the man in the Scriptures (*St. Matthew*, xxv.) whose master gave him one talent, and he went and hid it in the earth. But Milton was a man of ten talents, and he felt that to be unable to use his talents was mental death to him.

though my soul more bent = though I am more determined than ever. (Ellipsis of "is" or "be").

lest He returning chide. Another reference to the Parable of the Talents, where it says (R.V., v. 19): "Now after a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and maketh a reckoning with them." Milton is pondering whether God may not hold him to blame as an "unprofitable servant."

light denied = when one is deprived of sight.

fondly = foolishly; the original meaning of the word, and one which it often bears to-day in North-country speech.

His own gifts = the talents which God gives to man.
thousands = thousands of angels.

post = hasten.

who only stand and wait = who are patient, and quietly submit to God's will.

STEP IV.—Read through the poem again, and then let the children read it for themselves and learn it, or any suitable portion of it; *e.g.*, "God doth not need," to the end of the sonnet.

STEP V.—Let one or two of the children give, in their own words, an account of what Milton says in this poem.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A LONGER POEM.

I.—LUCY GRAY.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray,
And when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father ! will I gladly do ;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The Minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain-roe ;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;
She wander'd up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they cross'd :
The marks were still the same ;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And further there were none !

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth.

STEP I.—Have a chat about Wordsworth, our great nature poet, and his beautiful home in the Lake District. He loved Nature, the calm, restful side of Nature, with all the depth of his being. He drank in her beauty in hill and vale and streamlet, in flower and sky and sea. How he revelled in the daisy, the daffodil, and the primrose, and even in the often unnoticed "lesser celandine"! With what joy he listened to the skylark and the cuckoo! To him all Nature throbbed with life; her beauty was sacred; he always gazed upon her lovingly and with a reverent heart. He also had the power to express in musical language the beauty he was

able to see. He was equally successful in apt descriptions of particular incidents, as is shown in *We are Seven*, *The Rererie of Poor Susan*, and *Lucy Gray*.

In *Lucy Gray* he uses the simplest language, and with that alone he produced a perfect poem. The simplicity and pathos of the story hold the reader's attention to the end. The tragedy of a lonely yet lovable child, lost in trying to fulfil her father's orders, is set out in the most vivid and moving way. Here we have a succession of pictures at least as realistic and life-like as those given by the cinematograph.

The incident took place near Sowerby Bridge, not far from Halifax, in Yorkshire, where Wordsworth was then staying. The poem was written in 1799.

STEP II.—The teacher should now narrate the story of the poem in simple, graphic language.

Lucy was a sweet and merry child; her home was in the middle of a large moor, and when the poet crossed the moor, he often saw her playing alone, for she lived too far away from other children to have any playmates.

One cold, wintry day, Lucy's mother had been obliged to go to town for certain things they needed. After dinner the sky began to look dark and threatening, and there was every evidence of an approaching storm. Lucy's father told her it would be quite dark before her mother could reach home, so she had better take the lantern and go to meet her.

Lucy was always delighted to help anybody, and, of course, it was a still greater joy to help her dear mother, who worked so hard, and did so much for her; she would be very tired tramping through the snow with her parcels.

Soon after the church clock had struck two, Lucy got ready, trimmed the lantern, and set out on her journey. She was as happy as a young lamb. She always enjoyed a walk across the moor in summer or winter, and now she was frisking about like a young deer, kicking the snow from side to side as she went along.

But she had not gone very far before it became quite dark, and the storm broke furiously. The wind drove the snow into

her face, and very soon covered up the path along which she had to go to meet her mother. The lantern seemed to give a very feeble light, and lit up the snow only a few feet around. In a little while she lost the path altogether, and wandered up and down, and here and there, trying to find it again.

In the meantime, her mother had reached home without meeting her, and both she and her father began to feel very anxious about her. As the time passed on, and she did not return, they set out to find her.

All night they wandered hither and thither, shouting as they went along. But there was no reply, and, though they searched every part of the moor, they found no sign of Lucy.

When the thought began to force itself upon them, that their dear little Lucy, who had been so merry and kind and helpful, would never come back home again, they could not help crying. Life without her would be very dull and dreary. But, if they never saw her again on this earth, they knew they would meet her in heaven.

When it began to get light, they stood on a hill and looked all around, but there was no sign of Lucy; and so, feeling weary, and very sad, they turned their footsteps homeward.

Just at this moment the mother saw some of Lucy's footmarks in the snow! They followed them down the steep hillside, and on and on,

“through the broken hawthorn hedge,

And by the long stone wall.”

Then they tracked them across a field, and on till they came to the plank of wood by which people crossed the Calder. When they came to the middle of it, the footmarks went no farther. Poor little Lucy had fallen into the stream and had been drowned.

STEP III.—Read through the poem for the children, before they receive their copies; and make the few explanations that may be necessary, for example, of such words as *minster*, *hook* (i.e., a billhook, or knife with a hook-shaped point to the blade, used in pruning, cutting, lopping, etc.), *jaggot*, *wanton*.

STEP IV.—Give out cyclostyled copies of the poem, and let the children read it for themselves.

STEP V.—Ask a number of questions on the subject matter; or let one or two of the brightest children come to the front of the class and tell the story.

STEP VI.—Give the children opportunity to learn the verses they like best.

II.—THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land;
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

10

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou, therefore, take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

20

30

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
" It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm—
A little thing may harm a wounded man ;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word." 40

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake. 50

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt ;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw ; but at the last it seem'd 60
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
" Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
" I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag." 70

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
" Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as besem'd
Thy fæalty, nor like a noble knight ;
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word." 80

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud;
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

90

100

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

110

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:

120

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands." 130

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea. 140
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere,
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: 150
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere." 160

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears, 170
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed

When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge. 180
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of arméd heels—
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake, 190
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms.
 Black-stoled, black hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold; and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills 200
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
 So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against a brow 210
 Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King; 220
 Not like that Arthur, who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
 " Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight. 230
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world,
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :
 " The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways, 240
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friends ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou setst—if indeed I go
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies 260
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn, 270
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

Lord Tennyson.

STEP I.—Give some account of Tennyson and his poetry. (See Biography.)

STEP II.—Give a brief description of the Arthurian legends; their Celtic origin; Arthur, a Celtic king in the garb of a monarch of the Middle Ages. Refer to Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur*, published by Caxton in 1485, which forms the basis of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

STEP III.—Explain the term "Idyll." It is derived from the Greek *eidyllion*, a short descriptive poem (primarily, "a little form, or image"; the word being a diminutive of *eidos*, "form, shape, figure.") Idylls are mostly pastoral poems, descriptive of simple events in the lives of country people. But Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* is a composition of a loftier character, partaking more of the nature of an epic. These Idylls are twelve in number.

(1) *The Coming of Arthur*. This deals with Arthur's birth, the founding of the Order of the Knights of the Round Table, and the marriage of Arthur and Guinevere.

(2) *Gareth and Lynette*. This pictures the happy period of Arthur's reign, when all his knights are pure and loyal and chivalrous. Gareth is young and enthusiastic, and eager to serve the King, and deliver Lyonors, Lynette's sister, who is shut up in Castle Perilous.

(3) *The Marriage of Geraint*. These at first formed

(4) *Geraint and Enid*. one Idyll.

Here the dark clouds first appear. Rumours about Lancelot and the Queen cause Geraint, one of Arthur's knights, and a tributary prince of Devon, to withdraw his wife Enid from the court, lest she perchance should suffer any taint; and, some time after, certain words of his wife's, which he overhears, and misunderstands, arouse his jealous spleen. But, when he is wounded, she nurses him back to health so tenderly that all misunderstanding between them vanishes.

(5) *Balin and Balan*. Two brethren, valiant knights, who unknowingly meet in a fierce encounter in the woodlands, and mortally wound each other.

(6) *Merlin and Vivien*. By craft and persistence the

wicked Vivien obtains from Merlin the secret of his power, and then shuts him up in a hollow oak, where he is "Lost to life and use and name and fame."

(7) *Lancelot and Elaine*. Lancelot was the chief of the 150 Knights of the Round Table. He did not return the love of Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat" (a place identified with Guildford), and she died of a broken heart.

(8) *The Holy Grail*. The Holy Grail or Graal was said to be the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea took possession of it, and was believed to have caught Christ's blood in it at the Crucifixion. According to tradition, Joseph brought it to Glastonbury, and eventually it disappeared, owing to the corruption of those who had the keeping of it. It was an object of knightly enterprise to search for the Grail, which was visible only to the pure in heart. The eighth Idyll relates what befell certain of Arthur's knights on this quest.

(9) *Pelleas and Ettarre*. Pelleas, a brave young knight, is filled with wrath at the conduct of Ettarre, the lady of his love; and, when she would seek to recover his love, he refuses to have anything to do with her.

(10) *The Last Tournament*. Tristram, the victor in the Tournament, was guilty of much wrong-doing, and was afterwards slain by Mark, the Cornish King, whom he had wronged.

(11) *Guinevere*. Her wrong-doing destroyed not only the Order of the Knights, but the kingdom itself.

(12) *The Passing of Arthur*. This Idyll contains the passage given above. It tells of the King's last great battle in the west, in which he slays the traitor Modred, and receives his own death-wound.

STEP IV.—Refer to the events immediately preceding those dealt with in the excerpt, and then tell the story of the poem.

Lancelot has basely deceived his King, who goes "over-seas" to make war upon him in his own land (which Malory calls "Benwick," usually identified with Brittany).

While Arthur is away on this expedition, his nephew

Modred heads an insurrection, and has himself proclaimed king. Arthur, on hearing the news, returns from overseas, and pursues Modred to the coast of Cornwall, where the final battle takes place.

"The bold Sir Bedivere," who was "first made and latest left of all the knights," told "in the white winter of his age," in what strange manner the King departed from him. Tennyson tells the story once more in the Idyll entitled *The Passing of Arthur*.

Some time before the battle, Bedivere passed by the tent of the King, and heard him bemoaning the failure of all his plans, and wondering, like Job, why God had allowed him to be so thwarted, seeing that he had done all he could to serve Him.

Then Arthur sleeps and sees a vision of the ghost of Gawain, Modred's brother, blown helplessly along by the wind, and shrieking: "Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away."

Arthur awakes, and calls, "Who spake? A dream!" Bedivere hears him. He speaks to his King and makes light of his dreams. There is something more important to think about. Modred with his army is in the west. Arthur must advance and attack him at once.

The King deplores this wicked war. These men are not foreign foes; they are his own subjects, led by some of his own knights.

Under cover of the darkness, the King marched his army towards Modred's camp. Modred continued to retreat till he came to the sea-shore, and could go no farther. Then "on the waste sand by the waste sea" began "this last, dim, weird battle of the west." It was mid-winter. A cold mist covered land and sea, and prevented the warriors distinguishing friend from foe. Still on they fought, some with the courage of heroes, others with the strength of despair. The air was filled with shouts and curses, shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying.

When the grievous day grew toward twilight, the wind

blew the mist aside; and King Arthur, looking over the field of battle, saw that all had fallen, or had fled. Empty helmets, broken swords, dead and dying men, lay far along the shore. The King, pale as a ghost, though unwounded, spoke to Sir Bedivere, and bewailed the fact that so many of his subjects had been killed. Sir Bedivere told him that the traitorous cause of all the strife was still living and unhurt; and he pointed out Modred, standing some way off. The King rushed towards him, and, with one stroke of Excalibur, slew him, but at the same time he himself was badly wounded in the head by Modred, and fell to the ground. (Here the portion of the narrative contained in the above excerpt begins.)

Sir Bedivere lifted his King up and carried him to a ruined Chapel near by, situated on a narrow strip of land, with the ocean on one side and a great lake on the other. The King, knowing that his last fight had been fought, told Bedivere to take his sword, Excalibur, and fling it far into the middle of the lake. He was to watch what happened and bring back word.

Bedivere did not like leaving his wounded master, yet he felt that he must obey his command. So he went down to the edge of the lake, intending to fling away the sword. But it was such a splendid weapon, and the precious stones in the handle sparkled so beautifully in the moonlight, that he thought it would be a shame to throw it away; so he hid it among the reeds on the edge of the lake, and went back to the King.

Arthur knew from Bedivere's answer to his question, "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?" that he had not carried out his orders. He upbraided him for betraying his trust, and bade him return at once and do as he had been directed.

Bedivere went out a second time, but, after a good deal of deliberation, he hid the sword again and returned to the King.

This time Arthur was very angry with him, and threat-

ened to get up and slay him, if he did not carry out his orders.

Bedivere at once hurried away and flung the sword with all his might into the middle of the lake. Just before it fell, an arm rose out of the water, clutched the hilt, brandished the sword three times, and then drew it under the water.

When Bedivere returned and made report of what he had seen, the King knew that he had carried out his command, and was content.

He then told Bedivere to take him on his back and carry him down to the edge of the lake. The knight did so; and when he came to it, he found a barge waiting there. Its decks were crowded with people; and in one place there were three weeping Queens, wearing crowns of gold. The King falteringly asked Sir Bedivere to place him in the barge. The three Queens took charge of him, loosed his helmet, rubbed his hands, and called him by name. Bedivere, who felt the parting very keenly, called out to the King, asking whither he should go; the future for him seemed so dark and dreary. Arthur told him to comfort himself, as he could do nothing for him now. He also asked his faithful knight to pray for his soul, saying,

"More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of."

The barge moved on across the lake, and Sir Bedivere stood and watched until

"the hull

Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died away."

STEP V.—Refer to the metre of the poem. It is written in the metre characteristic of blank verse, in which English epic and dramatic poetry has mostly been composed, each line as a rule consists of five iambuses, and the lines do not rhyme. Then read the poem to the children, and give such explanations as are needed, as you go along, to make the text quite clear. The children should be provided with copies of the poem, before the reading is begun. The following are the chief points requiring elucidation:—

(3) *King Arthur's Table*. This was supposed to be of the same shape as the earth, which was at that time believed to be round and flat like a table-top. Seats were arranged round it for 150 knights. It was given to Arthur by his father-in-law Leodogran, when he married Guinevere.

(4) *Lyonnesse*. This was a region supposed to border on Cornwall, situated between Land's End and the Scilly Isles, and now covered by the sea.

(20) *Camelot*. This has been identified with very various places; amongst them, the village of Queen Camel, in S.E. Somersetshire. It was the place where King Arthur held his Court. The remains of entrenchments, and the ruins of an old castle, Arthur's Bridge, and Arthur's Well, are still to be seen. (Camelot has also been localized at or near Winchester, and at Camelford, in the north of Cornwall.)

(22) *Merlin*. He was the counsellor and Court magician of Uther Pendragon (a title signifying "supreme chief" among the Britons), and afterwards of King Arthur. He is supposed to have lived in the fifth century of our era.

(30) *Samite*. The name is derived from a mediæval Greek word, *hexamiton*, signifying "six-threaded." Samite was a rich and heavy silk material, often interwoven with threads of gold and silver.

(35) *Excalibur*. A name of Celtic origin, probably related to the Irish *Caladbolg* (literally "voracious"), the name of an Irish hero's sword. The old poets and romancers usually gave names to enchanted armour and weapons; e.g. Charlemagne's sword was named *La Joyeuse*; Lancelot's *Aroundight*; and the Cid's *Tizona*. Geoffrey of Monmouth names Arthur's shield *Pridwin* (or *Pruwen*), and his lance, *Ron*.

(34) *fling him*. The personal pronoun recognizes a certain personality, as it were, inherent in the sword.

(37) *lightly* = quickly.

(56) *topaz*. This is a precious stone, usually of a pale-yellow colour. Some examples are white; others are of a red, blue, or green tint.

(56) *jacinth*. This word is another form of the word *hyacinth*. The jacinth is a precious stone of the same colour as the hyacinth flower.

(74) *fealty*. Another form of the word *fidelity*.

(93) *obedience is the bond of rule*. Obedience to authority is an indispensable condition of all orderly government.

(98) *empty breath and rumours of a doubt* = vain gossip, vague conjecture, doubtful report.

(103) *the lonely maiden of the luke*. In *The Coming of Arthur* it is said of her:—

“ she dwells

Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world, and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.”

(135) *wheel'd* = swung it round and round over his head.

(138) *a streamer of the northern morn* = a ray of light shooting above the horizon. It is a reference to the Aurora Borealis.

(139) *the moving isles of winter shock* = the icebergs collide with a great noise.

(165) *My wound hath taken cold*. The King fears that he has caught a chill through lying, wounded as he is, so long in the bitter cold, owing to Bedivere's disobedience.

(176) *A nightmare*. Here, not in its modern sense of “ a bad dream,” but, as in older usage, signifying an incubus, or goblin that oppressed people in their sleep, and caused them to dream of ill.

(214) *greaves and cuisses*. Greaves covered the lower parts of the legs, and cuisses covered the thighs, especially in front.

(217) *the dais-throne* = the throne that was placed on a dais, or platform.

(241) *Lest one good custom should corrupt the world* = lest men, being so bound to one particular form of goodness as to be quite satisfied, should never strive for anything better or higher, and on that account should fall into indifference and sloth.

(250) *That nourish a blind life within the brain* = that

lead a life of instinct, which, as contrasted with the discriminative human reason, may be called "blind."

(258) *the island-valley of Avilion*. This is supposed to be at or near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, where the River Brue, on which that town is situated, formerly made an island. Primarily, Avalon, or Avilion (Welsh *Ynys yr Afallon*, island of apples), is, in Celtic mythology, the Land of the Blessed, situated somewhere in the western seas; and to this paradise (also often called the Vale of Avalon), the heroes of romance were supposed to be transported at death.

(266) *fluting a wild carol ere her death*. It was an old idea of the poets that the swan sang a farewell song just before she died.

STEP VI.—Choose passages from the poem illustrating Tennyson's poetic powers. The following may serve as a few suggestive examples:—

- (a) "and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam."

Note how the sound echoes the sense.

- (b) "He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake."

Here the first two lines, with their dentals and short vowels, are suggestive of the awkwardness and jerkiness of the path; while the last line, with its long vowels and *l*'s, suggests, in some measure, the smooth, flat stretch of land bordering on the mere.

- (c) "So strode he back slow to the wounded King."

Note how the accenting of the first five monosyllabic words is in accord with the slow movements of the knight.

- (d) "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

Note the appropriateness of the words "washing" and "lapping."

Lines 132 to 141 are very fine; so are lines 180 to 191. Lines 238 to 263 should be committed to memory.

STEP VII.—In a future lesson ask a number of oral or written questions on what has been taught.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW TO DEAL WITH AN ESSAY.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH.

The Spectator (No. 112).

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind.

It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend, Sir Roger, being a good Churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave everyone of them a hassock and a Common-Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen

three or four times to the same prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews, to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then enquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters have come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Joseph Addison.

STEP I.—Give some account of Addison and his writings.
(See Biography.)

STEP II.—Give particulars of Sir Roger as a fine old English gentleman, and his position in his household and in the village. Incidentally refer to the manners and customs of early eighteenth-century England.

STEP III.—Give briefly the contents of the essay, in the following manner :—

Mr. Spectator was a great believer in the value of Sunday, when people can rest from their labours and go to Church to join in the worship of God. Without such a day, he believed that many people, particularly those living in the country, would degenerate into barbarians.

Sir Roger was a good Churchman, and took a great interest in making the church attractive and comfortable for the villagers. He expected everybody to be present, and would allow nobody to go to sleep in church except himself. He sometimes stood up and looked around. If he found anybody nodding, Sir Roger went and shook him up himself, or sent one of his servants to do so. He kept everybody in order, and would call out to any person in the congregation who was inattentive or irreverent. But Sir Roger's friends knew his sterling worth, and thought nothing the less of him for his little oddities.

When the service was over, all the people remained in church until Sir Roger had gone out. In going out, he made enquiries as to the health of certain people, whose absence he had noticed ; and these enquiries were understood to be of the nature of a reproof for absence. He encouraged the children in the pursuit of religious knowledge, and often rewarded those who pleased him with their answers. He was on the best of terms with the vicar, and they always worked together for the good of the parish. In the next village, on the contrary, the parson and squire were always quarrelling, and that had a very bad effect upon the religious life of the people.

STEP IV.—Read through the essay, making any necessary explanations as you go along ; such, for example, as the following :—

(1) *the seventh day*. Explain the difference between the Jewish Sabbath (seventh day) and the Christian Sunday (first day).

(2) *with their best faces* = looking as cheerful and good-humoured as could be.

(3) *habits* = clothes.

(4) *indifferent subjects* = commonplace topics, conversation about which is appropriately known as "small talk."

(5) *appearing in their most agreeable forms* = looking and behaving their best.

(6) *give them a figure in the eye of the village* = cause them to be noticed by the people as being persons of some consequence.

(7) *particularities* = peculiarities.

(8) *the matter of his devotion* = the subject of his prayer.

(9) *polite* = educated, polished.

(10) *foils* = actions that by contrast set off his good qualities. A "foil" was originally a leaf of some sort (Latin *folium*), so it came to mean a leaf, or thin sheet of metal, particularly one used by jewellers for showing stones to advantage.

(11) *chancel*, Latin *cancelli* = lattice-work. The chancel is in the east end of the church, and is so called because it used to be divided from the other part by a screen. In olden times persons of the upper class had their seats in the chancel.

(12) *a catechising day* = a day when the parson hears the children say the Church Catechism.

(13) *incumbent*. The word is here used in its general sense of "one who holds an office" (in this instance, the office of clerk). This general sense is not common at present, except in legal use. The word now most often means "one who holds a church benefice" (rector or vicar).

(14) *tithe-stealers*. Tithes used to be paid to the clergy in farm produce. Some people, taking advantage of the quarrels between the squire and the parson, defrauded the latter of part of the produce due to him.

(15) *his order* = his priestly office.

(16) *how important soever* = howsoever important. In grammar and rhetoric, this separation of the parts of a compound word by one or more intervening words is known as *tnesis* (Greek "a cutting"). Thus, in poetic usage, "to usward" is, by *tnesis*, a not uncommon variation of "toward us."

STEP V.—Question on the contents of the essay. Discuss with the children the value of public worship, and get them to compare and contrast English village life in Addison's time with that of to-day.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A NOVEL.

Take as an example Scott's *Talisman*.

STEP I.—Give some account of Scott and his works.
(See Biography.)

STEP II.—Describe briefly the historical period to which the subject matter of *The Talisman* belongs. The following may serve as an example:—

The events related in *The Talisman* are connected with the Third Crusade, and took place in 1191.

The Crusades arose through the cruel treatment of Christian pilgrims by the Turks, who captured Palestine from the Arabs in 1065, and over-ran the country.

The First Crusade was undertaken in 1096. A great army went to Palestine under Godfrey de Bouillon, a courageous, skilful, and pious warrior. Jerusalem was captured, and a Christian kingdom was set up in Palestine with Godfrey as King.

The Second Crusade of 1147-49 was a failure. The Third Crusade of 1189-92, in which Richard I. of England, Philip II. (Augustus) of France, Frederick I. (Barbarossa) of Germany, and Leopold of Austria, were the leaders, was the most important of all. It is to this Crusade that the incidents related in *The Talisman* belong.

The great Mohammedan leader of the time was Saladin, a famous and skilful warrior. He belonged to the race of Kurds or Saracens, who lived in the hill-country of Mesopotamia. In 1174 he became Sultan of Egypt and Syria. In 1187 he attacked the Christian armies in Palestine, defeated them, captured Jerusalem, and took its king prisoner; he then proceeded to attack the other cities that were in the hands of Christians. His action gave rise to the Third Crusade, which was the most important of them all.

Frederick of Germany died on the way. Richard and Philip joined forces and set sail, but there was soon evidence that they would not long agree.

They reached the Holy Land in 1191, and at once joined the Christians who had been laying siege to Acre for the past two years. It surrendered in less than a month. The army then marched along the coast to Joppa, intending to turn east, and attack Jerusalem.

During the summer they encamped near Joppa; it was then that the events related in *The Talisman* took place.

Philip could not agree with Richard, whose manner was too passionate and domineering; so he returned to France, but left a number of his soldiers behind to assist the Crusade.

Richard marched and defeated the army of Saladin in a terrible battle. He captured Ascalon, and came within four hours' march of Jerusalem. But his brave army had been seriously thinned by war and disease, and he was obliged to turn back. So he concluded a three years' truce with Saladin, by which Acre, Joppa, and several other towns remained in his hands, and safety was guaranteed to all Christian pilgrims who visited Jerusalem.

The teacher should note that Scott exercises a romancer's accustomed and legitimate freedom with historical facts. The following divergencies may be mentioned:—

(1) Philip of France returned home as soon as Acre was captured, and before the truce with Saladin.

(2) Richard was struck down with fever at Acre, and before he settled in camp at Joppa.

(3) There is no historic foundation for the story of the attempted assassination of Richard by the Turkish marabout, and therefore none for its sequel of Richard's sucking poison from the supposed Nubian's wound.

(4) As a matter of historical fact, Conrade of Montserrat* was murdered in the city of Tyre by a fanatic emissary of "the Old Man of the Mountain,"—the head of a religious

* Strictly, this should be Montferrat (Italian *Monferrato*, "iron mountain"), at that time a marquisate in north-western Italy. Montserrat ("toothed" or "jagged mountain") is really a mountain in north-eastern Spain, near Barcelona.

and military Mohammedan order, called the Assassins, having their chief seat upon Lebanon—and not by the Grand Templar.

(5) Sir Kenneth, who was really Prince David of Scotland, Earl of Huntingdon, grandson of David I. of Scotland, and younger brother of William the Lion, the reigning King of Scotland, did not marry any relative of Richard I. Edith Plantagenet is Scott's own creation, as the novelist himself informs us in the Introduction to *The Talisman*.

(6) Richard is not quite the noble character that Scott, on the whole, represents him to be. He had some estimable qualities, but he neglected his country, and was cruel, violent, avaricious, and unscrupulous.

STEP III.—Tell the story of the book as here given, and read the passages indicated.

The Talisman was so-called from the talisman, or stone of mysterious curative power, which Adonbec el Hakim (*i.e.*, the Physician) carried about with him in "a small silken bag made of network, twisted with silver." This he immersed for a few minutes in the cup of water to be drunk by the patient. After drinking, the sick man would "sleep and awaken free from malady."

It is a story of Sir Kenneth of Scotland, known as the Knight of the Couchant* Leopard, who went with Richard the Lion-Heart on the Third Crusade. One very hot day Sir Kenneth was riding alone through the desert in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, on an errand from the "Council of the Crusade" (composed of "the kings, princes, and supreme leaders of the army of the Cross") to the Hermit of Engaddi, a place situated on the western shore of that inland sea. He was just wishing that he was at the end of his journey, when he saw a Saracen knight riding towards him. Immediately Sir Kenneth made ready for a fight, although at the time there was a truce between the two armies.

* In the language of heraldry, this term is applied to the figure of an animal lying down, but with its head up. "Knight of the Sleeping Leopard" is not properly, an equivalent, since "dormant" signifies lying down, with the head rested on the front paws."

[READ the latter part of Chapter I.—beginning, “The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman”—which describes the combat.]

After the encounter, Sir Kenneth and the Saracen agreed to be friends for the time being, and journeyed together to a beautiful oasis which was in sight, and which contained a fountain called in Arabic by a name signifying the “Diamond of the Desert.” Here they rested, and talked of many things—of the widely different customs and views and sentiments of Saracens and Crusaders, and finally of Sir Kenneth’s errand.

The Saracen promised to guide Sir Kenneth to the cavern of the Hermit; so they set off together, making their names known to each other, and conversing of chivalry and knightly deeds.

The Saracen knight was the Emir Sheerkohf, deriving his descent from a distinguished family of Kurdistan; in the tent of his father his name was Ilderim; in the field and to soldiers he was known as the Lion of the Mountain.

They arrived at the cavern of the Hermit, who offered food and drink to his visitors, but would take none himself. After they had finished their repast, Sir Kenneth and the Emir had some further conversation together; and then the hermit showed them to their couches, where they were to rest for the night.

Some hours later, Sir Kenneth was awakened by the hermit, who, after enjoining strict silence so as not to awaken the sleeping Saracen, escorted him up a staircase hewn in the rock, to a small Gothic chapel, also hewn out of the solid rock; and here, “about the time of the earliest cock-crowing,” he saw a choir of twelve ladies, six of them nuns, and six apparently not yet bound by vows. Among these latter, to his intense surprise, he recognized, by a ring she wore, the Lady Edith Plantagenet, King Richard’s kinswoman, whom he loved. The choir went thrice round the chapel in procession; and, on each of two occasions, as the Lady Edith passed the place where Sir Kenneth knelt, she detached a

rosebud from a chaplet of roses which she carried, and dropped it on the knight's foot. By this he knew that she had recognized him.

About an hour after the procession had left the chapel, Sir Kenneth was taken back by the hermit to his sleeping apartment. When he awoke in the morning, he conferred with the hermit on certain matters of importance, and remained two days longer in the grotto.

The camp of the Crusaders was near Ascalon, whence Richard had hoped to make a victorious march to Jerusalem ; but, partly owing to disagreements between himself and the other princes, and partly owing to sickness, he was unable to carry out his plans. Now he lay in his royal tent, ill and restless, and in the care of the good knight Sir Thomas, Lord of Gilsland (in Cumberland), called by the Normans the Lord de Vaux.

[READ the latter part of Chapter VI., beginning, "It was on the decline of a Syrian day," to give the children Scott's idea of Richard and of Richard's opinions of the other leaders, and to call their attention to the writer's fine descriptive style.]

When De Vaux left the King's tent he was met by Sir Kenneth, from whom he eventually learnt how the Scottish knight had fallen in with a Saracen Emir near the grotto of Engaddi, and they had gone together to that place where the Saracen, learning of King Richard's illness, undertook that the Sultan Saladin should send his own physician for the King's cure ; accordingly, after the knight had tarried there a day or two, the physician came to the grotto, and Sir Kenneth had now brought him to the camp.

But Sir Thomas hated all Scots with his natural Border hatred ; and, when Sir Kenneth began to tell him about this Moorish physician he at first refused to be convinced that the man could be trusted to approach the King's sick-bed. Sir Kenneth then informed him that his own squire, who had been ill of the same kind of fever, had, within the last two hours, been treated by this very physician, and was apparently making a recovery. Sir Thomas asked to see the squire.

This entailed a visit to Sir Kenneth's tent. Here they found the Arabian physician in attendance on the squire, who had fallen into a refreshing sleep, though he had not slept for six nights before.

Sir Kenneth was then able to give De Vaux the further particulars concerning the physician, and also the letter of recommendation which he had brought from Saladin.

Sir Thomas returned to the King, and told him the story. Richard at once commanded him to bring the Hakim to the royal tent. Before doing so, the cautious Sir Thomas decided to consult the Archbishop of Tyre. He also wished to see the Arabian, so the two went again to the Scottish knight's tent.

When the Archbishop heard that Sir Kenneth had returned, he seemed very much perturbed; but, apparently anxious to hide his anxiety, he took a hasty leave of De Vaux. Wondering at this demeanour, the English baron then conducted the physician to the King.

While Sir Thomas had been absent, Richard, growing impatient, had summoned Sir Kenneth into his presence, and had obtained particulars from him about his recent journey to the grotto of the Hermit of Engaddi, and his visit to the chapel. Richard was very angry because the Council had, without his knowledge, sent proposals for the establishment of a peace, and the withdrawal of the Christian armies from Palestine. He partly vented his wrath upon Sir Kenneth, for daring to aspire to the love of the Lady Edith Plantagenet. He then bade him go and hasten the coming of De Vaux with the physician.

The next visitors to the royal tent were the Grand Master of the Templars and the Marquis of Montserrat, who came from the Council to entreat that King Richard would not suffer his health to be tampered with by an Arabian physician. When, at the King's request, they retired into the adjoining outward pavilion, they saw the physician; and the Grand Master threatened him with death by torture, if King Richard died while in his charge. The Marquis more mildly counselled

that the Hakim should first submit his method of cure to the judgment of physicians appointed by the Council ; but the Arabian would not consent to this, and prayed that he might not be further delayed in the discharge of his duty. At this moment, Sir Thomas, who had brought the physician, but whom some business, probably with the warders, had detained without, hastily entered the tent, and ushered the Arabian into the royal presence.

Richard willingly drank the cup of spring water which El Hakim proffered to him, after having dipped the talisman in it ; and then, by the physician's direction, the pavilion was cleared of all but himself, and De Vaux.

In the next chapter we have a conversation between Conrade of Montserrat and the Grand Master of the Templars. The latter was very jealous of Richard's power, and darkly suggested to Conrade that he must never arise from his bed. Then they parted ; and, while Conrade stood reflecting on the Templar's words, his meditation was interrupted by the sentinel's cry, "Remember the Holy Sepulchre." After gazing at the banner of England, waving from the mound where Richard had placed it, Conrade now went to his tent.

[READ Chapter XI. for the description of the leaders of the Crusade, the planting of the Austrian banner near the standard of England, the wrath of Richard, and his subsequent action.]

Kenneth, left in charge of the banner, watched for two hours, with his hound, Roswal, to keep him company. After the lapse of that time he imagined he saw something move in the shadow, and challenged it. When the intruder came into the moonlight Kenneth saw that it was a dwarf, Nectabanus, whom the knight had seen sweeping the chapel at Engaddi, and who now said he was sent to summon Sir Kenneth to follow him and to leave the banner.

At first, Sir Kenneth flatly refused, but when the dwarf produced Lady Edith's ring, he hesitated no longer, and leaving Roswal in charge of the banner, he followed the dwarf to the royal pavilion. Here, while waiting for admittance he heard a conversation that disclosed to him the fact that

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the whole affair was a sportive device of the Queen's to see whether Sir Kenneth could be lured away from his post. While he waited in anger and dismay, Lady Edith came to him, and exhorted him to return instantly to his duty.

When he got outside, he heard Roswal's voice in an agonized yell; and, on reaching the mound, he found the banner gone, the staff broken, and the faithful hound apparently dying.

While he was kneeling by the animal's side, he heard the voice of the Arab physician, saying that he would cure the hound's wound. Kenneth gave him the dog, exclaiming, in his bitter remorse, that he himself was no longer worthy of such a friend.

El Hakim urged Sir Kenneth to seek safety in the camp of Saladin, with whom, as he said, he had influence. But the Scottish knight scornfully rejected this proposal; and when the physician spoke of the negotiations which were on foot for the marriage of the Lady Edith to the Soldan he became very indignant. The Arabian parted from him, when day was breaking, and then, with despair in his heart, he went off to Richard's tent to confess his failure to do his duty.

As may be expected, when Richard realized that Sir Kenneth had actually deserted his post of duty, his wrath knew no bounds; and he ordered the knight's instant execution, in spite of the successive intercession of the Queen, of Edith Plantagenet, of the Hermit, who had lately come into the camp, and of El Hakim. Finally, however, he granted the life of Sir Kenneth to El Hakim, as a boon in return for his own restoration to health. Soon afterwards the physician departed, taking the knight with him.

Then Richard commanded De Vaux to summon Leopold of Austria to confess his share in the disappearance of the English banner, or prepare himself for trial by combat. But the Hermit, again appearing in the royal pavilion, sternly forbade bloodshed between the Christian leaders, when so much depended upon the union of the armies.

After Richard had met all the leaders in council, and peace and concord were once more outwardly restored, his mood changed. Having obtained from the Queen's principal waiting-woman a full confession of the prank which had been played on Sir Kenneth, he went to Berengaria's tent, and the difference which had arisen between the King and Queen was composed.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master of the Templars, was tightening his hold on Conrade of Montserrat, and in his conversation he hinted at what he deemed a sure means of accomplishing the death of Richard.

[READ (a) in Chapter XX., beginning, "It was the fourth day after Sir Kenneth had been dismissed from the camp," the passage which describes the arrival of the Nubian slave and the coming of the wily old Turk (really a Charegite or Moslem fanatic), among the warders of the King's pavilion, who had vowed to assassinate King Richard; and (b) the first part of Chapter XXI. telling of the attempt on Richard's life.]

Richard told the Nubian that he would give him his weight in gold, if he could find out who had stolen the English banner, for the Soldan had written to say that the slave was "an expounder of mysteries." The Nubian made signs indicating that he would undertake to discover the thief, so the King ordered writing materials to be brought to him.

Having written on the parchment, the slave humbly handed it to Richard; and the writing stated that if the King would cause all the leaders of the Christian host to pass before him in order, the slave would point out the traitor. The King at once accepted this offer. It had already been agreed that, when the troops were mustered on the morrow, the leaders of the host should ride past the new standard set up on St. George's Mount, and salute it. Richard now determined that the Nubian should be posted on the mount, and exercise his art in detecting the thief. He then sent for the Hermit of Engaddi.

To go back a little in the course of our narrative—when the Arab physician left the royal tent, he took Sir Kenneth on one of his own Arab horses to the fountain called the

"Diamond of the Desert." By the time they reached it, Sir Kenneth was worn out both in body and mind. The physician gave him a draught, probably of some preparation of opium, and he was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke he found himself, not canopied by palm-trees, but in a luxurious tent; and, after a while, he heard the voice of the physician, asking leave to enter. When Adonbec came in, Sir Kenneth saw to his intense surprise, that the Arabian's form, dress, and features, were now those of the Saracen knight whom he had fought in the desert.

After talking for some time, the Saracen suggested that Sir Kenneth should return to the English camp, disguised as a black slave. This was done, and, in fact, the Nubian slave who has already appeared in the narrative, was actually Sir Kenneth in disguise; and now, as we have seen, he had undertaken to find out who was guilty of stealing the banner of England.

On the following day, the English King was stationed on horseback, half way up St. George's Mount; and, troop after troop, all the hosts of the Crusaders, passed before him in a brilliant pageant.

When Conrade of Montserrat passed before Richard, Roswal, the hound, which the Nubian slave was holding, gave a yell. The slave slipped the leash, and the hound leapt on Conrade and pulled him from the saddle. Confusion reigned; but, after a brief delay, the hosts were drawn off to their several quarters, and the leaders met together in the Pavilion of Council, to decide what was to be done. Finally, it was arranged that the quarrel between Richard and Conrade should be settled in single combat; as Richard was at the head of the Crusaders, he should nominate some knight to fight for him, but Conrade was to maintain his cause in his own person. The Soldan was to be asked to appoint a place for the combat on neutral ground. The Nubian slave was ordered to set off at daybreak with dispatches, which the King entrusted to him for delivery, to the Soldan.

The next morning Richard received a message from Philip that he was going to return to France. Similar messages were received from the Duke of Austria and several of the other princes. It was impossible to carry on the Crusade under these conditions. Richard was deeply mortified, and gave bitter expression to his resentment; but a diversion of his thought was occasioned by the arrival of an envoy from the Soldan.

The place of combat was to be near the "Diamond of the Desert." Thither Conrade, with his sponsors, the Archduke of Austria and the Grand Master of the Templars, was to go with a hundred followers. Richard was to have the same number, and the Soldan five hundred. The latter undertook to entertain all the others as his guests; and the letters brought by his envoy expressed the pleasure with which he looked forward to meeting Richard of England.

On the day before that fixed for the combat, Conrade and his friends set off by one route, and Richard and his followers by another. The Queen with her ladies also travelled with Richard, and special arrangements were made for their reception.

When, towards evening, the royal retinue drew near the appointed place, it was thought at first, from the manœuvres of the Arab horsemen, that the Saracens were hostile; but the demonstration proved to be only their wild welcome.

After this exhibition by the irregular horse, there appeared a splendid troop of five hundred Saracen cavaliers, richly dressed. Then Saladin rode up, in the centre of his bodyguard. He was not richly dressed, but he wore in his turban a splendid diamond, and he rode a thoroughbred Arabian steed.

The two monarchs greeted each other affectionately, and then Saladin escorted Richard to the splendid pavilion prepared for him. Here he asked Richard to give an exhibition of his power with the sword. A steel mace was obtained from one of the attendants, and placed on a block of wood; with a mighty stroke of his broadsword, the King cut it in two.

Saladin then showed his swordmanship by severing with his scimitar a soft down cushion, set upright on one end. But the greatest surprise to Richard came to pass, when he presently enquired for his learned physician; by way of reply, the Soldan put on a Tartar cap, in place of the turban which he had been wearing, and the King then discovered that El Hakim was none other than the Soldan himself.

After having a chat about Sir Kenneth, who had been selected as Richard's champion, the Soldan left.

[READ Chapter XXVIII., which describes the combat and tells what happened afterwards.]

STEP IV.—Encourage the children to talk about some of the chief personages in the book, and to characterize them, giving reasons for their characterization.

The following notes are briefly suggestive in this connection:—

(1) Richard—bold as a lion, chivalrous, faithful and true, loving and kind, but passionate and overbearing. Note that, historically there was a darker side to his character, exhibiting traits of selfishness, avarice, cruelty, and unscrupulousness.

(2) Sir Kenneth is reserved in manner, deeply religious, proud in his poverty, ambitious for fame, loyal and true, and altogether a chivalrous knight. He represents Prince David of Scotland, Earl of Huntingdon, grandson of David I. of Scotland; and Scott's delineation of his character is quite in keeping with history.

(3) Saladin. Scott drew the character of Saladin to contrast with that of Richard. As Sheerkohf, the Lion of the Mountain, as El Hakim, the skilful physician, as the Sultan of the Saracens, or the Commander-in-chief of the Mohammedan armies, he shows the same qualities. He is calm, dignified, prudent, chivalrous, just, brave, and generous. As far as can be ascertained, history agrees with Scott's delineation.

STEP V.—Allow the children to answer selected questions, either orally or in writing, such as the following:—

- (1) Describe Sir Kenneth's fight in the desert.
- (2) Give an account of the insult offered by the Duke of Austria to the Flag of England.
- (3) Describe the attempt to assassinate Richard.
- (4) Describe the meeting of Richard and Saladin at the "Diamond of the Desert."
- (5) Give an account of the combat between Sir Kenneth and Conrade of Montserrat.
- (6) Why did the Third Crusade, led by Richard, not succeed in its object?

CHAPTER X.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A PLAY.

Take as an example Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

STEP I.—Give an interesting account of Shakespeare's life, times, and works. (*See Biography.*)

STEP II.—As an introduction, briefly outline the plot of the Play, introducing the chief characters, somewhat as follows :—

As You Like It is one of Shakespeare's comedies, and was written about 1600.

A Duke of France (known among the persons of the drama as "Duke Senior") has been driven from his dukedom by his younger brother, Frederick. He has taken refuge in the forest of Arden (variously identified with the old Arden Forest in Warwickshire, and with the Forest of Ardennes in Flanders), accompanied by certain of his faithful followers, conspicuous among whom is the "melancholy Jaques."* His only daughter, Rosalind, stays at Court as a companion of Celia, the usurping Duke's daughter, and the two girls are very much attached to each other.

A little later, Rosalind, who was in love with Orlando, son of a knight named Sir Rowland de Boys (now dead, but formerly a friend of the exiled Duke), was banished from the Court. She resolved to seek her father in the forest of Arden, and Celia decided to go with her. Rosalind, dressed as a young man, and Celia, in the guise of a country maid, set out on their journey, accompanied by Touchstone, the Court Jester.

About this time, Orlando, having discovered the treacherous designs of his eldest brother, Oliver, against his life, left his home. He met Rosalind and Celia in the forest.

* This name should be pronounced a dissyllable, as required by Shakespeare's versification—*já'-kuecs* (*a* as in "mate"; *e* as in "me"). It is the old French form of the Christian name *Jacques* (James).

Finally, Orlando married Rosalind, and Oliver, who had, in the interval, repented and reformed, married Celia; the usurping Duke became a hermit, and the rightful Duke returned to his own dominions.

STEP III.—Give a more detailed account of the Play, and read the sections indicated, in the manner suggested below.

Act I., Sc. i.—Orlando complains to Adam, an old family servant, of his neglected education and of the humiliating treatment he suffers from his eldest brother, Oliver.

[READ the account of the quarrel, from the point where Oliver enters, to the exit of Orlando and Adam.]

Charles, the Duke's wrestler, comes to tell Oliver that Orlando intends to accept his wrestling challenge, and begs of Oliver to dissuade him, as he might be seriously hurt. Oliver makes out that his brother is a villain, and says that he would as soon that Charles broke his neck as his finger.

Sc. ii.—Celia tries to comfort her cousin, Rosalind, who is grieving on account of her father's banishment.

Touchstone enters and tells Celia that her father wishes to see her.

De Beau, a gossiping courtier, comes in before Celia departs, and tells them of the proposed wrestling-match. They decide to see it.

[READ the part relative to the wrestling match in which Charles is thrown by Orlando, and is seriously hurt.]

Duke Frederick expresses his displeasure to find that the victor in the contest is a son of the late Sir Rowland de Boys, whom he accounted his enemy; and Celia is sorry for her father's ill humour. Rosalind gives Orlando a chain from her neck, as a token of admiration for his bravery. De Beau warns Orlando of harm that may come to him from the Duke's ill-will, and advises him to flee.

Sc. iii.—Rosalind tells Celia of her love for Orlando. Duke Frederick comes in and orders Rosalind to leave the country within ten days. She and Celia appeal to him in vain. The two ladies decide to go away together, Rosalind

in the disguise of a gallant young fellow, and Celia as a country maiden ; at Rosalind's suggestion, Celia induces Touchstone, Duke Frederick's jester, to go with them.

Act II., Sc. i.—This scene takes us to the Forest of Arden, where the banished Duke is talking to his lords and cheering them up.

[READ the well-known lines beginning :—" Sweet are the uses of adversity," to the end of the Duke's first speech.]

Sc. ii.—Celia and Rosalind are missed from Court. Orlando is suspected of being involved in the matter ; failing his arrest, the Duke intends to make his brother Oliver responsible.

Sc. iii.—Adam meets Orlando, expresses his love for him, and warns him to keep away from his brother's house, or he will be murdered.

[READ Orlando's speech beginning :—" What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ? " And Adam's reply, showing what a faithful and loving servant he was.]

Orlando decides to leave the country, and Adam accompanies him.

Sc. iv.—This brings us again to the forest of Arden, where Celia, Rosalind, and Touchstone, have arrived, weary and footsore. They learn from Corin, an old shepherd, that his master's cottage and grazing lands are for sale, so they instruct him to purchase them, and engage him in their service.

Sc. v.—Amiens and Jaques, two courtiers who have followed Duke Senior into exile, talk in the forest ; and the conversation is interspersed with song.

[READ " Under the greenwood tree " and " Who doth ambition shun."]

Sc. vi.—Orlando and Adam have arrived in the forest. Adam is worn out with hunger and fatigue. Orlando goes in search of food for him.

Sc. vii.—The banished Duke and his followers are having a meal, amid woodland scenery, when Jaques comes in and tells them he has met " a motley fool," meaning Touchstone, in the forest. During the conversation that follows, Orlando appears with drawn sword, and demands food.

The Duke receives him kindly ; and, after hearing what he has to say, he invites him and his old friend to dine with them.

Orlando departs, and soon returns with Adam on his back. Later, the Duke is glad to learn that Orlando is the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys.

[READ Amiens' song—" Blow, blow, thou winter wind."]

Act III., Sc. i.—This takes us back to the palace. Duke Frederick now makes Oliver responsible for the disappearance of his brother, and orders his goods and lands to be seized and held until he has found Orlando.

Scenes ii., iii., iv., v. can be passed over lightly.

Rosalind, who (it will be remembered) is dressed as a young man, and is now known by the name of Ganymede, meets Orlando in the forest, and Touchstone falls in love with a country girl called Audrey.

Act IV., Sc. i.—Rosalind, Celia, and at first Jaques, then Orlando, talk together in the forest.

Sc. ii.—Jaques gets a forester to sing a song to the lords in the forest.

Sc. iii.—This is laid in the same place. Oliver comes to Rosalind and Celia with a message and a blood-stained handkerchief from Orlando, and tells them how Orlando has saved his cruel brother's life.

[READ from Oliver's speech :—" When last the young Orlando parted from you," to where Rosalind swoons.]

Act V., Sc. i.—Conversation of Touchstone, Audrey, and Williams, a country fellow in love with Audrey.

Sc. ii.—Conversation of Orlando with Oliver, then with Rosalind, and later with the shepherd Silvius and the shepherdess Phebe as well.

Sc. iii.—Meeting of Touchstone and Audrey with the two pages of the banished Duke.

[READ the song of the two pages :—" It was a lover and his lass."]

Sc. iv.—The banished Duke, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia, Rosalind, Silvius, Phebe, Touchstone, and Audrey all meet in the forest.

News is brought that the usurping Duke, having come to the verge of the forest with an expedition against his brother, was there met by a holy man, by whose discourse he was converted, so that he gave up his enterprise, resigned his dukedom, and retired from the world, to enter upon a life of religion.

The play ends happily with four marriages (of Orlando with Rosalind, Oliver with Celia, Silvius with Phebe, and Touchstone with Audrey), and the return of the rightful Duke to his own land.

STEP IV.—Let the children name the chief characteristics of the leading personages, giving reasons for their opinions, as in the manner following:—

Rosalind is witty, and full of life and spirit. She is tender-hearted and loving, as shown by her conduct towards Celia, and towards her father and Orlando.

Celia is of a sweet and kindly disposition; her consideration for Rosalind is prominent all through the Play.

Duke Senior is cheerful in spite of depressing circumstances, and he is very popular with his followers. He is kind-hearted, as seen in his treatment of Orlando; at the same time, he is dignified and noble in his bearing and speech.

Duke Frederick is hard-hearted and selfish in his conduct towards his brother, and even more so in his treatment of his niece Rosalind. However, he repents at last, and tries to make amends by living a better life.

Jaques, a lord attending on the banished Duke, is frequently referred to as "the melancholy Jaques." He is fond of being alone in the forest, where he can meditate to his heart's content. He is sarcastic about many things, and professes to have acquired a melancholy of his own "extracted from many objects," and the outcome of what he has observed on his travels.

Touchstone, as becomes the Court fool, is a witty man, always ready with a smart answer. There is a vein of seriousness in him, that especially appeals to the "melancholy Jaques."

Orlando is a courageous young man, gentle and generous towards others, modest as regards his achievements, and always ready to forgive those who have wronged him.

Oliver is not unlike Duke Frederick. He is very un-brotherly and cruel in his conduct towards Orlando, until the latter saves his life ; then he relents, and his hate changes to love.

Adam is a faithful old family servant, who loves Orlando, as he has formerly loved his father, Sir Rowland. His constant watchfulness over Orlando during his period of adversity shows what a lovable old man he is.

STEP V.—Give suitable questions (such as the following) for the children to answer, either orally or in writing :—

(a) Describe briefly the plot of *As You Like It*.

(b) Describe the wrestling match between Charles and Orlando.

(c) Give an account of the way in which Orlando saved Oliver's life.

(d) Characterize the person in the Play whom you like best, and give reasons for your choice.

PART II.

FIRST YEAR.

| Stories. | Source. <i>How to Tell Stories to Children.</i> (Harrap.) |
|---|---|
| (1) Raggylug | " |
| (2) The Golden Cobwebs | " |
| (3) The Story of Little Tawwots | " |
| (4) The Pig Brother | " |
| (5) The Pied Piper of Hamelin Town | " |
| (6) Why the Evergreen Trees keep their Leaves in Winter | " |
| (7) The Lion and the Gnat.... | " |
| (8) The Rat Princess.... | " |
| (9) The Frog and the Ox | " |
| (10) The Fire-Bringer | " |
| <i>Stories to Tell to Children.</i> | |
| (11) The Little Yellow Tulip | (Harrap.) |
| (12) The Cloud | " |
| (13) The Little Red Hen | " |
| (14) The Gingerbread Man | " |
| (15) The Little Jackals and the Lion | " |
| (16) The Country Mouse and the City Mouse | " |
| (17) Little Jack Rollaround | " |
| (18) How Brother Rabbit Fooled the Whale and the Elephant | " |
| (19) The Little Half-Chick | " |
| (20) The Adventures of the Little Field-Mouse | " |
| (21) Another Little Red Hen | " |
| (22) Epaminondas and his Auntie | " |
| (23) The Boy who cried "Wolf!" | " |
| (24) The Frog King | " |
| (25) The Little Jackal and the Alligator | " |
| (26) The Larks in the Cornfield | " |
| (27) A True Story about a Girl (Louisa Alcott) | " |
| (28) The Little Fir Tree | " |
| (29) The Ten Fairies | " |
| (30) Who Killed the Otter's Babies ? | " |
| <i>Popular Tales from the Norse.</i> | |
| (31) The Three Aunts.... | (Routledge.) |
| (32) The Three Billy Goats Gruff | " |
| (33) Well Done and Ill Paid.... | " |
| (34) The Cock and Hen that went to the Dovre Fell | " |
| (35) The Cock and Hen Nutting | " |
| (36) The Garden of Eden | " |
| (37) The Story of Cain and Abel | The Bible. |

| Stories. | | | | | | Source. |
|----------|-----------------------|------|------|------|------|------------|
| (38) | Noah and the Flood | | | | | The Bible. |
| (39) | The Story of Job | | | | | " |
| (40) | Abraham and Lot | | | | | " |
| (41) | The Birth of Jesus | | | | | " |
| (42) | The Visit of the Magi | | | | | " |

| Poems. | | | | | | Source. |
|--------|-----------------------------|------|------|------|------|--|
| | | | | | | <i>Little Poems for Little People.</i> |
| (1) | My Poor Dolly | | | | | (Nelson.) |
| (2) | The Most Unhappy Doggie | | | | | " |
| (3) | The Fire at Dolly Villa.... | | | | | " |
| (4) | Driving the Coach | | | | | " |
| (5) | Sammy and the Geese | | | | | " |
| (6) | My Dog Fido | | | | | " |
| (7) | A Little Bluejacket | | | | | " |
| (8) | May and the Peacock | | | | | " |
| (9) | The Shepherd's Dog | | | | | " |
| (10) | Jack's Ride | | | | | " |
| (11) | Dick's Bunnies | | | | | " |
| (12) | Children's Names | | | | | " |
| (13) | The Kittens and the Robin | | | | | " |
| (14) | The Pussies' Friend | | | | | " |
| (15) | Off to the Zoo | | | | | " |
| (16) | What Will He Be ? | | | | | " |
| (17) | My Nursery Friends | | | | | " |
| (18) | A Donkey Race | | | | | " |
| (19) | Good-Night | | | | | " |
| (20) | Gathering Apples.... | | | | | " |
| (21) | Dumb Friends | | | | | " |
| (22) | The Discontented Donkey | | | | | " |
| (23) | Going Down to Sandytown | | | | | " |
| (24) | Good-Bye | | | | | " |
| (25) | The Good Shepherd | | | | | " |
| (26) | A Spring Lesson | | | | | " |
| (27) | The Reason Why | | | | | " |
| (28) | If I Knew.... | | | | | " |
| (29) | The Hall Clock | | | | | " |
| (30) | The Good Ship "Never Fail" | | | | | " |
| (31) | Who Loved Best ? | | | | | " |
| (32) | Adrift | | | | | " |
| (33) | Why Mother is Proud | | | | | " |
| (34) | The Queen of the May | | | | | " |
| (35) | Sing a Song of the Sea | | | | | " |
| (36) | Children of the Empire | | | | | " |
| (37) | Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock | | | | | " |
| (38) | The Union Jack | | | | | " |
| | | | | | | <i>Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses.</i> |
| (39) | Bed in Summer | | | | | (Longmans.) |
| (40) | Foreign Lands | | | | | " |
| (41) | A Good Play | | | | | " |

| Poems. | Source. | | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|------|------|-------------|
| | <i>Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses.</i> | | | |
| (42) Where go the Boats ? | | | | (Longmans). |
| (43) The Land of Counterpane | | | | " |
| (44) The Land of Nod | | | | " |
| (45) My Shadow | | | | " |
| (46) The Cow | | | | " |
| (47) The Wind | | | | " |
| (48) The Lamplighter | | | | " |
| (49) My Bed is a Boat | | | | " |
| (50) The Swing.... | | | | " |
| (51) From a Railway Carriage | | | | " |
| (52) Farewell to the Farm | | | | " |

Books to Read to the Children.

- (1) Carrots (Mrs. Molesworth).
- (2) Granny's Wonderful Chair (Frances Browne).
- (3) A Bright Little Pair (L. Tiddeman).

SECOND YEAR.

| Stories. | Source. | | | |
|---|--|------|------|--------------------------------|
| | <i>How to Tell Stories to Children.</i> | | | |
| (1) The Story of Wylie | | | | (Harrap.) |
| (2) Little Daylight | | | | " |
| (3) The Sailor Man | | | | " |
| | <i>Stories to Tell to Children.</i> | | | |
| (4) The Brahmin, the Tiger, and the Jackal | | | | (Harrap.) |
| (5) The Little Jackal and the Camel | | | | " |
| (6) The Gulls of Salt Lake | | | | " |
| (7) The Talkative Tortoise | | | | " |
| | <i>Nursery Tales Told to the Children.</i> | | | |
| (8) The Three Bears | | | | (Jack.) |
| (9) Jack and the Beanstalk.... | | | | " |
| (10) The Sleeping Beauty | | | | " |
| (11) The Three Little Pigs | | | | " |
| (12) Puss in Boots | | | | " |
| (13) Little Red Riding-Hood.... | | | | " |
| (14) Jack the Giant-Killer | | | | " |
| (15) Tom Thumb | | | | " |
| (16) Beauty and the Beast | | | | " |
| (17) Cinderella | | | | " |
| (18) The Ugly Duckling | | | | " |
| (19) The Nightingale | | | | <i>Andersen's Fairy Tales.</i> |
| (20) The Cat who Married a Mouse | | | | " |
| | <i>Grimm's Goblins.</i> | | | |
| (21) Rumpelstiltskin | | | | " |
| (22) The Dog and the Sparrow | | | | " |
| (23) The Clever Little Tailor | | | | " |
| (24) The Fearless Prince | | | | " |
| (25) One Eye, Two Eyes, Three Eyes | | | | " |

| Stories. | | | | Source. |
|----------|-------------------------------|------|------|----------------------------|
| (26) | The Fox and the Horse | | | Grimm's <i>Goblins</i> . |
| (27) | Snow White and Rose Red | | | " |
| (28) | Strong Hans | | | " |
| (29) | The Hare and the Hedgehog | | | " |
| (30) | The Boots of Buffalo Leather | | | " |
| | | | | <i>Character Training.</i> |
| (31) | Somebody's Mother | | | (Harrap.) |
| (32) | Androcles and the Lion | | | " |
| (33) | The Dove and the Ant | | | " |
| (34) | The Lamé Boy | | | " |
| (35) | Abraham and Isaac | | | The Bible. |
| (36) | Jacob and Esau | | | " |
| (37) | Joseph and His Brethren | | | " |
| (38) | Baby Moses | | | " |
| (39) | The Burning Bush | | | " |
| (40) | Crossing the Red Sea | | | " |
| (41) | Story of John the Baptist | | | " |
| (42) | Parable of the Good Samaritan | | | " |

| Poems. | | | | Source. |
|--------|------------------------------|------|------|-----------------------------|
| | | | | <i>A Treasury of Poems.</i> |
| (1) | The Laughing Brook | | | (E. J. Arnold & Son.) |
| (2) | The Fairy and the Floweret | | | " |
| (3) | Little Brown Bulbs | | | " |
| (4) | The Birdies' Breakfast | | | " |
| (5) | Little Raindrops | | | " |
| (6) | Robin Redbreast | | | " |
| (7) | The Violet | | | " |
| (8) | The Fairy and the Bee | | | " |
| (9) | The Acorn.... | | | " |
| (10) | Waiting to Grow | | | " |
| (11) | The Crocus | | | " |
| (12) | The Acorn and the Squirrel | | | " |
| (13) | Talking in their Sleep | | | " |
| (14) | My Toys | | | " |
| (15) | When I'm Grown Up | | | " |
| (16) | How a Quarrel Ended | | | " |
| (17) | Up and Down | | | " |
| (18) | Baby-Land | | | " |
| (19) | Baby's Treasures | | | " |
| (20) | The Fairies | | | " |
| (21) | About the Fairies | | | " |
| (22) | The Dandelions | | | " |
| (23) | Wishing | | | " |
| (24) | The Lost Doll | | | " |
| (25) | Suppose | | | " |
| (26) | Cradle Song | | | " |
| (27) | The Foolish Harebell | | | " |
| (28) | Answer to a Child's Question | | | " |
| (29) | The Four Sunbeams | | | " |

| Poems. | | | | Source. |
|--------|---------------------------|------|------|--|
| | | | | <i>A Treasury of Poems.</i> |
| (30) | Through Nurseryland | | | (E. J. Arnold & Son.) |
| (31) | The Wood-Mouse | | | " |
| (32) | Little Blue Eyes | | | " |
| (33) | Santa Claus | | | " |
| (34) | Little Boy Blue | | | " |
| (35) | Wynken, Blynken, and Nod | | | " |
| (36) | Running after the Rainbow | | | " |
| (37) | The Rock-a-Bye Boat | | | " |
| | | | | <i>Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses.</i> |
| (38) | Travel | | | (Longmans.) |
| (39) | Keepsake Mill | | | " |
| (40) | Good and Bad Children | | | " |
| (41) | Foreign Children | | | " |
| (42) | The Sun's Travels | | | " |
| (43) | The Moon | | | " |
| (44) | Looking-Glass River | | | " |
| (45) | Winter-Time | | | " |
| (46) | The Hayloft | | | " |
| (47) | North-West Passage | | | " |
| (48) | My Ship and I | | | " |
| (49) | Picture-Books in Winter | | | " |
| (50) | My Treasures | | | " |
| (51) | The Land of Story-Books | | | " |
| (52) | The Little Land | | | " |

Books to Read to the Children.

- (1) The Cuckoo Clock (Mrs. Molesworth).
- (2) Little Lord Fauntleroy (Frances Hodgson Burnett).
- (3) Alice in Wonderland (Lewis Carroll).
- (4) Peter Pan (J. M. Barrie).

THIRD YEAR.

| Stories. | | | | Source. |
|----------|--|------|------|-------------------------------------|
| | | | | <i>Stories to Tell to Children.</i> |
| | | | | (Harrap.) |
| (1) | Robert of Sicily | | | " |
| (2) | The Jealous Courtiers | | | " |
| (3) | Prince Cherry | | | " |
| (4) | The Gold in the Orchard | | | " |
| (5) | Margaret of New Orleans | | | " |
| (6) | The Dagda's Harp | | | " |
| (7) | The Tailor and the Three Beasts | | | " |
| (8) | How the Sea Became Salt | | | " |
| (9) | The Castle of Fortune | | | " |
| (10) | The Hidden Servants | | | " |
| (11) | Little Gottlieb | | | " |
| (12) | How the Fir Tree became the Christmas Tree | | | " |
| (13) | The Diamond and the Dewdrop | | | " |

| Stories. | | Source. | |
|----------|---|---|-------------------|
| | | <i>Popular Tales from the Norse</i> | |
| (14) | The Old Dame and Her Hen | | (Routledge.) |
| (15) | The Twelve Wild Ducks | | " |
| (16) | The Fox as Herdsman | | " |
| (17) | The Cat on the Dovre Fell | | " |
| (18) | Buttercup | | " |
| (19) | Goodbrand on the Hillside | | " |
| (20) | Rich Peter the Pedlar | | " |
| (21) | The Lad who went to the North Wind | | " |
| (22) | The Husband who was to Mind the House | | " |
| (23) | Lord Peter | | " |
| (24) | Boots and his Brothers | | " |
| (25) | Thumbikin | | " |
| (26) | Bruin and Reynard | | " |
| | | <i>How to Tell Stories to Children.</i> | |
| (27) | Arthur and the Sword | | (Harrap.) |
| (28) | Tarpeia | | " |
| (29) | The Buckwheat | | " |
| (30) | The Judgment of Midas | | " |
| | | <i>Character Training.</i> | |
| (31) | Tom the Chimney-Sweep | | (Harrap.) |
| (32) | Why the Magpie Builds the best Nest | | " |
| (33) | The Little Loaf | | " |
| (34) | Story of the Fall of Jericho | | The Bible—Joshua. |
| (35) | Deborah and Barak | | " —Judges. |
| (36) | Gideon | | " |
| (37) | Samson | | " |
| (38) | Samuel and Eli | | " —I. Samuel. |
| (39) | David and Goliath | | " |
| (40) | Saul and David | | " |
| (41) | David and Jonathan | | " |
| (42) | The Prodigal Son | | " —St. Luke. |

| Poems. | | Source. | |
|--------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| | | <i>A Treasury of Poems.</i> | |
| (1) | Who'll Help a Fairy | | (E. J. Arnold & Son.) |
| (2) | Where do the Fairies Dwell? | | " |
| (3) | Faery Song | | " |
| (4) | The Runaways | | " |
| (5) | The Song of the Shell | | " |
| (6) | Dandelion | | " |
| (7) | The Lady Moon | | " |
| (8) | The Lamb | | " |
| (9) | Nurse's Song | | " |
| (10) | Laughing Song | | " |
| (11) | The Child and the Bird | | " |
| (12) | Little by Little | | " |
| (13) | September | | " |
| (14) | The Seasons | | " |
| (15) | Daffy-down-Dilly | | " |

| Poems. | | | | Source. |
|--------|-----------------------------------|------|------|--|
| | | | | <i>A Treasury of Poems.</i> |
| (16) | An Autumn Morning | | | (E. J. Arnold & Son.) |
| (17) | November | | | " |
| (18) | The Wind and the Leaves | | | " |
| (19) | The Wild Wind | | | " |
| (20) | The Kitten and the Falling Leaves | | | " |
| (21) | Lines Written in March.... | | | " |
| (22) | The Lighthouse | | | " |
| (23) | The Boy's Song | | | " |
| (24) | The Windmill | | | " |
| (25) | The Wind in a Frolic | | | " |
| (26) | The Ranchman's Ride | | | " |
| (27) | A Sea Song | | | " |
| (28) | Hunting Song | | | " |
| (29) | A Song of the Sea | | | " |
| (30) | To Daffodils | | | " |
| (31) | The Ant and the Cricket | | | " |
| (32) | A Night with a Wolf | | | " |
| (33) | Good King Wenceslas | | | " |
| (34) | Norse Lullaby | | | " |
| (35) | Bishop Hatto and the Rats | | | " |
| | | | | <i>Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses.</i> |
| (36) | Night and Day | | | (Longmans.) |
| (37) | Nest Eggs | | | " |
| (38) | Summer Sun | | | " |
| (39) | The Dumb Soldier | | | " |
| (40) | The Gardener | | | " |

Books to Read to the Children

- (1) Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There
(Lewis Carroll).
- (2) Masterman Ready (Captain Marryat).
- (3) Brownsmith's Boy (G. Manville Fenn).
- (4) Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch (Talbot Baines Reed)
- (5) Cerdic the Saxon (Herbert Strang).

FOURTH YEAR.

| Stories. | | | | Source. |
|----------|----------------------------|------|------|---|
| | | | | <i>How to Tell Stories to Children.</i> |
| (1) | Billy Beg and his Bull | | | (Harrap.) |
| (2) | The Little Hero of Haarlem | | | " |
| (3) | The Last Lesson | | | " |
| | | | | <i>Character Training.</i> |
| (4) | The Bell of Atri | | | (Harrap.) |
| (5) | The Two Gifts | | | " |
| (6) | The Quails.... | | | " |
| (7) | The Magic Mask | | | " |

| Stories. | | | | | Source. | |
|----------|--|------|------|------|----------------------------|------------------|
| | | | | | <i>Character Training.</i> | <i>(Harrap.)</i> |
| (8) | The Jack-o'-Lantern | | | | | .. |
| (9) | Climbing Alone | | | | | .. |
| (10) | The Boy Who Slept | | | | | .. |
| (11) | Silence | | | | | .. |
| (12) | The Story of Grenfell | | | | | .. |
| (13) | A Merry Christmas | | | | | .. |
| (14) | The Two Travellers | | | | | .. |
| (15) | The Good Bishop | | | | | .. |
| (16) | A Faithful Servant | | | | | .. |
| (17) | Damon and Pythias | | | | | .. |
| (18) | The Persian and his Three Sons | | | | | .. |
| (19) | The Sentinel of Pompeii | | | | | .. |
| (20) | Making Excuses | | | | | .. |
| (21) | Hans the Shepherd Boy | | | | | .. |
| (22) | The Japanese Headman | | | | | .. |
| (23) | Truth is Mighty and shall Prevail | | | | | .. |
| (24) | Brand the Generous | | | | | .. |
| (25) | Where Love is, God is (Tolstoy) | | | | | .. |
| (26) | A Lesson for Kings | | | | | .. |
| (27) | Coals of Fire | | | | | .. |
| (28) | The Corporal and the Commander-in-Chief | | | | | .. |
| (29) | Evil Allures, but Good Endures (Tolstoy) | | | | | .. |
| (30) | The Discontented Pendulum | | | | | .. |
| (31) | The Young Knight and the Dragon | | | | | .. |
| (32) | The Bar of Gold | | | | | .. |
| (33) | The Story of Absalom | | | | The Bible—II. Samuel. | |
| (34) | Solomon | | | | —I. Kings. | |
| (35) | Elijah | | | | — " | |
| (36) | Elisha and Naaman | | | | — " | |
| (37) | The Story of Jonah | | | | —Jonah. | |
| (38) | King Hezekiah | | | | —II. Kings. | |
| (39) | Daniel | | | | —Daniel. | |
| (40) | Ananias and Sapphira | | | | —Acts. | |
| (41) | Saul and his Journey to Damascus | | | | — " | |
| (42) | Paul's Voyage to Rome | | | | — " | |

| Poems. | | | | | Source. | |
|--------|-----------------------------|------|------|------|-----------------------------|--|
| | | | | | <i>A Treasury of Poems.</i> | |
| (1) | The Voice of Spring | | | | (E. J. Arnold & Son) | |
| (2) | The Snow Storm | | | | .. | |
| (3) | Winter | | | | .. | |
| (4) | The Stag-Hunt | | | | .. | |
| (5) | The Charge | | | | .. | |
| (6) | The Last Buccaneer | | | | .. | |
| (7) | The Knight's Leap | | | | .. | |
| (8) | Hiawatha's Childhood | | | | .. | |
| (9) | The Fall of D'Assas | | | | .. | |
| (10) | Sir Humphrey Gilbert | | | | .. | |
| (11) | Incident of the French Camp | | | | .. | |

Poems.

Source.

A Treasury of Poems.

| | | | | |
|--|------|------|------|-----------------------|
| (12) How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.... | | | | (E. J. Arnold & Son.) |
| (13) The Glove and the Lions | | | | " |
| (14) The Soldier's Dream | | | | " |
| (15) Vitaï Lampada | | | | " |
| (16) The Fighting <i>Téméraire</i> | | | | " |
| (17) Ode to the North-East Wind | | | | " |
| (18) O Captain! My Captain! | | | | " |
| (19) The Eagle | | | | " |
| (20) The Song of the Breeze.... | | | | " |
| (21) The Frost-Spirit | | | | " |
| (22) Home Thoughts from Abroad | | | | " |
| (23) Under the Greenwood Tree | | | | " |
| (24) Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind | | | | " |
| (25) The Forsaken Merman | | | | " |
| (26) Orpheus | | | | " |
| (27) A Pleasant Nook.... | | | | " |
| (28) Ships that Pass in the Night | | | | " |
| (29) My Will | | | | " |
| (30) Pippa's Song | | | | " |
| (31) Sweet and Low | | | | " |
| (32) Break, Break, Break | | | | " |
| (33) The Brook.... | | | | " |
| (34) The Housekeeper | | | | " |
| (35) Young Lochinvar.... | | | | " |

Books to Read to the Children.

- (1) My Friend Smith (Talbot Baines Reed).
- (2) The Independence of Clare (for Girls) (Mrs. De Horne Vaizey).
- (3) Martin Rattler (R. M. Ballantyne).
- (4) The Silver Cañon (G. Manville Fenn).
- (5) The First Jungle Book (R. Kipling).

FIFTH YEAR.

I.—John Bunyan (1628-1688).

- (1) Some account of his life. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Pilgrim's Progress.

OUTLINE.

The dreamer dreams. He sees the man in rags, groaning under his burden. This man can find no rest. He wanders forth and meets Evangelist. In spite of the remonstrances of his wife, and children, and neighbours, he flees. Obstinate

and Pliable follow him. Obstinate, unable to persuade him, soon returns. Christian and Pliable walk into the Slough of Despond, after which Pliable returns. The talk of Mr. Worldly Wiseman; Christian reaches the Wicket-gate and enters the house of the Interpreter. Passion and Patience; the unquenchable fire; the man in the iron cage. Christian leaves the Interpreter's house and proceeds on his way. He loses his burden at the foot of the Cross. The Hill Difficulty; he loses his roll; afraid of the lions; he enters the Palace Beautiful, where he rests and is entertained. He is armed and then goes on his way.

[READ the passage beginning, "But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it"—descriptive of Christian's fight with Apollyon.]

Christian now enters the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He overtakes Faithful, and they journey together. Talkative, of Prating Row, joins them for a time. Vanity Fair; Faithful's Martyrdom. Christian is allowed to proceed; he meets Hopeful; Demas and his silver-mine; the pillar into which Lot's wife was turned.

[READ the passage beginning, "Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle"—the account of Doubting Castle and Giant Despair.]

The Delectable Mountains and the kind shepherds, Little-Faith, Flatterer, and Atheist. Christian and Hopeful pass safely over the Enchanted Ground; Christian and Ignorance.

[READ the passage beginning, "Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground"—descriptive of their entrance into Beulah, their passage of the bridgeless river, and their glorious reception into the Celestial City.]

II.—Daniel Defoe (? 1661-1731).

- (1) Tell of his life and times. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Robinson Crusoe.

OUTLINE.

CHAPTER I.—Robinson Crusoe tells us that he was born in 1632 in the city of York. His father, who was a well-to-

do merchant, wanted him to be a lawyer, but Crusoe himself wanted to be a sailor, so when he was eighteen he ran away to sea.

Four years later he bought a plantation in Brazil, and lived on it for four years. Then he went on a voyage to the west coast of Africa, to bring back slaves to do the work on several plantations.

A great storm came on, and the ship was wrecked on an unknown island.

Eleven of the sailors, including Crusoe, got away in a boat. They made for the land, though they expected to be dashed to pieces by the great waves as soon as they came to the beach. A few minutes later the boat was overturned, and all the occupants were flung into the raging waters.

After desperate exertions Crusoe reached dry land and was safe; his companions were nowhere to be seen, and he never saw them, or heard of them, again.

CHAPTER II.—Crusoe swam out to the wreck, and found that, if he made a raft, he could bring away food and stores in large quantities. This he proceeded to do; and, after several narrow escapes, he landed his cargo. He then climbed a hill, about a mile away, to take a view of the country, and found to his dismay that he had been wrecked on a lonely island.

CHAPTER III.—The island was apparently uninhabited, except for birds and probably wild beasts.

Crusoe made a number of journeys to the ship, and brought away many useful things. He then began to make a home for himself, where he would be safe from wild beasts, and able to defend himself against savages, should any attack him. He chose a place on the side of a hill, and built himself a fortress there. To keep count of the days and months he cut in capital letters on a large cross:—"I CAME ON SHORE HERE ON THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1659."

This he set up on the shore where he first landed. On the sides of the post he cut a notch every day, and one twice as long for every Sunday; in this way he kept a calendar.

A dog and two cats which belonged to the ship became his companions.

CHAPTER IV.—Most of his time was now spent in making furniture and various utensils.

One day an earthquake shook the island, and a rocky cliff toppled over into the sea with a terrific noise. For a time Crusoe was terrified. The earthquake was followed by a fearful storm, which tore up trees by the roots. Fearing lest another earthquake should bury him under the cliff where he had pitched his tent, he resolved to find a safer dwelling-place. Soon afterwards he was taken ill, and was laid up for several weeks ; but he gradually recovered.

CHAPTER V.—He passed his time in exploring the island, and in making various articles for wear and for use, among them being a canoe. He caught a young parrot, which, after a great deal of trouble, he taught to talk. He grew barley and rice, and reared goats ; so he was well supplied with food. In this way he spent about fifteen years on the island without much adventure.

CHAPTER VI.—One day he was walking along the shore, when he saw the print of a man's bare foot in the sand. This terrified him very much ; and he ran to his castle (so he called his habitation after this) to hide himself, expecting to be pursued by a horde of savages. As nothing happened, he calmed down and took courage. He made a further examination of the footprint, and then proceeded to fortify his castle.

One day, when he was walking on the other side of the island, he thought he saw a boat in the distance. When he reached the shore, he found the ground strewn with skulls, hands, feet, and bones ; and there were the remains of a fire, where cannibals had been cooking human flesh. It was evident that these savages came from the mainland, away in the distance, to feast on Crusoe's island. Crusoe had now lived there for almost eighteen years, and had never seen a trace of them before, so he felt there was not much need for alarm. He thought it would be advisable to keep quiet,

and for two years afterwards he did not fire a gun ; but he prepared for a fight, should one be necessary.

[READ Chapter VII. about the visit of the cannibals to the island.]

Some time later there was another wreck on the island. Crusoe went to it, and found it was a Spanish ship. He brought away a dog and some goods, but failed to find any of the crew alive.

[READ Chapter VIII., where Crusoe rescues Friday.]

CHAPTER IX.—Crusoe spent a good deal of time in educating Friday. Before long he could understand what was said to him, and could reply in broken English. Friday told Crusoe that a number of white men came to his country in a big boat and were now living there. Crusoe therefore made up his mind to visit the mainland ; so he and Friday together constructed a sailing-boat.

[READ Chapter X., telling of the fight with the cannibals, and of the rescue of the Spaniard and of Friday's father.]

CHAPTER XI.—Crusoe learnt that the Spaniard he had rescued was one of the crew of the wrecked ship ; the others were on the mainland with the savages. He sent the Spaniard and Friday's father to bring over the other Spaniards.

Eight days later, while Crusoe was asleep, Friday came running in, shouting " Master, master, they are come ! they are come ! " Crusoe got up and looked out to sea. There was a boat with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, a league and a half away. He knew at once that that was not the boat they were expecting, and he wondered whether the new-comers were friends or foes.

When he fetched his telescope, he saw a ship lying at anchor, two and a half leagues away. It was an English ship, and the boat was an English boat. His joy knew no bounds. The boat had eleven men in it and came to the shore. The men, with the exception of three, were armed. These three were bound, and Friday thought the white men were going to eat the prisoners. Crusoe knew they would not do this, although he feared they might murder the unfortunate men ; and the prisoners did actually suffer some rough usage.

The eight men went wandering over the island, and left the three prisoners to themselves. Crusoe and Friday went up to them and offered their help. It appeared that the three were captain, first mate, and a passenger, and that the crew had mutinied. Crusoe resolved to save them, so he supplied them with arms. A fight took place later; two of the mutineers were killed, and the others made prisoners. The captain said there were still twenty-six mutineers on board.

As the boat did not return, another boat was sent from the ship with ten men in it. Three men were left to guard the boat; the other seven formed a search party. They found no trace of their friends, and were about to return to the ship, when they were detained by a stratagem of Crusoe's, who sent Friday and the mate about half a mile away, to shout as loudly as they could. Hearing the shout, the sailors resumed their search, and this time only two men were left in the boat. Crusoe's men surprised these two, of whom one was knocked down, and the other yielded; then they laid an ambush for the rest. The boatswain, who was the leader of the mutiny, was shot dead along with another mutineer; the others laid down their arms.

CHAPTER XII.—Plans were made for capturing the ship. The captain and mate, with several of the men who had joined the mutineers only because they had been compelled, went off to the ship and soon overpowered those on board.

The captain returned to the island, and put the ship and all it contained at the disposal of Crusoe; so delighted was he at the turn events had taken. He brought Crusoe a number of presents from the ship, including a suit and various other articles of clothing.

Crusoe offered the prisoners who had been the most mutinous the choice of remaining on the island; a chance which they readily took, as they would certainly have been hanged had they returned to England. Foodstuffs and other useful things were left for them; and then Crusoe and Friday boarded the ship, and finally left the island on which Crusoe had lived for over twenty-eight years.

III.—Jonathan Swift (1667–1745).

- (1) Tell something of his life. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Gulliver's Travels.—The Voyage to Lilliput.

[READ Chapter I., telling how Gulliver escapes from the wreck, is thrown on the shore of Lilliput, and is made a prisoner.]

[READ Chapter II. describing how Gulliver's pockets are searched.]

IV.—Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774).

- (1) The Vicar of Wakefield.

OUTLINE.

Speak of the family of Dr. Primrose and their hospitality to strangers. They lose almost all their money, and then the match between George and Miss Arabella Wilmot is broken off. The Primroses' new home and their prospects. George is sent to London. Mr. Burchell, who saves Sophia's life, becomes a friend of the family. Squire Thornhill arrives, and soon becomes intimate with the members of the Primrose family.

[READ *The Hermit*. The ballad which Mr. Burchell reads aloud to the Primrose family, in Chapter VIII.]

Then follows the dance at which Squire Thornhill is present with two young ladies from town.

[READ about the gypsy, and the journey to Church in Chapter X., and the visit to neighbour Flamborough's on Michaelmas Eve, with the arrival of the great ladies, in Chapter XI.]

[READ about Moses going to the fair to sell the colt, as related in Chapter XIII.]

Mr. Burchell takes his leave, and Dr. Primrose goes to the fair and meets Ephraim Jenkinson. Squire Thornhill continues his visits. Olivia is to be married to Farmer Williams; but four days before the wedding she disappears from home, being supposed to have gone with Mr. Burchell. Her father goes in search of her, but in vain. He is taken ill of fever, and lies at an inn for three weeks. On his way home, Dr. Primrose is entertained at a country mansion by the butler, posing as master of the house; the arrival of Miss Wilmot's uncle and aunt, the real owners of the mansion.

Unexpected meeting with George at a performance by a strolling company of actors; the story of his adventures. Squire Thornhill appears on the scene, in the character of Miss Wilmot's lover; he procures for George an ensign's commission in a regiment going to the West Indies. After leaving the hospitable mansion, Dr. Primrose discovers Olivia at a wayside inn, and brings her home; he learns from her that it was really Squire Thornhill, and not, as he supposed, Mr. Burchell, who led her away.

[READ Chapter XXII., describing the fire at the parsonage.]

Squire Thornhill shows his true nature; the Primrose family is evicted. Dr. Primrose in prison; Ephraim Jenkinson again; the Doctor makes various attempts to reform the prisoners. His appeal to Sir William Thornhill, the squire's uncle, meets with no response. Sophia is carried off, but is rescued by Mr. Burchell, who turns out to be Sir William Thornhill himself. George also is brought to the same prison for challenging the squire to a duel. Ephraim Jenkinson proves a friend in need. The Squire's villainy is exposed.

[READ Chapter XXXI., where the exposure is narrated.]

Release of the Vicar and his son from prison; the marriage of George and Miss Wilmot, and Sir William Thornhill and Sophia.

V.—William Cowper (1731–1800).

- (1) Life of Cowper. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) John Gilpin.
- (3) The Loss of the *Royal George*.
- (4) Report of an Adjudged Case :—
“Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose.”
- (5) Olney hymns :—
(a) Sometimes a light surprises.
(b) Almighty King.

VI.—William Blake (1757–1827).

- (1) Life of Blake. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) A Laughing Song.

- (3) The Village Green.
- (4) The Chimney Sweeper.
- (5) Infant Joy.
- (6) A Cradle Song.
- (7) Nurse's Song.

VII.—**Robert Burns** (1759-1796).

- (1) Life of Burns. (*See* Biography.)
- (2) Mary Morison—"O Mary, at thy window be."
- (3) Highland Mary—"Ye banks and braes, and streams around."
- (4) My Heart's in the Highlands.
- (5) Auld Lang Syne.

VIII.—**William Wordsworth** (1770-1850).

- (1) Life of Wordsworth. (*See* Biography.)
- (2) To a Butterfly :—
"I've watched you now a full half-hour."
- (3) Lines written in March—"The cock is crowing."
- (4) We are Seven.
- (5) Lucy Gray.

IX.—**Sir Walter Scott** (1771-1832).

- (1) Life of Scott. (*See* Biography.)
- (2) Poems :—
 - (a) Coronach.
 - (b) Rosabelle.
 - (c) Hunting Song.
- (3) Prose :—*Ivanhoe*.*

OUTLINE.

In the time of Richard I. there lived in the forest region, then extending over the hills and vales between Sheffield and

* It is an interesting fact that this name was suggested to Scott by an old rhyme about "Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe"—Tring in Hertfordshire, and Wing and Ivinghoe, just over the border in Mid-Bucks.—three manors which, according to tradition, an ancestor of John Hampden forfeited for striking the Black Prince with his tennis-racket.

Doncaster, an elderly Saxon franklin, or landowner, named Cedric of Rotherwood. Two of his servants were Gurth, a swineherd, and Wamba, a jester.

One evening the two thralls were surprised by a party of ten horsemen. These were Prior Aymer, of Jervaulx Abbey, in the garb of a Cistercian monk, and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the Templar Knights, with their attendants; they were journeying to Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire, where a tournament was to be held on the next day but one.

The Prior enquired the way to the dwelling of Cedric the Saxon. Wamba, having little good-will to the newcomers, told them to go on till they came to a certain sunken cross, and then take the path to the left, which led, as a matter of fact, in exactly the opposite direction to Cedric's house. However, when they came to the cross, they found a palmer, lying apparently asleep at its foot; and, when he arose, he guided them safely to Cedric's mansion.

Cedric did not like the Normans, but he was hospitable, and gave shelter to the whole party for that night. Supper was served in the great hall; and they were about to begin their meal, when a door behind the banquet table was opened, and Lady Rowena, Cedric's ward, appeared. She was tall, exquisitely fair, blue-eyed, and very beautiful.

During supper, the Templar Knight gazed so boldly and fixedly on Rowena, as to call for some words of dignified reproof from his host. Conversation was turned to the coming tournament, and then to the latest news from Palestine, when an old Jew, who gave his name as Isaac of York, arrived at the gate. He begged shelter for the night, for a storm was raging furiously. The Normans scorned and detested the Jews; and both the Prior and the Templar protested strongly when Cedric gave orders that the Jew should be admitted. But Cedric replied that his hospitality must not be bounded by their dislikes; and, when Isaac entered the hall, Cedric signed to him to take his place at the lower end of the table. As no one offered to make room for him, the palmer, who had

been sitting by the chimney, gave up his seat to Isaac, and placed a mess of pottage before him.

Presently Sir Brian began boasting of the prowess of the knights of his order, and of their pre-eminence among the champions of the Cross.

Rowena asked if, among the Crusaders, there were no English names worthy of mention. In the conversation that followed, the Knight of Ivanhoe was mentioned as having unhorsed Sir Brian at a tournament in Palestine. Sir Brian loudly asserted that, if this knight were now in England, he would challenge him to an encounter at the coming tournament. The palmer replied that, if ever the knight should return to England, he would be surety that Ivanhoe took up Sir Brian's challenge.

[READ Chapter VI., describing the palmer's interview with Lady Rowena, and how he helped the Jew to escape.]

When the palmer and the Jew had arrived at a spot beyond the domains of Front-de-Bœuf and Malvoisin, the Templar's friends, Isaac told the palmer that he knew he was a knight disguised, and induced him to accept a letter, which he was to deliver to a certain rich Jew at Leicester, and which would then secure him the loan of a horse and armour.

Prince John, who was usurping the absent Richard's position, had arranged for a tournament to take place at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The time for holding it was now at hand.

[READ Chapters VIII. and IX., giving an account of the tournament, and of the success of the Disinherited Knight over Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, Philip de Malvoisin, Hugh de Grantmesnil, and Ralph de Vipont, and the choosing of the Lady Rowena as the Queen of Beauty and Love for the following day.]

READ Chapter XI., which relates Gurth's encounter with the robbers, and Chapter XII., descriptive of the next day's tournament, and of the part taken in it by the Black Knight; also Chapter XIII., which gives an account of Locksley's archery.]

The conquering young knight was none other than Wilfred of Ivanhoe, who had been disguised as the palmer. He was the son of Cedric, banished from home, and dis-

inherited by his father, because he had aspired to marry Rowena.

The mysterious Black Knight was Richard the Lion-Heart himself, who had returned secretly to England.

The wounded Ivanhoe was carried from the field by his friends, and was taken away quietly to the house then occupied by Isaac and Rebecca.

While travelling back to Rotherwood, Cedric, Athelstane, and their party came upon the Jew and his daughter. Soon afterwards they were suddenly attacked by an ambushed force, disguised as Saxon outlaws of the forest, but actually consisting of the Templar and some of John's followers who had been at the tournament; and they were all taken prisoner except Wamba, who found his way to Robin Hood, the outlaw.

[READ part of Chapter XXII., describing Front-de-Bœuf's interview with the Jew.]

Robin Hood and the Black Knight, whose identity was as yet unknown to the outlaw, laid siege to the Castle of Torquilstone, whither the captives had been taken. They arrived just in time to save the Jew from horrible torture.

During the siege Rebecca found her way to the turret, where the wounded Ivanhoe lay, and induced Ulrica, an old woman who had charge of him, to hand him over to her care.

[READ Chapter XXVI., telling how Cedric escaped, and Chapter XXIX., where Rebecca describes to Ivanhoe the course of the siege.]

With the help of Ulrica, who, as an act of vengeance against Front-de-Bœuf, had set fire to the castle, the besiegers were successful, and the Black Knight carried Ivanhoe out of the burning building.

Rebecca was found by the Templar, and carried off by him to the Preceptory* of the Templars at Templestowe, which was a day's journey from the castle of Torquilstone. The Grand Master of the Order discovered the presence of

* This was the name by which the establishments of the Knights Templars in the provinces were known; their place in London was called "the Temple." (Their original quarters had been in the palace of the King of Jerusalem, called "Solomon's Temple.")

Rebecca, and ordered that she should be brought to trial as a sorceress. Accordingly, Rebecca's trial was held in the great hall at Templestowe; there she claimed the privilege of trial by combat, in which a champion should appear on her behalf, and it was appointed that Brian de Bois-Guilbert should maintain the field against him. If no champion appeared, or if Sir Brian proved victor, then Rebecca was doomed to be burned as a sorceress. Rebecca now sent word to her father Isaac, telling him of her peril, and begging him to inform Wilfred of Ivanhoe, who, if he were not yet well enough to bear arms in her behalf, might perhaps find some one to do battle for her sake. On the third day following, Rebecca was led to the place of execution. At length a knight was seen coming thither at full speed; and the crowds shouted, "A champion!"

[READ Chapter XLIII., describing the contest between Ivanhoe and de Bois-Guilbert.]

Brian de Bois-Guilbert having fallen, the Grand Master adjudged Rebecca to be guiltless, and she was given her freedom.

At this moment King Richard, accompanied by a number of followers, galloped on the scene. He had meant to champion the cause of the Jewess himself. Finding all was over, he dissolved the Temple Chapter which had tried Rebecca. Once more in power, he reconciled Cedric and his son, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and was present at the marriage of the Knight of Ivanhoe with the Lady Rowena in York Minster.

Soon afterwards Rebecca and her father left England for Cordova, in the Moorish kingdom of Granada, where Isaac had a brother living under the protection of the reigning sovereign; and there, apparently, they dwelt in peace.

X.—Thomas Campbell (1777-1844).

- (1) Life of Campbell. (See Biography.)
- (2) The Soldier's Dream.
- (3) Ye Mariners of England.

- (4) Hohenlinden.
- (5) The Battle of the Baltic.

XI.—**Frederick Marryat** (1792-1848).

- (1) Life of Marryat. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Children of the New Forest.

OUTLINE.

King Charles I. had been defeated in the Civil War, and was kept as a prisoner at Hampton Court. But, in November, 1647, he contrived to escape, and rode in the direction of the New Forest, hoping to be able to proceed to France. Parliamentary troops were dispatched in various directions to try to effect his capture.

Adjoining the New Forest was Arnwood, a property of considerable value, and the home of the orphan children of Colonel Beverley, a staunch Cavalier, who had fallen at the battle of Naseby, in 1645.

The faithful servant of the Beverley family was an old forester named Jacob Armitage. While out in the forest at this time, on the track of a deer, he saw some Parliamentary troops come to a halt and dismount. Hiding himself, he listened to their conversation, from which he learnt that Arnwood was to be burned to the ground that night, as it was thought that King Charles might be concealed in the mansion. Armitage at once hurried to Arnwood, and took the four children of the family away to his own cottage on the edge of the forest, about a mile and a half away from the mansion. The Beverley children were, Edward aged between thirteen and fourteen, Humphrey twelve, Alice eleven, and Edith eight. That night Arnwood was burnt down, and it was generally supposed that the children had perished in the flames. Fearing that, if he made their existence known, they might come to harm with the party then in power, he resolved that they should live with him in the forest, and should be brought up just as if they were his own grandchildren.

Accordingly, with Jacob Armitage's cottage for their home, they lived a lonely life, but were safe from all enemies.

Jacob did his best to make the children self-reliant. He taught Edward to hunt, so that he would be able to provide food. Under Jacob's guidance, Humphrey developed abilities as a farmer and carpenter, and Alice and Edith were trained in domestic duties. Without exception the children proved most adaptable. Edward, the eldest, harboured bitter feelings against the new government, but knew that he was too young yet to strike a blow for the King.

At Lymington Jacob disposed of the venison which he and Edward obtained by deer-stalking in the forest; and with the money from the sale he bought farm implements and a small cart for his pony.

By a clever artifice, Humphrey caught a wild cow and calf, and, with the help of Edward and Jacob, he succeeded in getting them home. In time they became quite tame, and this was the commencement of Humphrey's dairy farm. In many ways Humphrey showed that he was of an inventive turn, and became quite an expert carpenter. With various traps that he constructed, he caught rabbits and hares, which proved a welcome addition to their table.

As time went on, Jacob's health failed, and rheumatism kept him a prisoner. He was obliged to send Edward across the forest to see one of the keepers, named Oswald Partridge, from whom Jacob had a promise of two puppies to train for hunting.

[READ Chapter VIII., containing the account of Edward's interview with Mr. Heatherstone, the newly-appointed Intendant of the Forest.]

Two days after, Oswald Partridge came to Jacob Armitage's cottage, and Jacob confided to him the secret of the children's parentage. On the following day, Edward accompanied Oswald to his home across the forest. That night, a fire broke out at the house occupied by the Intendant and his daughter; Edward gallantly rescued Patience Heatherstone, and earned the Intendant's deep gratitude.

Next morning, Edward returned to his own home, and found that Jacob Armitage was sinking fast. The old forester died in the course of that day, to the great sorrow of all the

children, and Edward buried his body under a great oak-tree at the back of the cottage. Six weeks after, Oswald came with the news that King Charles had been executed. Edward was greatly moved to hear this, and longed for the time to come when he could strike a blow at the King's enemies.

Very early one morning about this time, Humphrey went to examine a pitfall which he had made for the trapping of wild cattle, and found a boy lying in it. This boy was brought to the cottage, and treated with kindness. He was a gipsy lad of the name of Pablo ; and he became a valuable help to Humphrey, remaining with the children as long as they lived in the forest.

[READ Chapter XIII., describing Edward's adventure with James Corbould, the treacherous verderer, in the forest ; and Chapter XV., which narrates how Edward tracks and checkmates the robbers at the cottage.]

Edward had arrived in time to save Major Ratcliffe's daughter, who was then disguised as a boy, but not the Major himself. The Intendant now came on the scene with a number of his people ; he privately informed Edward that Major Ratcliffe was one of his oldest and dearest friends, and that he had known of the Major's hiding-place before. He took Clara (as the girl was called) into his own house, and she and Patience Heatherstone became as sisters.

Mr. Heatherstone offered Edward a position as his secretary ; and, on Humphrey's advice, he accepted it, on the understanding that he did not thereby become a servant of Cromwell's government.

Edward learnt that Charles II. had been proclaimed King in Scotland, and invited to come over from the Hague, where he was residing at that time. The Intendant persuaded Edward to remain where he was, as the time was not opportune for an attempt on Charles's behalf. Future events proved the truth of his words. Cromwell utterly defeated the Scottish army at the battle of Dunbar (September 3rd, 1650), and Charles fled to the Highlands.

On the night of the attempt to break into Major Ratcliffe's cottage, Edward had discovered, from the dying words of one of the robbers, that a box containing money was buried beside a certain oak tree, a mile north of the cottage. Humphrey now went to the spot indicated, and dug up the box. In doing so, he was discovered by a party of evil-doers, who had taken up their abode in the cottage formerly occupied by Major Ratcliffe. He contrived, however, to get the treasure-chest away, and to deposit it safely in his own home. A couple of nights after, a determined attempt was made by the robber band to enter the homestead.

[READ the latter part of Chapter XX., descriptive of the attack, and the eventual relief by a party of the Intendant's people.]

Charles II. had now been crowned King in Scotland, and Edward was very anxious to serve him. The Intendant sent the young man to London, with letters addressed to persons who would advise him how to proceed. In particular, he carried a letter of introduction to a Mr. Langton, who sent him north, having entrusted him with communications for friends in Lancashire and Yorkshire. On the way Edward gave timely assistance to a traveller who was pursued by three highwaymen. As they were both going north, they continued their journey together. The stranger, whose name was Chaloner, was dressed in Cavalier fashion. For several days, Edward was rather reticent in his conversation; but when he found that both he and his companion were going to the same people, at a place near Bolton, all reserve was over, and they became fast friends. Soon afterwards they joined the King's army. Edward, now known by his proper name of Beverley, was given a commission as captain of horse. The army proceeded to Worcester, where reinforcements were awaited; but it was badly organized, full of jealousy and ill-will. Cromwell engaged it on the third of September, 1651, and it was completely routed. Once more the King had to flee.

Chaloner and Edward decided to return to the cottage in the New Forest. They also brought with them Grenville,

one of the King's pages. For safety, the three fugitives disguised themselves in uniforms taken from Parliamentary troopers who had fallen. They reached the cottage, and were warmly welcomed by Humphrey, Alice, and Edith.

Chaloner and Grenville lived for a time in Major Ratcliffe's cottage. Edward made their presence known to the Intendant, who arranged for their protection. On his advice they both retained the uniform of the Roundhead troopers, until the search for fugitives was well over.

During all this time, Alice and Edith had faithfully kept house for Humphrey and Pablo, their only friends being Mr. Heatherstone and Patience, Clara Ratcliffe, and Oswald Partridge.

At this point it was suggested to Edward by his friend Chaloner that his sisters should be sent to the home of Chaloner's aunts, near Bolton in Lancashire, there to be educated as befitted their true station in life. Through Mr. Langton, a letter was conveyed from Chaloner to his aunts, making this proposal; and, a favourable reply having been received, Alice and Edith Beverley went to reside with the old ladies.

Edward, Chaloner, and Grenville then crossed to France, whilst Humphrey and Pablo remained at the cottage. On his arrival in Paris, Edward was kindly received by the exiled Charles, on whose recommendation he offered his services to the distinguished general known as the Prince of Condé. Edward's offer was willingly accepted; and, on his introduction, Chaloner and Grenville also became followers of the fortunes of Condé. When the war between France and Spain was concluded (by the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659), Condé's forces were disbanded, and our three English adventurers took their leave of the great commander. They then hastened to join their sovereign Charles, whose wandering life had brought him to the Netherlands. Richard Cromwell, son and successor of Oliver, had already resigned the Lord Protectorate. Next year Charles was invited to return to England, and, amid scenes of wild enthusiasm, he entered

London on the 29th of May, 1660. Edward Beverley, Chaloner, and Grenville rode side by side in the King's retinue.

[READ the latter part of Chapter XXVII., describing Charles's entry into London, and the happy marriages of the principal persons named in the 'book.].

XII.—Mrs. Hemans (1793–1835).

- (1) Life of Mrs. Hemans. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Graves of a Household.
- (3) Casabianca.
- (4) The English Boy.
- (5) The Fall of D'Assas.
- (6) The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.
- (7) The Cid's Funeral Procession.

XIII.—Thomas Hood (1799–1845).

- (1) Life of Hood. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) I Remember.
- (3) The Song of the Shirt.
- (4) Faithless Nelly Gray.

XIV.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882).

- (1) Life of Longfellow. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Children's Hour.
- (3) The Village Blacksmith.
- (4) From My Arm-Chair.
- (5) The Windmill.
- (6) Excelsior.
- (7) The Rainy Day.
- (8) The Slave's Dream.
- (9) The Wreck of the *Hesperus*.

XV.—Lord Tennyson (1809–1892).

- (1) Life of Tennyson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Sweet and Low. (From *The Princess*, III.)
- (3) The Bugle and the Echoes—"The splendour falls on castle walls." (From *The Princess*, IV.)
- (4) The Charge of the Light Brigade.
- (5) Death of the Old Year.

XVI.—Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

- (1) Life of Dickens. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Readings from *The Pickwick Papers* :—*e.g.*,
 - (a) A Field-Day. (Chapter IV.)
 - (b) Mr. Winkle goes Rook-Shooting. (Chapter VII.)
 - (c) Mr. Pickwick discovers an Inscription.
(Chapter XI.)
 - (d) Mr. Pickwick on the Ice. (Chapter XXX.)
- (3) Great Expectations.

OUTLINE.

[READ Chapters I., II., III., describing Pip's first meeting with the convict, his return home, and then his second meeting.]

That day a party of soldiers come to Joe's forge in search of two escaped convicts. Joe, Pip, and Mr. Pumblechook, a well-to-do corn-chandler, who is Joe Gargery's uncle, go with them to the marshes to see the capture.

Mr. Pumblechook is a tenant of Miss Havisham, a wealthy lady of eccentric habits, residing at Satis House, in the neighbouring town. Miss Havisham has requested the corn-chandler to bring a young lad to her house, so that she may be diverted by watching him at play. Mr. Pumblechook's choice falls upon Pip; and, accordingly, he takes the child to Satis House, where Pip makes the acquaintance of this extraordinary lady.

Many years before, Miss Havisham was to have been married. All preparations were made, but, while dressing for the ceremony, she learnt that her lover had deserted her; and, in the bitter sorrow of her broken heart, she vowed to live in her wedding clothes, leave everything just as it was, and never again admit daylight into her rooms.

At Miss Havisham's Pip meets Estella, a beautiful girl of about Pip's own age, adopted by the old lady from infancy. She is exceedingly proud, and disdainful of Pip, calling him a "stupid, clumsy labouring-boy."

[READ Chapter IX., where Pip gives his wholly apocryphal account of his visit to Miss Havisham's.]

Miss Havisham takes a fancy to Pip, and pays Joe, the blacksmith, twenty-five guineas for Pip's apprenticeship. Pip hates the work, but sticks to it for Joe's sake.

One night, on returning from a visit to the town, he finds that his sister, while sitting alone, has been brutally attacked by some unknown person. She never fully recovers, and her assailant is not found out till many years afterwards. Biddy, a relative of the parish clerk, who is friendly with the Gargery family, now comes to take charge of the house.

[READ Chapter XVIII., telling how Pip comes into "great expectations." From this the novel obtains its title.]

While in London, Pip becomes a bosom friend of Herbert Pocket, the son of his tutor, Mr. Matthew Pocket, a relative of Miss Havisham's. In the new atmosphere Pip forgets his old friends, but finds himself much in love with Estella, who, however, remains quite unresponsive.

One night he dines with Mr. Jaggers, the lawyer, who acts as Pip's guardian until he realizes his expectations; and he is much puzzled by the demeanour of the housekeeper, who seems strangely in awe of her master. He also visits Wemmick, Mr. Jaggers's clerk, in his queer little house in the South London suburb of Walworth, where he resides with his "Aged Parent," tending him with a very beautiful filial affection.

Some time after Pip's change of fortune, Estella comes to stay with a lady at Richmond, in Surrey, with a view to her introduction into fashionable society. Pip now has more opportunities of seeing her, and consequently falls more deeply in love. But she apparently prefers the society of Bentley Drummle, an ill-conditioned young fellow of means, who is one of Mr. Pocket's pupils. She eventually marries him, and leads a very unhappy life owing to his brutality and meanness.

[Read Chapters XXXIX. and XL., where Pip, now twenty-three years old, has an interview with the convict, Abel Magwitch, who has returned to England under the assumed name of "Provis," and who, as Pip now learns, is the actual source of his "great expectations."]

Pip is thoroughly disgusted at the turn events have

taken, as he has always thought that Miss Havisham was his secret benefactor.

[READ Chapter XLII., where the convict tells the story of his life, and of his partnership with Compeyson, the other convict, whom Pip had seen on the marshes, and whom Herbert Pocket now recognizes as Miss Havisham's faithless lover.]

Herbert Pocket takes Magwitch to an out-of-the-way lodging by the river side in the neighbourhood of the "Pool" below London Bridge, with the object of getting him on board a steamer bound for the Continent. This measure has become necessary, for it has been ascertained that "Provis" is under suspicion, and that Pip's chambers in the Temple have been watched in consequence of his visits to them.

Abel Magwitch was formerly associated with a woman, who, in a fit of jealousy, vowed she would murder their baby girl, and he thinks she has done so. However, Pip now finds out that the woman is Jaggers's housekeeper, and that the child was not murdered, but was brought to Miss Havisham by Jaggers, who had been commissioned to find a child for that lady to adopt. Accordingly Miss Havisham had adopted the little girl, giving her the name of Estella.

One Wednesday morning in the following March, when it is believed that an attempt may be safely made to get Magwitch out of the country, Herbert rows Pip down the river. They pick up Magwitch at the "Stairs" close to his waterside lodging, and then proceed to one of the long reaches below Gravesend, with the intention of hailing a continental steamer, so that Pip and the convict may be taken aboard. [READ Chapters LIV., LV., LVI., describing Magwitch's arrest, trial, and conviction, and his death in prison.]

Pip, who has got heavily into debt, is now poor, and cannot meet his liabilities, as Magwitch's wealth has been forfeited to the Crown. He is actually arrested for the non-payment of an account owing to a tradesman, when he falls seriously ill. On recovery he finds that he has been nursed back to health by faithful Joe Gargery, who also paid the debt for which he had been arrested.

He now goes out to Cairo, being employed as a clerk at

the Eastern Branch of Clarriker & Co., the insurance house in which Herbert Pocket has become a partner, with charge of that branch. Eventually, Pip himself becomes a partner in the firm.

After eleven years' absence, he revisits his old home. Joe Gargery had married Biddy shortly before Pip left England, and now, when Pip enters the blacksmith's kitchen, he finds, seated on his own little stool by the fireside, a child that is the image of his former self, and who, he learns, is called by his own name.

Revisiting the site where Miss Havisham's house formerly stood, Pip meets Estella. She also had come to take leave of that spot, which is now to be built on once more.

Estella has been a widow for about two years. Her husband, Bentley Drummle, had treated her with great cruelty; and suffering has taught her to understand what she was insensible to before. She asks for Pip's forgiveness, and his friendship. Pip takes her hand in his, and they go forth to live their lives together.

XVII.—Charles Kingsley (1819–1875).

- (1) Life of Kingsley. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Poems :—(a) The Three Fishers.
(b) A Farewell.
- (3) Prose :—The Heroes.

OUTLINE.

PERSEUS.

PART I.—Acrisius, king of Argos, turned his daughter Danaë and her baby son, Perseus, adrift on the sea to the east of Greece, because of a prophecy which said that he should die by the hand of his daughter's son. However, no harm came to Danaë and her baby; and after some days they were cast ashore on the island of Seriphos, where they were found and adopted by Dictys, brother of Polydectes, who was king of the island.

[READ from "After a while she was awakened suddenly," to the end.]

PART II.—Fifteen years passed, and Perseus grew up to be the noblest youth on the island. Once, while he was away overseas, King Polydectes took Danaë, and made her a slave. Athene appeared in a dream to Perseus, and asked him if he dared to go and slay Medusa, the Gorgon. When Perseus enquired where he could find this monster, she bade him return home and play the man there, before she could think him worthy of the quest of the Gorgon. So home he went and delivered his mother out of slavery, taking her to the temple of Athene, so that she might be safe from Polydectes. Some time after, Perseus was trapped by this king into promising him the Gorgon's head.

Then the goddess Athene and the god Hermes appeared to Perseus, and Hermes gave him his own famous sword and winged sandals. Thus equipped, he set forth on his quest.

[READ from "Be patient and listen," to the end.]

PART III.—His journey was, first, far, far away to the cold north, where he met with three ancient women called the Grey Sisters, who were near of kin to the three Gorgons. They told him to go southward, till he came to where Atlas, the giant, was, and there he could enquire of the daughters of the Evening Star. When he came to them, they could not tell him the way to the place where the Gorgons lived, but they asked Atlas, who was their uncle. At his bidding, the eldest of them fetched for Perseus the magic hat of darkness out of the underworld. With this on his head he was invisible. Soon he reached the Gorgons' home, and slew Medusa; and although he was pursued by her two sisters, he escaped. According to a promise he had made to Atlas, he now turned that giant into stone, by letting him look upon the Gorgon's head. This was done so that Atlas might have rest from his toil of holding the heaven and the earth apart.

[READ from "And he saw the three Gorgons" to "and he saw them no more."]

PART IV.—On his return journey Perseus was very near perishing of thirst in the African desert; but he besought

Athene for aid, and, a little while after, he came to a green spot where there was water.

In the land of the Æthiops, through which he had to pass, Perseus rescued the King's daughter, Andromeda, from the sea-monster, and subsequently he married her.

On the eighth night after the wedding, Athene appeared to him again in a dream, bidding him give back to her the sword, the winged sandals, and the hat of darkness; and when he awoke, he saw that these were gone.

[READ from "On came the great sea-monster," to "All turned into stone."]

PART V.—At the end of a year Perseus returned to Seriphos, bringing Andromeda with him. He found King Polydectes and his nobles banqueting together, and when the king spoke to him scornfully, the young hero held up the Gorgon's head, at the sight of which Polydectes and they that were with him were turned into stone. Perseus then sailed away to Argos, but found, on arriving there, that his grandfather Acrisius had been driven thence to Larissa, which lay northwards in the country of the Pelasgi.

Perseus went thither. When he arrived, the Pelasgi were holding games, and Perseus joined in them. When he strove for the prize in the throwing of quoits, the wind blew his quoit out of its course, and it chanced to strike Acrisius and kill him, as he sat watching the games; and thus the old prophecy was fulfilled. After due mourning had been made for Acrisius, Perseus went home to Argos, and reigned there with fair Andromeda.

THE ARGONAUTS.

PART I.—The Golden Fleece hung in the sacred grove at Colchis—a land to the east of the Black Sea. The spirit of Phrixus whom the Golden Ram had formerly borne thither to save him from sacrifice, now came and begged the heroes of Hellas to bring back the Fleece, so that his spirit might have rest; but, as yet, none had ventured on the voyage.

Phrixus had a kinsman named Æson, who was king of Iolcos, in Thessaly. Æson was driven from his throne by his half-brother Pelias; and when he departed from Iolcos, he left his little son Jason in the care of Cheiron, the centaur, to be brought up in the mountain-country along with the sons of heroes.

PART II.—After ten years, Jason, being now a young man, left Cheiron, and went to claim his inheritance as ruler of Iolcos. On his way he had to cross the mountain-stream called Anauros, where Hera, in the guise of an old woman, met him, and besought him to carry her over. He did so; and, because of his kindness, she promised to help him whenever he should be in need. In fording the torrent he lost a sandal, and so had to enter the city with only one. Now, it had been foretold that a man wearing but one sandal would come and take the kingdom from Pelias.

[READ from "And on the bank of Anauros," to "Olympus, the holy hill."]

Then Jason went to the house of Pelias, who, feigning to be well-disposed toward him, ensnared him with cunning words, so that he undertook to go and fetch the Golden Fleece.

PART III.—The heralds went out to the heroes of the Minuiai, a race which had migrated from Thessaly to Bœotia, to seek companions for Jason in his quest for the Golden Fleece. They secured Heracles (Hercules) the mighty, Peleus, the father of Achilles, Argus, the famous shipbuilder, and many others. They came to Iolcos, and were welcomed and admired by the people.

Under the direction of Argus, the ship *Argo* was built. Jason then sought out Orpheus, "the prince of minstrels," and induced him to be one of the company.

He and Jason then went to the town of Dodona. Here was the famous oracle of Zeus in a grove of oak trees. Orpheus led Jason to the holy oak, and bade him cut off one of the boughs. This he did, and they took it back to Iolcos, and nailed it to the beak-head of the *Argo*.

When the ship was finished, she was too heavy to move.

So Jason appealed for advice to the magic bough at the beak-head. It spoke to him. Then he told Orpheus to play on his harp, while the heroes stood round ready to help to launch her. This he did, and also sang a song of the sea. The *Argo* heard him, and plunged forward into the waters. The heroes then laid in a stock of provisions, and set out on their fateful quest.

PART IV.—Jason was chosen captain, and each man swore to be faithful to him. They sailed on for a time till they came in sight of Mt. Pelion. Then Peleus suggested that they should land, climb the beloved hill for the last time, pay a visit to Cheiron the centaur, and secure his blessing. He was also anxious to see his boy Achilles, who was in Cheiron's charge. They went, and Cheiron, from whom they received a hearty welcome, provided a feast and entertainment for them, afterwards accompanying them to the ship, and giving them his blessing.

They sailed away, and some time later met with Cyzicus, son of Æneas, of whom the great Latin poet Virgil tells that he founded Rome. Cyzicus, who was king over an Asian people, treated the heroes well for the sake of his father, who had formerly dwelt with Cheiron; he feasted them, and supplied them with food and clothing. At night they were attacked by some fierce mountaineers, but Heracles fought and killed them; though, unhappily, in the darkness, he also slew the hospitable Cyzicus by mistake.

When they were about to weigh anchor, the *Argo* was caught in a whirlwind, and the Magic Bough told Jason this had come upon them because they had slain Cyzicus, their friend. Then they returned to the land, found the prince's body, buried it, raised a huge mound over it, offered black sheep at his tomb as a sacrifice, and Orpheus sang a magic song to give rest to his soul.

This being done, they rowed away; and, after a time, the heroes landed on the shores of a pleasant bay. Heracles went hunting in the woods, and Hylas, the fair boy, followed him, and was lost. Heracles searched for him everywhere,

but in vain. When the time for departure came, Heracles was nowhere to be seen ; and so the *Argo* sailed away without him.

At length they came to the Black Sea, about which they had heard so many dreadful tales that they trembled with fear, heroes though they were. However, they plucked up courage, went on past Sinope, and came in sight of the Caucasus mountains capped with snow. For three days more they rowed eastward toward the Caucasus, till they saw the golden roofs of King Aietes, the child of the Sun. Jason wanted to go alone to interview him, but the heroes determined to accompany him.

In the meantime, Aietes had a dream which frightened him. When he awoke, he went down to the riverside, accompanied by his daughters and many of his servants and soldiers. There he saw the *Argo* and its crew, and they saw him. The king wanted to know who they were, and why they had come. Jason told him they had come in search of the Golden Fleece ; and he added that, though they well knew how to give blows or take them, yet they were now come with peaceable intent.

Aietes was filled with rage, but he did not show it. He suggested that, to prevent bloodshed, one man should be chosen to fulfil his demands ; and, if he succeeded, the Golden Fleece should be given them for a prize. When he had said this, he returned to the town.

Chalciope and Medeia, daughters of Aietes, desired greatly to save the heroes from being slain. Medeia was particularly anxious about Jason, and made up her mind to show him how to win the Fleece.

In the evening the sisters went down to the riverside to see him. Chalciope, who was the widow of Phrixus, also took her boy Argus with her.

[READ of Jason's interview with the princesses, beginning " So in the dusk of evening," to " all rejoiced but Idas, and he grew mad with envy."]

At sunrise Jason anointed himself, and likewise his shield, helmet, and weapons, with the ointment that Medeia had given

him. At his request, his companions tried their weapons on him, but they failed to hurt him ; and away he went to Aietes to claim the fulfilment of his promise.

[READ from "Fulfil your promise to us, child of the blazing Sun," to the end of Part IV.]

PART V.—Aietes, the king of Colchis, pursued the Argonauts with a great fleet of ships, but Medeia saved the heroes by committing the foul crime of murdering her young brother, Absyrtus, and flinging his body into the sea. She knew that it would take time for her father to pick up the corpse and bury it, and this delay would enable the Argonauts to escape. For permitting this crime, the heroes had to wander for years in unknown seas, and face many great perils.

They landed on Aiaia, the fairy island of the west, where dwelt Circe, the sister of Medeia. Circe met them, and upbraided Medeia for her cruelty.

Again the heroes set sail, and went on till they came to a flowery island, from the shores of which came sweet songs. Medeia warned the heroes that the Sirens lived there. Orpheus began to sing, but the songs of the three sirens on the beach could be heard above his song. The men listened, and then began to fall asleep, and dream. Butes, the son of Pandion, jumped into the sea and swam toward the sirens, crying to them that he came to live and die in that place. Medeia begged of Orpheus to sing louder, so as to wake the sleepers, or they would be lost. This he did, and drowned the voices of the sirens. Then the men once again took up their oars, and passed on till the voices of the sirens died away in the distance. Soon the wanderers came to the straits between Sicily and Italy.

Here, they were caught in the whirlpool called Charybdis ; and, escaping that, they would have fallen a prey to Scylla, the sea-hag, inhabiting a rock on the other side of the straits, had not the sea-goddess Thetis, who was the bride of Peleus, come with her nymphs to the aid of the heroes. After many a day they came to another island. They rowed into the harbour, which contained a thousand other ships, and landed

on the quay. They were bidden to the palace of Alcinous, the king of that land. Medeia was afraid, and did not want to go, because she had seen some of her countrymen, the Colchi, in the city ; but Jason said it was too late to return. As they walked along, they saw many things that filled them with wonder.

When they came to the palace, they went in, and were introduced to Alcinous and Arete, his queen. The king welcomed them, and bade them sit and eat. Medeia went up to Arete, and on her knees begged of her not to send her back to her father's land, where she would be cruelly put to death. Arete said the king must decide what should be done with her.

Jason told the King the story of their wanderings, and Arete pleaded with him for Medeia. Alcinous asked Jason to speak. He advised the Colchi not to return home, but to settle down in some fair land not far away. This they agreed to do. The king gave them food, water, and clothing, and sent them away in peace. He did the same to the Minuai, and Medeia was allowed to accompany Jason on his voyage.

Many more days passed, and then they came to the isle of Crete. They decided to land there, and see Minos, the king.

[READ from " But when they came nearer to the island they saw a wondrous sight upon the cliffs," to the end of Part V.]

PART VI.—Many sorrows befell Jason, because he had taken a wicked wife. Medeia now laid a plot to punish Pelias, king of Iolcos. She told his daughters of a plan to make old people young again, and induced them to try it on their father. This they did, but, as Medeia had told them only half the spell, the plan failed, and Pelias died. Jason could not love Medeia, because she was so cruel ; in the end he proved false to her, and she took a terrible revenge upon him for his faithlessness.

This should be a lesson to us not to seek help from wicked people, nor to do evil, hoping that good may come of it.

THESEUS.

PART I.—Theseus was the son of Princess Aithra, and was the bravest boy in the land ; nevertheless, his mother was a sad woman, because her husband had deserted her.

When Theseus was fifteen years old, Aithra took him, one day, into the grove which grew about the temple on the mountain above their home. There she led him to a certain plane-tree, and told him that he would find a great flat stone at its foot ; he was to lift this, and to bring her what he should discover underneath.

Theseus found the stone, indeed, but was quite unable to move it. His mother sighed, and told him he must wait for another year. So he did, and tried again at the end of the year, but likewise failed ; the same thing happened when yet another year was gone.

A good deal of his time was now spent in wrestling, boxing, and hunting to make himself stronger. When he was turned eighteen, his mother took him once more to the temple-grove, and told him to try again. This time he lifted the stone, and rolled it over. Under it lay a bronze sword with a golden hilt, and near this a pair of golden sandals. He took them up, and ran swiftly to his mother, who wept at sight of them. She told him to hide them, and to come with her to a spot where they could look down over the sea. There she pointed out to him the fair and sunny land of Attica, where the Athenians dwelt ; and she asked him what he would do, if he were king of such a land. He said he would rule it wisely and well. Then Aithra smiled, and sent him to Ægeus, king of Athens. After this, Theseus saw his mother no more.

PART II.—Ægeus, king of Athens, was the father of Theseus, and the youth believed that, if he won honour and renown, his father would love him and be proud of him.

[READ from "So he went by land, and away into the mountains," to "which stands there in the surge until this day."]

Theseus went on till he came to Eleusis. There he stood in the market-place, and enquired where he should find

Kerkuon, the king, as he wished to wrestle with him. The people begged of him to hurry away, before the king heard that he was there. But Theseus walked up to Kerkuon's palace, and challenged the king to wrestle with him. Kerkuon laughingly bade Theseus come in, and have something to eat and drink before he died. Then they wrestled in the palace-yard. After a long and fierce struggle Kerkuon was overthrown and killed, and Theseus was made king of Eleusis in his place. He had now slain Sinis, the robber, Sciron of the cliff, and Kerkuon, the wrestler. But he now discovered that Sinis was his kinsman; so he had to go to the sons of Phytalus to be purified. On the way a tall strong man met him, and gave him courteous greeting.

[READ from "Welcome, fair youth to these mountains," to "and went down the mountains and away."]

At length Theseus reached the home of the Phytalid heroes, who cleansed him from the blood of Sinis, and sent him away in peace. He then went on to Athens. The people ran out to see him, for his fame had spread far and wide. But he went right on, because he longed to see his father.

When he reached the palace of Ægeus in the Acropolis, which stood high up in the middle of the city, he found the hall occupied by his cousins, the Pallantids, so named because they were sons of Pallas, the brother of Ægeus. They were spending their time in drinking and feasting, instead of attending to the needs of the country. Theseus sent the servants to tell his father of his arrival. The king was in his room within, along with Medeia, the dark witch-woman, whom he had married; and when he heard that Theseus was in the palace, he turned pale and red again, because he knew whence Theseus came, and the name of that place brought the forsaken Aithra into his mind.

[READ from "So Ægeus came out into the hall," to "because their king had found a noble son, and an heir to his royal house."]

Theseus stayed with his father all the winter. When spring came, the Athenians were saddened by the arrival of the herald of Minos, the king of Crete, demanding the yearly

tribute which Ægeus had promised to Minos, when the Cretan king made conquest of the country. He had invaded it, because his son was treacherously murdered whilst in Attica, whither he had come to take part in the Panathenaic games, held in honour of Athene, the protectress of Athens. The tribute demanded every year consisted of seven youths and seven maidens, who were carried to Crete in a black-sailed ship, to be devoured by the Minotaur, a monster which roamed through a labyrinth in that island, and which fed upon human flesh.

Much against his father's will, Theseus resolved to be one of the seven youths of this year's sacrifice. Ægeus made him promise that, should he by some strange chance return in safety, he would take down the black sail of the ship, and put up a white one in its place, so that he would know all was well. Then Theseus went away with the rest, to the great grief of the people of Athens.

PART III.—They arrived at the island of Crete, and were taken to the palace of Minos. He ordered them to be put into prison, and then, one by one, to be given for prey to the Minotaur, so that the death of his son might be avenged. Theseus told Minos who he was, and begged to be sent first. The king liked him for his courage, and would have saved him, but he insisted upon meeting the monster.

[READ from "And they led Theseus away into the prison," to the end.]

PART IV.—But Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, did not come to Athens with Theseus; what became of her is uncertain.

When Theseus came near Athens, he forgot to hoist the white sail, as he had promised, and his father, who had been eagerly watching for it day after day, thought he had been killed. In his grief, he fell into the sea, and was drowned; hence it has ever since been called the Ægean Sea.

Theseus was now king of Athens; he ruled it wisely and well, so that the people honoured his name for hundreds of years after his death.

More than six hundred years later his bones were dis-

covered in the isle of Scuros in the Ægean Sea, and were brought to Athens in triumph. But how came his body to be laid in Scuros, instead of in Athens? Because, after he became king, he grew proud and wicked. Enemies rose up against him, and he fled from Athens to Scuros, where, in course of time, he was treacherously killed by Lucomedes, the king of the island, and there he was buried.

The story of Theseus, like many another old Greek story, teaches us that pride and self-will not seldom lead to a fall.

XVIII.—Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894).

- (1) Life of Stevenson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Selected poems from *A Child's Garden of Verses*.
 - (a) Travel.
 - (b) A Good Boy.
 - (c) Escape at Bed-Time.
 - (d) Keepsake Mill.
 - (e) The Hayloft.
 - (f) Armies in the Fire.
 - (g) Summer Sun.
 - (h) The Gardener.
 - (i) Historical Associations.
 - (j) To Minnie.
- (3) Prose :—Treasure Island.

OUTLINE.

This is a story of adventure, the hero of which is a boy named Jim Hawkins, who lived with his father and mother at the "Admiral Benbow," an inn situated by the sea, on the coast-road to Bristol. Jim's adventure began when an old sea-captain came to stay at the inn. This captain, who had a sabre cut across one cheek, was always on the look-out for a certain "sea-faring man with one leg," and spent his time drinking rum and looking out over sea and land with his telescope. He had two very strange visitors; on one occasion came "a pale tallowy creature wanting two fingers of the left hand, and answering to the name of 'Black Dog'"—and, a few days after, a blind man named Pew. The excite-

ment of seeing these persons, whom the captain regarded as his mortal enemies, caused him to have an apoplectic fit, and he fell down dead. Meantime, Jim Hawkins was bereaved of his father, who had long been in failing health.

[READ Chapter III., "The Black Spot."]

After the death of the captain, Jim and his mother examined his sea-chest, hoping to find enough money to repay them for the captain's board and lodging. They found money of all nations, and also an oilskin packet, of which Jim took charge, saying, "And I'll take this to square the count."

Their search was interrupted by the blind man and his friends, who came to get hold of the captain's possessions; whereupon Jim and his mother fled. The robbers were, in their turn, interrupted by the sound of hoofs. Revenue officers appeared upon the scene; and, in the chase that followed, the blind man, Pew, was accidentally knocked down and killed. Jim was taken to the house of Dr. Livesey, the medical man who had attended his father, and who was also a magistrate.

[READ Chapter VI., "The Captain's Papers."]

As soon as possible, Squire Trelawney went to Bristol, and procured a ship, the *Hispaniola*, and a crew, and prepared to sail to "Treasure Island." Jim Hawkins was to go as cabin-boy. The squire wrote from Bristol to his friend, Dr. Livesey, explaining how he had fallen in with an old sailor known as Long John Silver, who, having been engaged by the Squire as ship's cook, had then found for them nearly all the men for the crew, including the mate. Captain Smollett, however, the sailing master, was engaged through the Squire's Bristol agent; and from the first he objected to the kind of men who formed the crew. He complained, too, that all of them knew more about the voyage than he did; apparently the Squire had been talking too freely.

[READ Chapter X., "The Voyage," and Chapter XI., "What I heard in the Apple Barrel."]

As soon as land was sighted, Silver showed himself well

acquainted with those parts of the sea, and with the island itself. Jim Hawkins took the first opportunity of telling the Captain, together with the Squire and Dr. Livesey, what he had heard, while he was hiding in the apple barrel; and they made preparations to grapple with the plotters.

Next morning, the *Hispaniola* was lying becalmed half a mile to the south-east of Treasure Island, and it was dreary work getting the vessel to her anchorage. In the afternoon signs of mutiny were evident among the seamen, and the Captain decided to let them go ashore. By John Silver's direction, six remained on board; the rest, Silver and a dozen more, embarked in the boats. Hawkins jumped into one of these, got ashore, and slipped away from Long John, who called after him in vain. He went exploring for a time; and then, from a hiding-place amid trees, he heard an altercation between Silver and one of the loyal members of the crew. While they were talking, an awful scream came from the neighbouring marshland; it was the death yell of another of the honest hands, murdered by the buccaneers. Then Jim saw Silver deliberately murder the man to whom he had been talking; and he knew that such would have been his own fate, had Silver got hold of him. Jim fled, only to meet a new terror—a shaggy, wild-looking man. This was Ben Gunn, a sailor who had been marooned on the island three years before. He seemed greatly troubled when, in the course of their conversation, Jim mentioned the name of John Silver, with whom, as he now told the lad, he had sailed in days gone by. Gunn sent Jim with a message to the Squire.

Meantime, whilst the men were on shore, the Squire, the Doctor, and the Captain had talked things over, and finally decided to land with guns and provisions, and to take up their position within a stockade, which, as they knew from their chart, was built near the shore.

[READ Chapter XVI., "How the Ship was Abandoned."]

Seven of the mutineers came up to the stockade just after the Squire's party reached it. Some firing took place;

one of the mutineers was shot through the heart, and Tom Redruth, the old gamekeeper, who accompanied the Squire, was mortally wounded. All through the evening, a cannonade was kept up from the ship by Israel Hands, who was an experienced gunner. When it was over, Jim Hawkins contrived to reach the stockade on the land side, and related his experiences. Captain Smollett now divided the Squire's party into watches, for the defence of the log house. Next morning, Silver appeared with a flag of truce, and offered terms which were not accepted. He went away, vowing vengeance. In about an hour's time, a great fight was in progress, and the mutineers got the worst of it, though Captain Smollett was badly wounded. Early in the afternoon, the enemy having retired, Dr. Livesey set out to see Ben Gunn. During his absence, Jim Hawkins slipped over the stockade, and went down to the shore, to discover a boat which, as Ben Gunn had told him on the previous evening, was hidden under a certain white rock. He conceived the idea of cutting the *Hispaniola* adrift, only two of the buccaneers, as he could see from the shore, being left on board as watchmen. The lad found Gunn's boat, a sort of coracle, in the spot indicated; and, under cover of the night, he set out for the ship, got alongside, and cut through the hawser. Contriving to have a look through the cabin window, he found that Israel Hands and the other sailor who was on board with him were engaged in deadly wrestle; and he at once dropped back into the boat, which was whirled along in the wake of the *Hispaniola*. He was now tossed about for hours; and finally, being wearied out, he went to sleep.

When he awoke, it was daylight, and he found himself off the south-west of Treasure Island, scarcely a quarter of a mile to seaward. His coracle was carried along by a current that set northward along the west coast; and, after some time had passed, he sighted the *Hispaniola* under sail about half a mile ahead, but apparently without any one steering. Eventually the schooner bore down upon him; and just when her bowsprit was overhead, he made a spring for it.

The lad caught hold, crawled along the bowsprit, and tumbled on to the deck.

[READ Chapters XXV. and XXVI., "I Strike the Jolly Roger," and "Israel Hands."]

The *Hispaniola* was now beached in North Inlet, and Israel Hands lay at the bottom of the bay, being both shot and drowned. Just at sunset, Jim Hawkins waded ashore and made for the stockade. He reached it, to find it in possession of Silver and the pirates. Some of the sailors wanted to kill him at once, but Silver saved his life. When they were left by themselves, the sea-cook told Jim that he was desperate, and wanted him to help to make his peace with the captain and the others, as his men appeared to be on the point of throwing him off. However, when he showed them the chart which the doctor had given him on leaving the log house, their confidence in him was restored, and they took his orders again.

About daybreak next morning, Dr. Livesey came to the stockade, attended to the sick and wounded among the mutineers in the log house, and then, by Silver's leave, had a private talk with Jim Hawkins. The lad related to him how he had brought the ship into North Inlet. Silver pleaded with the doctor that, in return for his having saved Jim's life, a good word should be said on his behalf, to save him from the gallows. Dr. Livesey promised that, "short of perjury," he would do his best to save Silver.

The pirates now set out to find the treasure, and discovered a skeleton; these were the bones of one of Captain Flint's seamen, and as Silver guessed, Flint had laid the body here as a pointer to the spot where the treasure was buried.

[READ Chapters XXXII. and XXXIII., "The Treasure Hunt," and "The Fall of a Chieftain."]

The gold bars and a great quantity of minted money were taken on board the *Hispaniola*, a work that occupied three days; the bar silver and other possessions of Flint were left. Various necessities were left in Ben Gunn's cave for the use of the three mutineers who were now at large

on the island, since it was decided that they must be abandoned.

The ship now sailed away from Treasure Island, and called at the nearest South American port to get more men. Here Silver escaped, taking with him one of the sacks of coin. The Squire's people never heard of him again.

The treasure was shared out among those who remained, Ben Gunn receiving the sum of one thousand pounds; but he got through this in less than three weeks, and then the Squire gave him a place as lodge-keeper. As for Jim Hawkins, no consideration would ever induce him to return to Treasure Island.

XIX.—Sir Henry Newbolt (b. 1862).

- (1) Life of Newbolt. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Fighting *Téméraire*.
- (3) Craven.
- (4) Homeward Bound.
- (5) *Vita Lampada*.

XX.—Rudyard Kipling (b. 1865).

- (1) Life of Kipling. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Recall. (*Songs from Books.*)
- (3) Lichtenberg. (*The Five Nations.*)
- (4) The Grave of the Hundred Head. (*Departmental Ditties.*)
- (5) Eddi's Service. (*Songs from Books.*)
- (6) *Just-So Stories.*

XXI.—John Oxenham.

- (1) Some facts about Mr. Oxenham. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Shadows. (*Bees in Amber.*)
- (3) Sark. (*Bees in Amber.*)
- (4) Wandered. (*Bees in Amber.*)
- (5) The Bells of Stephen Hine. (*Bees in Amber.*)
- (6) Where are you sleeping, to-night, my Lad? (*All's Well.*)
- (7) Blinded. (*All's Well.*)
- (8) What can a Little Chap do? (*All's Well.*)

SIXTH YEAR.

I.—Geoffrey Chaucer (? 1340-1400).

(1) Life of Chaucer. (*See* Biography.)

(2) The Prologue.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CHARACTERS.

In the Prologue, Chaucer gives delightful portraits of the various characters ; his descriptions are so apt and lucid, that Dryden said :—

“I see all the pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales*, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark.”

Here there pass before us the

“verray parfit gentil *Knyght* ;”

the young *Squire*—

“Embrouded was he, as it were a meede
Al ful of freshē flourēs whyte and reede ;”

the *Yeoman*—

“Clad in cote and hood of grene ;”

the *Prioress*, whose French was

“After the scole of Stratford-attē-Bowe ;”

the sport-loving *Monk*, who

“gat nat of that text a pullēd hen,
That seith that hunters beth nat hooly men ;”

the *Friar*, who

“was an esy man to geve penaunce
Ther as he wiste to have a good pitaunce ;”

the *Merchant* “with a forkēd berd,” who was so diligent in business ;

the *Clerk* of Oxford—

“of studie took he moost cure and moost heede”

and

“gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche ;”—

the *Sergeant of Law*—

“ful riche of excellence,”

but who always

“seemēd bisier than he was ;”

the *Franklin*, whose custom it was to live in comfort and plenty, for

"It snowed in his hous of mete and drynke ;"

the *Shipman*, who

"Of nyce conscience took he no keep ;"

the *Doctor of Physic*,

"a verray parfit praktisour ;"

the *Wife of Bath*, a cheerful, gaily-dressed chatterer, in spite of the fact that she had had five husbands, for

"She was a worthy womman al hir lyve ;"

the *Poor Parson*

"That Cristē's Gospel trewely wolde preche,"

is the finest sketch of all ;

the *Ploughman*, a good workman,

"Lyvyng in pees and parfit charitee ;"

the *Miller*, a big, brawny fellow—

"Upon the cope right of his nose he hade
A werte, and thereon stood a toft of herys
Reed as the bristles of a sowes erys ;"—

the "gentil *Maunciple* (purveyor of provisions)" who was

"able for to helpen al a shire
In any case that myghte falle or happe ;"

the *Reeve*—

"a sclendër, colerick man ;"

the *Summoner*, of repellant appearance, for

"of his visagē children were aferd ;"

the *Pardoner*, with

"heer as yelow as wax,"

and carrying a wallet

"Bret-ful of pardon, come from Rome all hoot ;"

and last, but not least, the jovial host of the Tabard Inn,

"Boolde of his speche, and wys and wel y-taught ;"

the whole set forming a wonderful portrait gallery.

J. R. Green, in his "Short History of the English People,"

Chapter V., says :—

"It is the first time in English poetry that we are brought face to face, not with characters or allegories, or reminiscences of the past, but with living and breathing men, men distinct in temper and sentiment, as in face or costume, or mode of speech."

(3) The Knight's Tale: Palamon and Arcite.

OUTLINE.

Duke Theseus, ruler of Athens, was returning home with his wife Hippolyta and her young sister, Emily. Near the city there knelt before him a company of weeping ladies, dressed in black. Theseus listened to their story. They were of noble birth. Creon had captured their city, Thebes, had slain their husbands, and would not allow them to bury their bodies. Theseus vowed vengeance against Creon, sent Hippolyta and Emily into Athens, and rode on to Thebes. In the battle that followed Creon was slain, and the ladies were then able to burn their dead, according to their custom.

On the battlefield two knights were found. Their coat-armour indicated that they were of royal blood. They were cousins, and their names were Palamon and Arcite. They were taken by Theseus and imprisoned in a tower in Athens.

[READ lines 175 to 197, beginning

“Thus passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day”
for a description of Emily.]

N.B.—The selections should be read to the class from an edition of the *Canterbury Tales* such as that in the Everyman Library, in which the spelling is partly modernized.

On this bright May morning, Palamon looked out of a high window in the tower, from which he could see the city and the palace garden in which Emily, the queen's sister, happened just then to be walking.

Palamon uttered a cry when he saw her. Arcite begged of him to bear his imprisonment patiently. Palamon showed him the cause of the trouble, saying that the girl must be Venus herself. Arcite looked, and he at once declared that life would be nothing more to him without her favour. Palamon reminded him that he had seen the lady first, and so it was Arcite's duty to help him to win her. Arcite replied that Palamon's feeling was not true love, as he had thought the lady was a goddess. And so they quarrelled. Some time later, a worthy general named Peritheus, brother in arms of Theseus, and a friend of Arcite, persuaded the Duke to release

Arcite, on condition that he left Athens. Now Arcite, being compelled to go, envied Palamon, because he would be able to see Emily from the prison window ; and Palamon, in turn, envied Arcite his freedom.

One night after he had arrived at Thebes, Arcite dreamt that Mercury bade him return to Athens. Sorrow and sickness had changed his appearance ; and so, disguised as a poor labourer, he returned with a faithful squire as his only companion. Under the name of Philostrate, he obtained employment in Emily's household. From the lowest position he advanced to that of page-in-waiting to Emily. Then Theseus favoured him and made him a squire.

To return to Palamon. One May night in the seventh year of his captivity, Palamon, by the help of a friend, gave his jailor strong drink, which sent him to sleep, and enabled the captive to escape. He fled from the city and hid in a grove, meaning to go secretly to Thebes to raise an army to fight against Theseus in order to win Emily.

The next morning Arcite happened to be out far from the city seeking flowers for Emily. Soliloquizing on his fate, Arcite passed Palamon's hiding-place. When the latter saw who the speaker was, he sprang out. Though unarmed, he would have attacked Arcite, but the latter promised to bring armour on the morrow, so that there could be a fair contest. He also promised to bring food and drink for Palamon. The next day they met in fierce combat. Theseus, out hunting that morning with Hippolyta and Emily, came upon the knights and demanded an explanation. Palamon explained, and asked that both might die. Theseus would have had both of them put to death had not the ladies begged for their lives. He then made them this offer—that a year from that day, each should return to Athens with one hundred knights to take part in a tournament. He decreed that the victor should marry Emily.

A large theatre—an open space with seats rising up on all sides one behind another—was built for the jousting. The day came, and all the noblest knights wanted to take part.

The rivals reached Athens. With Palamon rode Lycurgus, King of Thrace.

[READ lines 1,270 to 1,296, beginning,

"Ther maistow se comyng with Palamoun
Ligurge himself, the gretë kyng of Trace "
giving a description of Lycurgus, his person and dress.]

With Arcite rode Emetrius, King of India.

[READ lines 1,297 to 1,328, beginning,

"With Arcita, in stories as men fynde,
The grete Emetreus, the kyng of Ynde "
for a description of Emetrius.]

Before the tournament, Palamon prayed to Venus for aid, and she promised to give it. Arcite visited the Temple of Mars, and victory was promised him. Emily went to Diana, and implored the goddess to keep her from wedding either of the suitors, as she loved the freedom of the woods, and did not wish to marry. Diana said she would have to marry the one or the other.

Just before the tournament began, the herald gave instructions that the fighters were to aim at taking prisoners, rather than slaying one another. No short swords, axes, or knives, were to be used, and only one course with a sharp spear was allowed.

[READ lines 1,729 to 1,837 beginning,

"In al the worlde, to seeken up and down,
for a description of the contest.]

Palamon was overcome and brought to the prisoner's stake. Theseus then proclaimed Arcite victor. Arcite at once spurred his horse to the place where Emily sat. At that moment, Saturn, to aid his daughter Venus, caused Arcite's horse to shy. The victor was thrown to the ground. He was carried off the field and lived for some days, but it was found that nothing could save his life. As he lay dying, Palamon and Emily stood by him. With his last words he begged Emily to remember Palamon, if ever she wished to marry.

Shortly afterwards he died, and great was the mourning on account of his death.

[READ lines 1,995 to 2,108 beginning,
 "Duk Theseus, with al his busy cure"
 describing the funeral pyre.]

Long afterwards, when the mourning for Arcite was over in the city, Theseus sent for Palamon, and reminded him and Emily of the last words of Arcite. He joined their hands together, and they were married.

II.—William Shakespeare (1564–1616).

(1) Life of Shakespeare. (*See Biography.*)

(2) Songs from the Plays:—

- (a) "Under the greenwood tree," (*As You Like It*, Act II., Sc. v.).
- (b) "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," (*As You Like It*, Act II., Sc. vii.).
- (c) "You spotted snakes with double tongue," (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II., Sc. ii.).
- (d) "When icicles hang by the wall," (*Love's Labour Lost* Act V., Sc. ii.).
- (e) "Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," (*Cymbeline*, Act II., Sc. ii.).
- (f) "Fear no more the heat o' the sun," (*Cymbeline*, Act IV., Sc. ii.).
- (g) "Full fathom five thy father lies," (*Tempest*, Act I., Sc. ii.).
- (h) "Come unto these yellow sands," (*Tempest*, Act I., Sc. ii.).
- (i) "Where the bee sucks, there suck I," (*Tempest*, Act V., Sc. i.).

(3) Selections:—

- (a) Arthur and Hubert (*King John*, Act IV., Sc. i.).
- (b) The Ghost Scene (*Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. v.).
- (c) Mark Antony's Oration (*Julius Cæsar*, Act III., Sc. ii.).
- (d) Wolsey's Farewell (*Henry VIII.*, Act III., Sc. ii.).

III.—Jonathan Swift (1667–1745).

(1) Life of Swift. (*See Biography.*)

(2) Gulliver's Travels: The Voyage to Brobdingnag.

[READ Chapter I., Gulliver lands in Brobdingnag, and is taken into the farmer's family.]

[READ Chapter III., Gulliver and the Queen's Dwarf. He is attacked by flies and wasps.]

IV.—(a) **Sir Richard Steele** (1672–1729).(b) **Joseph Addison** (1672–1719).(1) Lives of Steele and Addison. (*See Biography.*)

(2) The De Coverley Papers :—

(a) The Coverley Household (Steele).

(b) Will Wimble (Addison).

(c) Ghosts and Apparitions (Addison).

(d) Visit to Westminster Abbey (Addison).

V.—**Oliver Goldsmith** (1728–1774).(1) Life of Goldsmith. (*See Biography.*)

(2) The Traveller.

[READ (a) Description of *Italy*, beginning—

“Far to the right where Apennine ascends.”

(b) Of *Switzerland*, beginning—“My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey,
Where rougher climes a nobler race display.”(c) Of *France*, beginning—

“To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign.”

(d) Of *Holland*, beginning—

“To men of other minds my fancy flies.”

(e) Of *Britain*, beginning—

“Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing.”]

(3) The Deserted Village.

[READ (a) Description of Sweet Auburn, from the beginning of the poem to—

“His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.”

(b) Of the Village Parson, beginning—

“Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled.”

(c) Of the Village Schoolmaster, beginning—

“Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,”

to

“That one small head could carry all he knew.”]

VI.—**William Cowper** (1731–1800).(1) Life of Cowper. (*See Biography.*)

(2) Boadicea.

(3) The Negro's Complaint.

(4) The Nightingale and the Glowworm.

(5) Alexander Selkirk.

(6) Olney Hymns.—

(a) God moves in a mysterious way.

(b) O Lord, my best desire fulfil.

VII.—Robert Burns (1759–1796).

- (1) Life of Burns. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Jean.
- (3) John Anderson, my jo.
- (4) To a Mountain Daisy.
- (5) To Mary in Heaven.

VIII.—William Wordsworth (1770–1850).

- (1) Life of Wordsworth. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) “There is a flower, the lesser Celandine.”
- (3) To the Cuckoo: “O blithe newcomer.”
- (4) The Reverie of Poor Susan.
- (5) The Solitary Reaper.
- (6) Two April Mornings.

IX.—Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832).

- (1) Life of Scott. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

OUTLINE.**Introduction.**

[READ lines 1 to 26, which describe the Minstrel.]

The minstrel came to Newark Castle, the home of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. When she saw how old and tired he was, she gave orders for him to be admitted and well cared for. When his wants had been supplied, his tongue was loosed, and he began to talk of Earl Francis, father of the Duchess, and Earl Walter, her grandfather. He said he knew many a good tale of the old warriors of Buccleuch, and that if the Duchess cared to listen to him he would sing of their deeds to the music of the harp. She granted his wish, and he proceeded to her state room. Here she sat with her ladies, and after some hesitation, the old minstrel began his song.

CANTO I.—There had been a feast in Branksome Tower, and when it was over the Lady of Branksome went to her secret chamber. There were many knights, squires, and yeomen in the hall, always on the watch for raiders from the

south; but their chief, Lord Walter, was not there, for he had been killed in the streets of Edinburgh by the Carrs, a rival clan. Lady Branksome vowed vengeance against her husband's murderers, and her little son said,

"And if I live to be a man,
My father's death avenged shall be!"

Her daughter Margaret

wept in wild despair,

not only on account of her father's death, but because her lover, Lord Cranstoun, had fought against her father's clan, and she knew her mother would never consent to her marriage with him.

After overhearing the conversation between the River Spirit and the Mountain Spirit, Lady Branksome said,

"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

She went to the hall where the retainers were, and called William of Deloraine.

[READ the description given of him in the stanza beginning—

"A stark moss-trooping Scott was he."]

She ordered Deloraine to mount horse, and proceed to Melrose, interview "the Monk of St. Mary's aisle," take care of what the Monk gave him, and not look into it or read it on any account. Deloraine mounted his horse and set out on his journey. Away he went over hill and dale, across rushing torrents and over bleak moorland, till he arrived at Melrose.

CANTO II.—Late though it was, Deloraine went to the Abbey, saw the Monk, and delivered his message. Then,

By a steel-clenched postern door
They entered now the chancel tall.

They passed the tomb of the Earl of Douglas, the victor of Otterburne, a battle fought in 1388, and that of William Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale. The moon shone beautifully through the eastern window of the Abbey, when the Monk and Deloraine sat down on a slab of marble in the chancel.

[READ where the Monk tells Deloraine of Michael Scott, the learned magician, beginning—

"In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott,"
as far as

"Still spoke the Monk, when the bell tolled ONE!"]

Deloraine was a brave man, but now his hair stood up with fright. At the Monk's bidding he took up an iron bar, and removed the large stone over Michael's grave.

[READ the account of what they saw, beginning

"Before their eyes the Wizard lay,"
to

"With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed."]

Deloraine was glad to be in the open air once more. On he went, carrying the mystic book, and soon came within sight of

Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.

That morning, Margaret, Lady Branksome's daughter, was up early, and went out secretly

To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

They talked together as lovers do, and swore to be true to each other.

Underneath an old oak stood Henry Cranstoun's faithful Dwarf, guarding the Baron's horse, helmet, and spear. He heard someone coming, and gave the signal to the lovers. Margaret hastened away to the Castle; Cranstoun mounted his horse and rode away eastward.

CANTO III.—Lord Cranstoun had not gone far before he met William of Deloraine. Without any parleying, they couched their spears and dashed at each other. Deloraine fell with Cranstoun's spear-head in his breast. The baron bade the Dwarf stay behind, attend to his enemy's wound, and then lead him back to the Castle.

[READ the stanzas which tell of the Dwarf's meddling with the magic book, beginning

"Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode,"
to

"It was not given by man alive."]

The Dwarf attended to Deloraine's wound, lifted him on to the horse, and led him into Branksome Hall.

By means of the information he had gained from the magic book taken from Deloraine, he was able to pass in and out of the Castle without being recognized. As he was going away, he saw Lady Branksome's young son playing in the outer court, and he enticed him into the wood. When he got there, and they crossed through water, he was changed again to his own elfish shape, scowled at the frightened child, and ran through the forest shouting,

"Lost! lost! lost!"

The boy tried to find his way back to the Castle, but only got deeper into the wood. Before long he heard the baying of a hound. The sounds came nearer, and soon a blood-hound broke through the wood, and rushed at the boy. He struck it a hard blow with his little bat, and before it had time to spring at him again, an archer came up and was about to shoot.

But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy!'

The speaker came forward. He was a sturdy yeoman from Lancashire. The boy strove in vain to get away. He told the Englishman who he was, and threatened him as to what would happen if he did not let him go. The yeoman was proud of his prisoner, and took him away to Lord Dacre, one of the English leaders.

[READ the stanza beginning

"Although the child was led away,"
which tells of the pranks played by the Dwarf through his magic power.]

Lady Branksome carefully tended the wounded Deloraine, and told her maidens he would be all right again in a night and a day.

Evening fell; all was calm and beautiful. Margaret was alone in the high tower looking for the western star, when she saw a red glare that she knew to be

the beacon-blaze of war!

The Warder saw it too, and gave the alarm. Soon the castle-yard was alive with warriors, and lit up with torches.

Warnings were sent to other clans, and the castle beacon-fire was lit.

Margaret, from her turret, heard all the commotion, and saw the horsemen gallop away in various directions. Fires were soon ablaze all around. The inmates of the Castle made rapid preparations to resist any attack that might be made.

CANTO IV.—All the country-side was now aroused. The watchman at the castle-gate saw Watt Tinlinn, from Liddel-side approaching, leading a horse that carried his wife and two children. His spear was covered with the blood of Fergus Græme, who with others had been chasing him. He brought the news that Lord Howard and his brother-in-law, Lord Dacre, were making a raid with a large force. Scouts hurrying in confirmed the news, and said that in three hours' time, three thousand Englishmen would be on the banks of the Teviot. The supporters of the Scots hastily gathered together to resist the enemy. From far and near

Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear.

Lady Branksome was proud of the response they made, and sent for her little son to see his father's friends.

Of course the Dwarf, who, by the aid of his magic book was pretending to be her son, did not want to meet her, so he shrieked and pretended to be afraid. When the attendants told his mother, she was shamed and angry that her child should show fear of anything, and she ordered Watt Tinlinn to take him away.

[READ the stanza beginning

“A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,”
telling what Tinlinn did.]

As Tinlinn stood on the hill that overlooks Branksome's towers, he saw the advancing English with the German mercenaries behind them. Lord Dacre's men were there, and Lord Howard's cavalry. Soon they came in sight of the Castle, and did not fail to see that those inside were well prepared for them. The white-haired Seneschal rode out to speak to them. Lord Howard and Lord Dacre went to the

front of their army to hear what he had to say. The Seneschal, in the name of Lady Branksome, demanded to know why they had come, and threatened what would happen to them if they did any damage. Lord Howard asked that Lady Branksome should come to the castle wall. This she did, and then her boy was brought forward for her to see. The English lords then demanded the surrender of William of Deloraine for plundering the lands of Richard Musgrave, and murdering his brother. If she refused, they would take her boy away to London to be brought up as the King's page.

Lady Branksome crushed down her feelings, and told them that all she would agree to, was for Deloraine to fight Musgrave in single combat, and so settle the dispute in that way. If they refused, she hurled defiance at them all.

While this was going on, a horseman dashed up to the English leaders, and told them they were likely to be surrounded and cut to pieces by a greatly superior force. In spite of this, Dacre wanted to storm the castle, but Howard would not consent. In his judgment the safest policy was to agree to the single combat, after which they could retire. It was folly for their three thousand to contend with the Scots' ten thousand. So it was decided to accept Lady Branksome's offer; and an agreement was made that if Musgrave won, the boy should be kept as hostage; if Deloraine won, the boy was to be set at liberty. The contest was arranged for the next day.

CANTO V.—The Scots in large numbers were now approaching the Castle. Courteous messengers were sent to meet them, to thank them for their prompt assistance, to tell them of the truce that had been made, and beg of them in the name of Lady Branksome to stay and see the fight and "taste of Branksome cheer."

Lord Howard also accepted an invitation to the Castle, but Lord Dacre decided to remain in his own tent. The men of the two armies mingled, and became quite friendly for the time being. In the meantime Lord Cranstoun secured a meeting with Margaret in the castle itself, his dwarf, through

knowledge gained from the mystic book, having been able to change his outward form.

It was doubtful whether Deloraine would be able to fight so soon after being wounded ; but he resolved all doubts by appearing

In armour sheathed from top to toe.

The champions and their supporters arrived at the lists.

[READ from where the English Herald says

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave"
to

"To grace it with their company."]

William of Deloraine learned that someone dressed in his armour and carrying his arms was fighting against Musgrave in his name. He rushed out half-dressed and unarmed to the lists, and quite scared the onlookers, who thought he was a ghost. He looked upon Musgrave's dead body, and spoke his epitaph.

[READ the stanza that contains it, beginning

"Now Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!"]

Musgrave's body was carried away and buried in his father's grave.

CANTO VI.—

[READ Stanzas 1 and 2, which breathe a lofty patriotism.]

Here follows an account of the preparation for the marriage ceremony, the gathering of

Both maid and matron, squire and knight,
and the splendid feast and rejoicings.

The Goblin Page, Lord Cranstoun's Dwarf, did his best to cause strife, and when the wine began to take effect, some began to quarrel. Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein, struck Rutherford, called Dickon Draw-the-Sword, with his gauntlet. Howard, Horne, and Douglas intervened to prevent bloodshed. A fortnight later Conrad's body was found in Inglewood by the woodman's dog, and was drenched in blood.

But ever from that time, 'twas said,

That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

The Dwarf then went into the buttery where Watt

Tinlinn and others were drinking nutbrown ale, and he caused a disturbance there.

To prevent further discord, Lady Branksome called upon the minstrels to sing and play. Old Albert Græme sang first. He was followed by Fitztraver, Lord Howard's chief minstrel. Harold, the bard of brave St. Clair, followed.

[READ Harold's song of "Lovely Rosabelle."]

During Harold's singing a strange darkness came on, followed by lightning and thunder.

When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elfish Dwarf was seen no more.

Deloraine, who was almost frozen with terror, declared that it was the wizard, Michael Scott, who had carried off the Dwarf. He had seen him as he saw him lying in his tomb at Melrose Abbey—

With a wrought Spanish baldric bound
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea.

The terrified guests vowed they would take a pilgrimage to Melrose Abbey to pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Scott.

With naked foot and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go.

[READ the priests' "Hymn for the Dead.]

So ended the minstrel's song, and here, "close beneath proud Newark's tower," he made his home, always willing to help anyone he could, and always delighting in recounting to travellers the tales of other days.

(3) The Fortunes of Nigel.

OUTLINE.

We are first introduced to a Scottish watchmaker, David Ramsay, whose shop was in Fleet Street, just within Temple Bar, London, and who was maker of watches and clocks to King James I. Ramsay had two apprentices, Jenkin Vincent, a daring youth of twenty years of age, known as Jin Vin, and Frank Tunstall, junior to him as an apprentice, though somewhat the elder in years, and more reserved.

On a certain fine April day, these two were engaged in "the duty of the outward shop," and were drawing the attention of passers-by to the articles of their master's manufacture. [READ the latter part of Chapter I., beginning "In this species of service," which tells of the apprentices.]

When the apprentices rushed off with their clubs, David Ramsay had to attend to the shop himself, but he vowed he would switch them both when they returned.

While the watchmaker bustled about the shop, a citizen of most respectable appearance entered and accosted him. It was George Heriot, a Scots goldsmith, jeweller to King James and his Queen; he had followed his royal patrons to London, and now resided in Lombard Street.

While the two friends were talking, the apprentices returned, bringing in an injured man, a poorly-clad Scotsman, who turned out to be Richie Moniplies, the servant of the young Lord Glenvarloch, a Scots nobleman known in England, for the time being, by his family name of Nigel Olifaunt. The apothecary from across the way attended to Richie, who was surprised to find that Master Heriot, who interrogated him, was a Scotsman like himself. He told Master Heriot that he was the only servant Lord Glenvarloch now had, but that the King owed his master "a lot of siller."

Master Nigel Olifaunt was now lodging near Paul's Wharf, by the riverside, in the house of one John Christie, a ship-chandler. On the morning after the events above narrated, he was sadly and anxiously awaiting Richie's return; for, on the previous day, he had despatched his servant to Whitehall to present a petition to the King on his behalf, supplicating for the repayment of large loans advanced by Nigel Olifaunt's father for the service of the State. In the course of the morning, Richie returned, and told his master the reason for the delay. Nigel was naturally anxious to hear the result of his petition to the King. Richie told him he had secured admission to the King's presence through an old acquaintance of his own, Laurie Linklater, one of the servants in the royal kitchen. This association

with a person of low degree rather annoyed Nigel, when he first heard of it. Then Richie informed his master how the King had flung away his supplication, and ordered the attendants to give him a copy of the proclamation. When Nigel Olifaunt read this, he found that it set forth the penalty to be inflicted on those who resorted from Scotland to the English court with supplications to the King, and especially on such as came under pretext of seeking payment of old debts.

While they were talking, there was a knock at the door, and a minute later Richie recognized the citizen who had befriended him on the previous evening, Master George Heriot.

[READ Chapter IV., describing Master George Heriot's visit to Nigel, and what resulted from it.]

Master Heriot set out for the King's palace at Whitehall. On the way he called at David Ramsay's shop, and invited the watchmaker and his pretty daughter Margaret, who was his own god-daughter, to dine with him on the morrow and meet their noble young countryman, Lord Glenvarloch, and Sir Mungo Malagrowth, an old courtier, who had once been whipping-boy to King James.

The goldsmith arrived at the palace with a piece of valuable plate, the work of the famous Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini; he thought the King would like to purchase it. He was at once admitted into the presence. The character of King James was a strange mixture—learned, and often shrewd in judgment, yet more often foolishly pedantic; good-tempered and peace-loving, though extravagantly assertive of his sovereign power; with great ideas of his own dignity, but broad of speech, not seldom quite unkingly in manners, clumsy in appearance, and awkward, even ridiculously so, in his gestures and movements. Heriot showed him the plate, and he bought it for £150, to be paid later. James ordered it to be placed where "Steenie" and "Baby Charles" could see it. ("Steenie," *i.e.*, Stephen, was the nickname which King James had given the Duke of Buckingham, when George Villiers, because of his fancied resemblance to the head of

St. Stephen, the Protomartyr, in one of the pictures at Whitehall.)

The King told Heriot that yesterday a ragged rascal from Edinburgh had, with lack of all due ceremony, thrust into his hands a supplication about debts; and then, at Heriot's request, he explained to his goldsmith how a petition should properly be presented to royalty. Heriot went through the ceremony, and completed it by placing Lord Glenvarloch's petition in the King's hand, to his no small amazement, and at first, to his annoyance. But this feeling passed, when Heriot reminded him of what Glenvarloch's father had done for him in former times of trouble, and told him that the son badly needed money to prevent the loss of his estate through failure to redeem a mortgage. King James said that the estate must, on no account, be left unredeemed, and, finding that Nigel did not appear at court because of insufficient means, he directed Heriot to pay him £200 on account, that he might purchase a suitable outfit. This sum the King promised to repay out of his next subsidy; and, as a pledge of repayment, he handed over to Heriot the band of rubies which he was wearing about his hat.

The next day, Lord Nigel, now attired more suitably to his rank, and accompanied by Richie Moniplies, proceeded to Master Heriot's house to dine. Old David Ramsay was there likewise, with his pretty, eighteen-year old daughter Margaret. Another guest was the old Scottish courtier, Sir Mungo Malagrowth, notorious for his bitter humour and malicious wit.

At table, Nigel, being the chief guest, sat at the right hand of Mistress Judith, Master George Heriot's sister, who kept house for him, and whom he always called Aunt Judith. The watchmaker's daughter sat at the other side of Nigel; but she was too shy to say anything more than "Yes," or "No," or some such monosyllable, in reply to his remarks. In due time the guests departed to their homes, except the young nobleman, who at his host's suggestion, remained to take part in the evening prayers of the family.

[READ the first part of Chapter VII., telling what happened at family worship in Master Heriot's house.]

When the service was over, Lord Nigel took his leave. Master Heriot volunteered to accompany him to Court two days later.

At the appointed hour, the goldsmith came to Nigel's Thames-side lodgings, and paid over to him the sum of two hundred pounds, in accordance with King James's instructions. Then they proceeded along the river to Westminster, in Master Heriot's barge; and, on the way thither, the goldsmith briefly explained the Court ceremonies observed on presentation to the King. They landed at Whitehall Stairs, and entered the palace.

Lord Huntinglen, an old Scottish nobleman, who had known Nigel's father, introduced him to the King. James questioned the young lord, and was delighted to find that he could converse with him in Latin. Before leaving, Nigel presented his supplication to the King. It would probably have received little or no attention, but for the intervention of Lord Huntinglen, with whom the King now retired to a private room to examine the document. James feared that "Steenie" (Buckingham) might "come in with his mad humour," and he knew that both this nobleman and Prince Charles disliked Glenvarloch. Moreover, Glenvarloch's estate had been promised to Buckingham by the Scottish Chancellor—for it was the best hunting-ground in Scotland—and James hesitated to thwart the wishes of his favourite. In the end, however, Lord Huntinglen's pleading so far prevailed with the King, that he resolved to pay the money he owed Nigel, so that he could redeem his land, and he at once wrote out an order on the Scottish Exchequer for the amount mentioned in the supplication. Huntinglen put it in his pocket, and went away to avoid witnessing the scene which would no doubt ensue on Buckingham's return. As he was passing through one of the anterooms along with Nigel and Heriot, the favourite's arrival was announced.

[READ the account of their meeting with Buckingham ; the latter part of Chapter IX., beginning, "They both followed the Earl without speaking," to the end of the Chapter.]

The Earl of Huntinglen took his friends home to dinner, and, on arrival at his riverside mansion, he introduced Nigel to his son, Lord Dalgarno, a tall, handsome young man of about twenty-five years of age. Whilst they walked together on the terrace by the river, Dalgarno pictured to Nigel the various pleasures of Court life, and made fun of his intended return to Scotland. But presently a bell summoned them to the dining-hall.

Meantime, Master Heriot caused certain deeds to be engrossed, providing that the money needed to redeem Glenvarloch's estate should be forthcoming on the first of August following ; and, after dinner, these were duly signed.

On the following morning, Dalgarno called upon Nigel, took him up the river as far as Blackfriars, and then to dine at a fashionable tavern where gay gallants were accustomed to gather and gamble. Nigel continued his visits to the "ordinary" (as the tavern was called), and took a moderate part in the gaming. Finding his lodgings on Paul's Wharf to be inconveniently situated for his present occupations, he moved into apartments near the Temple. A few mornings after, Richie Moniplies expressed his desire to leave his lordship's service, and spoke his mind pretty plainly on his lordship's haunting of taverns and playhouses ; after which he took his departure. Immediately after, Nigel received an anonymous letter.

[READ the warning letter sent to Nigel, which is given near the end of Chapter XIV.]

Nigel now went for a walk in St. James's Park, and there met Sir Mungo Malagrowther, who confirmed the contents of the letter. The truth was made plain to Nigel, when somewhat later in the morning, Prince Charles passed him in the Park, and showed marked displeasure and disapproval. Nigel presently encountered Dalgarno, taxed him with being a false friend, and called him to a reckoning for it. Bidding him draw his rapier and defend himself, Nigel struck him

with the flat of his sword. As this took place within the precincts of the Court, it was a serious offence, entailing a Star Chamber trial; a bystander urged Nigel to get away as quickly as possible, and take refuge in Whitefriars.

This locality, adjacent to the Temple, and situated between Fleet Street and the Thames, had then the privilege of sanctuary; it was a place of protection for fugitives fleeing from the arm of the law, and consequently abounded with desperate characters of all descriptions. The district was then known as "Alsatia," and some sort of jurisdiction was exercised over it by an old toper, who styled himself "Duke Jacob Hildebrod."

Toward Whitefriars, accordingly, Nigel now made his way; and, in the Temple Walks, close to the entrance into this place, he fell in with a wild young gallant, a Temple law-student named Reginald Lowestoffe, whose acquaintance he had made at the ordinary. Hearing what Nigel's trouble was, Lowestoffe took the young nobleman to his chambers, provided him with a requisite change of dress, and then escorted him into Whitefriars, where the young Templar introduced him to "Duke Hildebrod," under the assumed name of Master Nigel Grahame. The "Duke" assigned Nigel a lodging at the house of Trapbois, a feeble old miser and moneylender, who was one of Hildebrod's "counsellors."

A few days after, Margaret Ramsay went to Master Heriot's house, and asked to see the Lady Hermione—for such was the name of the mysterious inmate whom Nigel had observed at prayers on the occasion of his visit to Heriot. The Lady Hermione had long been Margaret's friend and adviser. The girl now confessed to her that she was in love with Lord Glenvarloch, and informed her of what a plight he was in. At Margaret's earnest entreaty, the Lady Hermione supplied her with money, in order to secure his escape.

The same evening, Dame Ursula Suddlechap, a Fleet Street barber's wife, who was in the confidence of both Margaret Ramsay and "Jin Vin," persuaded the apprentice to help in the scheme for Nigel's escape.

In the course of the morning after Nigel took up his abode in the house of Trapbois, another of Hildebrod's "counsellors," who professed to be a military man, and passed by the name of Captain Colepepper, came thither, and pestered Nigel with proposals of various pastimes. At length, Nigel ordered him out, and he departed, vowing vengeance.

[READ the latter part of Chapter XXIV., and the first part of Chapter XXV., telling of the murder of Trapbois, and how Nigel saved the miser's daughter Martha.]

The same night, a young man, dressed as a waterman, sought out Nigel, with a message purporting to come from Master Lowestoffe, urging him to leave Whitefriars, as an armed force would come to arrest him on the morrow. The waterman promised to call again at five in the morning.

Nigel now prepared for departure. At the appointed hour, the young man seen the night before made his appearance with a companion. A wherry was in waiting at the Temple Stairs; both Nigel and Martha Trapbois embarked in this, the murdered miser's strong-box being also taken on board. Martha was landed at Paul's Wharf, and, by Nigel's recommendation, went to seek a lodging at John Christie's. Christie shut the door in her face. But Richie Moniplies, as it happened, was standing by, and, finding who had sent her, Richie befriended Martha, and conducted her to respectable lodgings.

The waterman who had the pilotage of the wherry (really "Jin Vin" in disguise) had received instructions from his secret employers to put Nigel on board a Scottish vessel, which was waiting for him off Gravesend, to convey him to his native country. But Nigel insisted on being landed at Greenwich. During the morning, he went into Greenwich Park, met the King alone whilst he was hunting, and sought to have speech with him. But the King's attendants presently came up, and Nigel was arrested on suspicion of a design against the King's life; he was then taken by boat to the Tower of London, and confined in one of the prison-rooms. Shortly after, the warder put a young person, in

page's dress, into the same room, saying that he was to attend on his lordship. Master Heriot came to speak with the prisoner, and he disclosed the fact that the supposed page was really Margaret Ramsay. She explained that she had been to Greenwich that morning, along with Lady Hermione's waiting-woman, to present a petition to the King on Lady Hermione's behalf; and the disguise she wore was one which she had formerly donned at a Christmas mumming. She had spoken with the King, and he had then consigned her to the care of Lady Mansel, wife of the Lieutenant of the Tower. Margaret was now, by the King's orders, at liberty to leave the Tower in her god-father's charge.

From the Lady Hermione's petition, the King discovered that Lord Dalgarno was formerly engaged to marry her, and that he had shamefully deceived her. The King decreed that Dalgarno must now carry out his promise of marriage. The young nobleman did so, because, by the marriage, he acquired a mortgage on the estate of Glenvarloch, and this, if not redeemed by noon on the next day, would make him lord of those lands.

Being now convinced that Dalgarno had been guilty of false practices against Glenvarloch, the King determined to grant him a free pardon for the affair in St. James's Park.

[READ Chapter XXXIV., relating how Richie Moniplies paid the money in redemption of the mortgage; how Dalgarno sent a challenge to Glenvarloch by Moniplies; and how Colepepper learnt from the scrivener that Dalgarno would pass through Enfield Chase on the morrow, taking the money northwards.]

The next day, Dalgarno waited in Enfield Chase for Glenvarloch to come; but Moniplies had not delivered the challenge. Whilst he waited, Colepepper and two accomplices came up, and Dalgarno was shot through the head. Colepepper was taking possession of the portmanteau, with the money in it, when Moniplies, "Jin Vin," Reginald Lowes-toffe, and another Templar appeared on the scene; for, by means of the apprentice, Moniplies had got to know that Colepepper intended a robbery at this place and time. Cole-

pepper received a fatal blow from Moniplies, and the robber's accomplices took to flight.

King James now busied himself in promoting the marriage of Lord Glenvarloch with Margaret Ramsay, and this took place at St. Paul's. The same morning Richie Moniplies wedded Martha Trapbois. These two came to Glenvarloch's wedding-feast, and Martha handed over to him the documents which restored the lordship of Glenvarloch, for it was with her money that the mortgage had been redeemed. Then the King, in great good humour, knighted her husband, henceforth Sir Richard Moniplies, of Castle-Collop.

X.—Robert Southey (1774-1843).

- (1) Life of Southey. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Inchcape Rock.
- (3) The Battle of Blenheim.
- (4) Bishop Hatto.
- (5) The Well of St. Keyne.
- (6) The Falls of Lodore.

XI.—Thomas Campbell (1777-1844).

- (1) Life of Campbell. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Exile of Erin.
- (3) Men of England.
- (4) Lord Ullin's Daughter.
- (5) Lochiel's Warning.

XII.—Lord Byron (1788-1824).

- (1) Life of Byron. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) When we Two Parted.
- (3) Saul.
- (4) Vision of Belshazzar.
- (5) The Destruction of Sennacherib.
- (6) The Dying Gladiator.

XIII.—Mrs. Hemans (1793-1835).

- (1) Life of Mrs. Hemans. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Cambrian in America. (*Welsh Melodies.*)
- (3) Caswallon's Triumph. (*Welsh Melodies.*)

XVIII.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882).

- (1) Life of Longfellow. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Lady with the Lamp.
- (3) The Psalm of Life.
- (4) The Death of Balder.
- (5) Rain in Summer.
- (6) The Clock on the Stairs.
- (7) King Robert of Sicily.

XIX.—Lord Tennyson (1809–1892).

- (1) Life of Tennyson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Brook.
- (3) The Shell, a Thing of Beauty. (*Maud.*)
- (4) The May Queen.

XX.—William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863).

- (1) Life of Thackeray. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) READ :—
 - (a) Cuff's Fight with Dobbin (*Vanity Fair*, Chapter V.).
 - (b) The Morning of Quatre Bras (*Vanity Fair*, Chapters XXX.—XXXII.).
 - (c) The Last Days of Colonel Newcome (*The Newcomes*, Chapter XLII., Book II.).

XXI.—Charles Dickens (1812–1870).

- (1) Life of Dickens. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) READ :—
 - (a) A Christmas Dinner (*A Christmas Carol*, Stave III.).
 - (b) David makes Himself known to His Aunt (*David Copperfield*, Chapter XIII.).
- (3) A Tale of Two Cities.

OUTLINE.

The story opens in the year 1775. Mr. Jarvis Lorry, confidential clerk in the banking house of Tellson & Co., by Temple Bar, London, is travelling one misty November night in the Dover mail; he is going to Paris on business. On Shooter's Hill, a few miles out of London, he is overtaken by a messenger from the bank with word that he is to wait

at Dover for "Mam'selle." This is Miss Lucie Manette, a young lady of about seventeen years of age, who has been from her infancy a ward of Tellson's house. She arrives next day at the Royal George Hotel, Dover, where Mr. Lorry puts up. In the conversation that follows, he communicates to her that her father, Dr. Alexandre Manette, whom she supposes to be dead, is actually alive, having been lately released from a long imprisonment; that he has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris; and that they are going thither, to fetch him to England.

Accordingly they travel together to Paris, and make themselves known to Monsieur Defarge, the Doctor's old servant, and now the keeper of a wine-shop in the St. Antoine quarter of that city. He at once takes them to see the Doctor, who, since his release, has been hidden away by Defarge in a garret, where he sits all day long making shoes; his mind is unhinged by his long imprisonment, and he is still, like one in a dream, following the occupation which he was allowed to learn whilst in prison. Lucie Manette and Mr. Lorry now take him away to England, where he is carefully nursed back to health.

Five years later, all three of them are called as witnesses in an Old Bailey trial for treason, the accused being a young Frenchman known as Charles Darnay, who was their fellow-passenger on the vessel when they crossed from Calais to Dover, and who then showed himself very kind and obliging to Miss Manette and her father. Darnay's defending counsel is a barrister named Stryver, whose cases are worked up for him by another and somewhat younger barrister called Sydney Carton, a man with a good head and a good heart, but going to ruin through his intemperance. It so happens that Sydney Carton has a strange resemblance to the accused man; and Stryver makes use of this to upset the evidence of identification, with the result that Charles Darnay is acquitted. On his release he makes Carton's acquaintance.

Dr. Manette, now quite restored to health of mind and body, has, for some time past, been settled in comfortable

lodgings in Soho, where he has built up a small professional practice. Here Mr. Lorry is a regular visitor, on the footing of a family friend; and both Charles Darnay and Sydney Carton are callers from time to time.

Meantime, in Paris, and in France generally, events are moving on toward the outbreak of revolution.

[READ Book II., Chapter VII., describing the style of living of "Monseigneur," one of the great lords of the French Court, and introducing "Monsieur the Marquis," whose carriage, when he is driving away from Monseigneur's reception, runs over and kills the child of one Gaspard, an acquaintance of Defarge, the wine-seller of St Antoine.]

On nearing his castle, the Marquis is implored by a poor widow to permit a morsel of stone or wood, with her husband's name on it, to be placed on his grave; but she is thrust away from the carriage door, and the Marquis drives on.

His nephew, who is the young Frenchman known in England as Charles Darnay, arrives the same evening at the Chateau of the Marquis. Because he is democratic and sympathises with the poor, his uncle detests him. Charles says he prefers to give up his French title and inheritance and earn his own living in England, rather than grind down the poor peasants, and live in the arrogant style of his predecessors.

The next morning, the Marquis is found in bed with a knife in his heart; round the hilt is a frill of paper, inscribed, "Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from JACQUES." It is Gaspard's vengeance for the death of his child.

Twelve months pass, and Charles Darnay is now doing well as a tutor in the French language and literature, both in London and Cambridge. Since the day of his trial, he has been in love with Miss Manette, but has never spoken to her on the subject; he now tells the Doctor, and obtains his permission to address his suit to Lucie. Sydney Carton is also in love with her, but is painfully aware of his own unworthiness.

Darnay's suit is a prosperous one; and the news of his approaching marriage with Miss Manette is conveyed to Monsieur and Madame Defarge by one John Barsad, an Englishman lately commissioned as a Government spy in

the St. Antoine quarter. The Defarges are destined to take a leading part when the revolution breaks out in Paris. Meantime, Madame sits knitting in the wine-shop; and, in the pattern of her knitting, she contrives to register the names of those whose heads are to fall when the hour of popular vengeance shall arrive.

Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette are married; and, together with the Doctor, they live very happily till about the sixth birthday of their little daughter, also named Lucie. One night in mid-July, 1789, Mr. Lorry comes in late, telling of the great uneasiness that prevails in Paris, and of the rush of Tellson's French clients to transfer their property to the London house.

That very day, Defarge takes a leading part in the siege and capture of the Bastille by the populace of Paris. Madame Defarge is equally prominent among the women revolutionaries.

[READ Book II., Chapter XXI., the latter part, beginning "Saint Antoine had been that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows," and descriptive of the assault on the great fortress-prison, as also of the examination which Defarge made of One Hundred and Five, North Tower, the cell formerly occupied by Dr. Manette.]

For three years the tide of revolution continues to rise, and many of the aristocrats flee to England for safety.

Mr. Lorry now (August, 1792) determines to go to Paris for important papers that are deposited in Tellson's Paris Bank. Darnay is trying to dissuade him from undertaking a long journey attended with some personal risk, when a letter is brought in, addressed to the Marquis St. Evrémonde. Charles undertakes to deliver it, being (as he tells Mr. Lorry) acquainted with this person, and no one else at Tellson's having any knowledge of him. As a matter of fact, he is himself the Marquis; but Dr. Manette, to whom he revealed his identity on his wedding-day, has made him promise to keep it an absolute secret to themselves. The letter is from Monsieur Gabelle, an old family servant, who was left in charge of the St. Evrémonde estate after the assassination of the late Marquis, and who now, being shut up in a Paris prison,

and awaiting trial for "treason against the majesty of the people," makes a pitiful appeal for help.

In response to this, Darnay decides to go to Paris. The following night, he takes horse for Dover, leaving two explanatory letters with a porter, one for his wife and another for her father; but they are not to be delivered till shortly before midnight.

[READ Book III., Chapter I., telling of Darnay's arrival in France, his arrest, and imprisonment.]

Mr. Lorry is now, on the night of September 3rd, 1792, at Tellson's Paris Bank, which is situated in a wing of a mansion in the St. Germain quarter, formerly occupied by "Monseigneur," one of the great lords at the French Court. Lucie and Dr. Manette arrive there that evening in search of Charles, and the Doctor determines to appeal to the mob on his behalf. Lucie, with her child and Miss Pross (her maid and companion since her own childhood) gets lodgings near; and a note is brought to say that Charles is well. Dr. Manette becomes physician to the prisoners, and in this capacity keeps in touch with Charles. Fifteen months pass, and still Charles is in prison.

[READ Book III., Chapter VI., narrating the trial of Charles Darnay.]

Owing to Dr. Manette's personal popularity and impressive pleading, Charles is acquitted and again joins his family, but, the very same evening, he is re-arrested, having been denounced by the Defarges.

At the time of his arrest, Miss Pross is out buying food and wine for the family, and, whilst on this errand, she is amazed to meet her brother, Solomon Pross, whom she has neither set eyes on, nor heard of, for a very long time, but whom she now discovers in the guise of a Frenchman and a Republican. Jerry Cruncher—Tellson's messenger, who has accompanied Mr. Lorry to Paris—is with her at the time, and in Solomon Pross he recognizes John Barsad, known to him as a witness for the Crown at Charles Darnay's trial for treason. Sydney Carton also appears upon the scene; he, too, has recognized John Barsad, and has discovered him to

be a "Sheep of the prisons," or spy acting under the gaolers. Carton takes Barsad along with him to Mr. Lorry's, and acquires a power over the spy by threatening to denounce him as a traitorous Englishman. It is arranged between them that, in case of Charles Darnay's condemnation, Carton shall, for once, have access to him in the prison. Next morning Darnay is re-tried; and a document in Dr. Manette's handwriting, found by Defarge in his Bastille cell, is produced as evidence against him.

[READ Book III., Chapter X., which reproduces the document.]

As a result of the reading of this paper, Charles is condemned to death, and his execution is to be carried out within twenty-four hours.

Carton determines to save Charles at any cost. In pursuance of a plan which he has formed, he goes to the wine-shop in the St. Antoine quarter, and there he sees Madame Defarge; she is impressed by his likeness to Evrémonde. He overhears some conversation, in which Madame Defarge says that the woman who was wronged by the Evrémondes was her sister; and he learns also that Madame Defarge seeks the death of Dr. Manette's daughter, as well as that of Evrémonde.

Carton now goes to Mr. Lorry, and tells him to have a carriage ready early next day, and get Lucie, the child, and Dr. Manette away to the coast with all speed. Dr. Manette's brain has been turned again by all this trouble, but he has managed to get passports for himself and daughter. These, together with his own passport, Carton hands over to Mr. Lorry, giving at the same time most emphatic direction that, as soon as he comes on the morrow and enters the carriage, Mr. Lorry shall drive away.

[READ Book III., Chapter XIII., where Carton visits Darnay in his cell.]

Carton drugs Charles Darnay, after having made some change of garments with him. John Barsad, the spy, with whom Carton has an understanding, then comes to the cell; and, by Carton's direction, he conveys the unconscious man to the carriage which Mr. Lorry has in readiness, whilst Carton is left in Evrémonde's place to personate him, and to await

his fate. The carriage immediately drives off, with Dr. Manette, his daughter, his grandchild, and the supposed Carton, all in Mr. Lorry's care. Miss Pross and Jerry Cruncher are left to follow somewhat later in a lighter vehicle. Madame Defarge now comes to the lodgings lately occupied by Dr. Manette, and demands to see the wife of Evrémonde.

Instinct tells Miss Pross that she must delay this woman, in order to give Lucie time to pass the Barrier where travellers have their papers examined. After some parleying, in which neither understands the other's language, the two women engage in a struggle, in the midst of which Madame Defarge attempts to draw her pistol. Miss Pross strikes at it, and it goes off, her opponent being shot dead. Under Jerry Cruncher's escort, Miss Pross then departs from the city.

[READ Book III, Chapter XV., telling of Sydney Carton's sacrifice.]

XXII.—Robert Browning (1812–1889).

- (1) Life of Browning. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Home Thoughts from the Sea.
- (3) Home Thoughts from Abroad.
- (4) Cavalier Tunes.
- (5) How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

XXIII.—Charlotte Brontë (1816–1855).

- (1) Life of Charlotte Brontë. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Shirley.

OUTLINE.

We are introduced to three curates who live in the West Riding of Yorkshire: Mr. Donne, curate of Whinbury; Mr. Malone, curate of Briarfield; and Mr. Sweeting, curate of Nunneley.

One evening Mr. Helstone, the vicar, a middle-aged man, visited them, and asked them to go down to Mr. Moore's at Hollow's Mill, and take weapons with them, as there was likely to be trouble, for Mr. Moore had sent some of his men to fetch new machinery from the town, and at that time

machinery was looked upon with suspicion by the working class. Mr. Malone, the Irish curate, took his brace of pistols and a cudgel, and went to the mill; the others kept away.

Malone found Mr. Moore in the counting-house, waiting the arrival of the new machinery. He was thin, dark, tall, and about thirty years of age. He had now rented this mill for two years.

The Napoleonic wars had brought the Yorkshire woollen trade to the verge of ruin. Now machinery had been introduced, and the poor workers believed this was taking the bread out of their mouths. Moore, being one of the first to introduce the machines, was an object of hatred.

Some of the disaffected men waylaid Joe Scott, who was in charge of the wagons containing the new machinery. They smashed the machines, bound the drivers hand and foot, and threw them into a ditch. This information was given on a piece of paper fastened to the harness of one of the horses, which had been brought home by some of the raiders, and left outside the mill. Mr. Moore ordered the alarm bell to be rung, and soon many of his neighbours arrived to give him help. With Mr. Helstone and three others he set out to find Joe Scott and his companions, leaving Mr. Malone, with several helpers, in charge of the mill.

[READ Chapter III. Mr. Helstone, Mr. Moore, and three others set out for the scene of the outrage; they meet Mr. Yorke and go to his house.]

Mr. Moore's home, Hollow's Cottage, was only a short distance from the mill. His sister, Hortense, kept house for him. She had been brought up in Belgium, her mother's native land, and frequently spoke French.

Caroline Helstone, the vicar's niece, a girl of eighteen, came to Hortense every morning for lessons in French, arithmetic, and needlework. She arrived half-an-hour earlier the morning after the machines had been destroyed.

When she learnt that Robert Moore was going to Whinbury market, she begged of him to be back before dark, for she knew that he had many enemies.

Just before he set out for Whinbury he gathered a small bouquet of flowers, tied it with a thread of silk, and laid it on Caroline's desk. He asked her to stay with his sister until his return, and then he would accompany her to the vicarage.

Caroline was slightly related to the Moores through her mother. Her father, who died young, had not borne a very good character. She had been taken from her mother in infancy, and she had not seen her since. From childhood her uncle had been her sole guardian.

Robert Moore reached home that same evening soon after dark. Part of the evening he spent in reading Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* aloud to Hortense and Caroline. The latter wished him to apply the moral of the play to himself, and have more consideration for his workpeople.

At nine o'clock the vicar sent his servant, Fanny, to bring Caroline home.

The next afternoon, as Caroline was entertaining the curates and Mrs. Sykes with her three daughters—great social workers in the parish—all of whom she found very uninteresting, Mr. Moore arrived. He saw Caroline, his cousin, as he styled her, while she was taking a few minutes respite from her guests, and bade her tell her uncle that he had a clue to the identity of one of the men who had been concerned in the raid on his machinery.

The next day Moore went to Whinbury and back before breakfast. Soon afterwards, Sugden, a police officer, armed with a warrant, arrived. He was followed by Mr. Helstone, the rector, and Mr. Sykes, whose property had also been attacked.

[READ Chapter VIII., containing the interview with the Rev. Moses Barraclough and Noah o' Tim's.]

Sugden rode off with Barraclough in Mr. Sykes's gig, and took him to Stilbro' gaol.

Mr. and Mrs. Yorke had six children; Matthew, Mark, Martin, Rose, Jessy, and the baby. Matthew was spiteful and bitter. Mark was a bonnie lad, too old for his years. Martin, the youngest of the three, was clever. Rose was

twelve, and like her father in looks. Jessy was her father's pet.

In spite of the rough manner in which Moore had spoken to William Farren when the latter was one of a deputation to the mill in the morning, he was really interested in him, and much concerned that it was beyond his power to give him work. He visited Mr. Yorke to ask him to find work for Farren as a gardener, and Yorke promised to send for him the next day.

Winter passed and spring arrived, but still the war dragged on. Mr. Helstone was a strong Tory, and supported the war; Mr. Moore was a Whig, and condemned it, principally because of its adverse effect on trade. This caused an estrangement between the two men, and Caroline was forbidden to visit the Moores. She submitted, and began to visit two old maids, Miss Mann and Miss Ainley. She also helped Miss Ainley in her work among the poor of Briarfield; but somehow she could not drag her thoughts away from Robert Moore. She also longed to discover her mother's whereabouts, but she wondered if she could love her when she did know her.

Caroline felt now that she needed a change of life, and told her uncle she wanted to seek a situation as a governess. He would not hear of it, but agreed that she needed a change, as she was looking pale and thin.

He took her to Fieldhead, the home of Miss Shirley Keeldar, the Lady of the Manor, who had come of age, and was settling down and taking charge of her own affairs. Mrs. Pryor, her old governess, lived with her.

They were well received at Fieldhead, and Caroline was requested to visit them frequently.

Shirley and Caroline soon became firm friends. Shirley felt that something ought to be done for the poor of Briarfield, so she asked Caroline to fetch Miss Ainley to Fieldhead to give her advice. A plan was drawn up, which Miss Ainley insisted must be submitted to the neighbouring clergy before being put into practice.

The rectors of the three parishes—Mr. Helstone, Mr. Hall, and Dr. Boulthby—were invited to Fieldhead, and satisfactory arrangements were made. Shirley gave £300, and each of the clergy gave £50, so that a good start was made to deal with the needs of the people.

Whitsuntide came shortly, and Caroline, who had in previous years dreaded the publicity of leading her Sunday School class in the procession, and of pouring out tea for numbers of people at the feast afterwards, was this year comforted by the thought that she would have Shirley's company and help.

[READ Chapter XVII., containing the account of the Whitsuntide School Feast.]

When the feast was over Miss Keeldar was about to take leave of Caroline at the garden gate of the Rectory, when the Rector came up and asked her to stay the night at the Rectory, and take charge, as there was trouble brewing, and he would be away. She agreed to stay with Caroline, and armed with a brace of pistols, they kept watch.

About midnight the furious barking of the dog was followed by the tramp of many feet. Shirley and Caroline crept out to the garden wall, and heard the rioters discussing how to get into the rectory, and put an end to the parson. But apparently they feared the dog, and marched away.

Shirley and Caroline made fast the doors and windows, and then hurried out to warn those at the mill.

[READ that part of Chapter XIX. giving an account of the attack on the mill.]

The next morning Shirley, at the rectory, received a note from Mrs. Pryor, asking her to return as the household was in confusion. Shirley did so, taking Caroline with her; and when at Fieldhead she gave orders that everything was to be sent to the mill that could possibly be needed for the wounded. During the morning she was visited by Robert Moore, Mr. Helstone, and Mr. Yorke, who each gave his own opinion on the events of the previous night. Caroline, in the meantime, went with Mrs. Pryor for a long walk, and

that lady made her promise that, if and when Shirley married, and she—that is Mrs. Pryor—left Fieldhead, Caroline would go and live with her.

For some time afterwards Miss Keeldar was occupied with visitors—an uncle, aunt, and two cousins, the Sympsons from Sympton Grove.

One afternoon Caroline received a note from Hortense asking her to have tea with her at the Hollow, and when she arrived Mrs. Yorke and her two daughters were there also. After the other visitors had left, and when Caroline was thinking of going too, Robert returned home, and brought his brother Louis with him. He was tutor to Mr. Sympton's only son, who was a cripple.

A few days later Caroline was taken ill with a fever, and though Mrs. Pryor nursed her tenderly and well, she made no headway towards recovery until Mrs. Pryor revealed to her that she was her own mother, and that her real name was Mrs. James Helstone. Caroline and her mother loved each other dearly, and the daughter soon recovered.

A few weeks later when Caroline and Shirley were together, Caroline ventured to ask Shirley why it was that she disliked Louis ; but she got no satisfactory answer. However, Shirley went with Henry Sympton soon afterwards to read French with Louis, as a reminder of old times before she came to Fieldhead, when she, too, did her lessons in the schoolroom under Louis Moore's tuition. That same evening guests were entertained at Fieldhead, among them Sir Philip Nunneley, a suitor for Shirley's hand.

[READ Chapter XXVIII., Shirley's ill-health, her talk with Henry Sympton, and her interview with Louis Moore.]

Robert Moore, who had been away from the mill for some weeks, now returned home. He confessed to Mr. Yorke that he had proposed to, and had been rejected by, Shirley. As they rode along, Robert was shot by somebody who was hiding behind a wall.

Sir Philip Nunneley proposed to Shirley and was rejected by her. Her uncle, Mr. Sympton, was so angry that he vowed

they would all leave her to her own devices and go back to their own home. Shortly afterwards, as she was sleeping, wearied out with her argument, Louis Moore came to tell her of Robert's ill-fortune, to say that he was going to see him at Briarmains, where Mr. Yorke had taken him, and to ask her to break the news to Caroline Helstone.

Robert was badly wounded, but, it was hoped, not fatally. Mr. MacTurk, the surgeon, insisted upon bringing a nurse to look after Mr. Moore. Her name was Mrs. Horsfall. She smoked and drank gin, but always obeyed the doctor's orders.

Caroline met Martin Yorke in the woods and inquired about Robert. He told her he was going to die; nothing could save him. She hastened away, and he ran after her to tell her he had been joking. He promised to atone by letting her know next day just how Mr. Moore was getting on.

[READ Chapter XXXIII., giving Martin's plan to bring Caroline to see Robert.]

After the interview Robert made rapid recovery, and insisted upon going to Hollow's Cottage. He sent a note to the rectory asking Caroline to come and have tea with him and Hortense; and she went back with the messenger.

Louis Moore could no longer tolerate Mr. Sympson's insolence and bad temper, so he resigned his post as tutor to his son. Not long afterwards he became Shirley's husband. On the same day Robert Moore was married to Caroline Helstone. The Orders in Council which had been such an obstacle to trade, and had brought him as well as others to the brink of ruin, had been repealed, and he now felt justified in asking her to share his life.

XXIV.—Charles Kingsley (1819-1875).

- (1) Life of Kingsley. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Poems :—
 - (a) The Sands of Dee.
 - (b) Clear and Cool.

(3) Water Babies.

- [READ (a) Chapter I., where Tom is in Ellie's room ; the account of his escape, and the search for him.
 (b) Chapter IV., where men are spearing salmon and Grimes is drowned.
 (c) Chapter V., telling of Tom's adventure with the lobster and the otter.]

XXV.—Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894).

- (1) Life of Stevenson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Kidnapped.

- [READ (a) Part of Chapter IV., giving the description of David Balfour's climb up the stairs.
 (b) Chapter X., telling of the siege of the Roundhouse on board the *Covenant*.
 (c) Chapter XX. The Flight in the Heather.]

XXVI.—Sir Henry J. Newbolt (b. 1862).

- (1) Life of Newbolt. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Drake's Drum.
- (3) The Old Superb.
- (4) Messmates.
- (5) Waggon Hill.
- (6) Peace.

XXVII.—Rudyard Kipling (b. 1865).

- (1) Life of Kipling. (*See Biography.*)

POETRY :—

- (2) The Way Through the Woods. (*Songs from Books.*)
- (3) The Palace. (*The Five Nations.*)
- (4) The Children's Song. (*Songs from Books.*)
- (5) The Last Rhyme of True Thomas. (*The Seven Seas.*)

PROSE :—

- (6) The Second Jungle Book.

XXVIII.—John Oxenham.

- (1) Life of Oxenham. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Bells of Ys. (*Bees in Amber.*)
- (2) Don't Worry. (*Bees in Amber.*)
- (4) Livingstone. (*Bees in Amber.*)

- (5) Watchman! What of the Night? (*All's Well*.)
- (6) The Nameless Graves. (*All's Well*.)
- (7) Up! and On! (*All's Well*.)

SEVENTH YEAR.

I.—**Geoffrey Chaucer** (? 1340–1400).

- (1) Life of Chaucer. (*See* Biography).
- (2) The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. (*See* Sixth Year.)
- (3) The Man of Law's Tale—The Lady Constance.

OUTLINE.

The Emperor and his good and beautiful daughter Constance lived in Rome.

Merchants bearing spices, gold cloth, and satins, came to Rome from Syria. On their return the Sultan questioned them about Rome. Amongst other things they described the charms of Constance in such glowing colours that he fell in love with her; and he afterwards told the members of his secret council that he was determined to marry her. He was reminded of the differences in the religion, laws, and customs of Rome and Syria, but he said he would renounce the Moham-medan faith and become a Christian.

The Pope and the Emperor agreed that if the Sultan and his court consented to be baptized, Constance should be his richly-dowered bride.

This was done, and then, after asking her father and mother to remember her in their prayers, she sadly went away to her new home in Syria.

The Sultan's mother, being determined that her son should not be a Christian, and should not marry one, called her counsellors together, told them to pretend to be willing to be baptized, and she would prepare a feast which would appear to be in honour of Constance.

[READ lines 295–301, "Gret was the prees, and richē was th'array,"—her reception of Constance.]

The Sultan came to meet his bride, and his courtesy gave her courage. All the followers of the Princess and all the Syrians who had become Christians were invited to the banquet. In the midst of the feasting armed men rushed in and slew them all except Constance. Even the Sultan was slain, for his mother wished to rule instead of her son.

Constance was placed on a rudderless ship with sails set towards Italy. They put on board the dower she had brought, together with food, drink, and clothing. Her boat drifted for many weeks till it reached the shores of Northumberland, where it was cast ashore.

The Constable of the castle came down to the wreck.

[READ lines 415-434—"The constabil of the castel doun is fare To se this wrak."—his meeting with Constance, and their attempt at conversation.]

The Constable and his wife Dame Hermengild gave her a home with them, and were very kind to her. Everyone soon loved her for her quietness and industry, and Hermengild was converted to Christianity.

Living near the castle were three Britons, who were Christians worshipping secretly; one of them was blind. This blind man met the Constable, Hermengild, and Constance, walking on the shore, and begged Hermengild in Christ's name to cure him of his blindness. Afraid of her husband, she was urged by Constance to work the will of Christ, and performed this miracle, which was the means of the Constable also becoming a Christian.

A young knight, in love with Constance, but to whom she paid no heed, determined to do her injury. At night he crept into the room where Hermengild slept, slew her, and left the knife by the side of Constance. When the Constable returned home accompanied by King Alla, he was much grieved by the death of his wife, especially since that had been caused, as he believed, by Constance. The king, looking upon her, so sweet and innocent, could not believe her guilty, and he sat upon the judge's seat to decide who was the murderer.

[READ lines 519-525, "For as the lomb toward his deth is brought," where Constance is brought before him.]

All the witnesses except the knight who had committed the crime, testified to her virtue ; and while he was swearing that she was guilty, he was struck dead by an unseen hand.

Then many of the people accepted Christianity, and King Alla himself married Constance.

After a time Alla was obliged to go on an expedition against the Scots, and while he was in Scotland, a son was born to him, and they named him Maurice. The Constable sent a messenger to the King with the news. The man stopped on the way to acquaint the King's mother, Donegild. She was jealous of Constance, and so, after making the messenger drunk, and persuading him to spend the night at the castle, she exchanged the letter for one which said the child was very ugly and deformed, and that Constance must be a sorceress.

The King wrote back that whatever happened, they must take care of the mother and child.

Again the messenger went to the Court of Donegild, where he again passed the night, and by the same method as before, Donegild changed the letter for one which said that the queen and child must leave the country for ever, in the boat in which Constance had drifted there.

The Constable dare not disobey the King's orders, and though Constance could not understand the reason for the order, she was willing to obey what she thought was the King's command, though she tried to persuade the Constable to keep the child.

As night fell the boat was pushed off, and the mother and child drifted away.

When King Alla returned and saw the letters, he soon found out the truth, and Donegild was condemned to death.

To return to Rome. The Emperor had sent a Senator to punish the Syrians, and the men of his navy and merchantships were ordered to keep a good look-out for a drifting boat.

On his return to Rome, the Senator himself found the boat containing Constance and her son, but he did not know who they were. He gave them a home with his wife in Rome. She happened to be Constance's aunt, though neither

she nor Constance recognized each other, for Constance was much changed by the trouble she had undergone. Neither did she tell these people anything about herself, for she feared that, if her father knew the treatment she had received, he would send an army to destroy her husband.

King Alla, filled with remorse at having killed his mother, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. The Emperor sent the Senator to meet him, and show him every honour. When Alla saw little Maurice, who was one of the pages at the banquet given in his honour, he started at the boy's resemblance to Constance, and was told what the Senator knew of the two.

[READ lines 932-945, "Now was this child as lik unto Constaunce," which tells how Alla wanted to see the mother.]

Constance, thinking of his unkindness, treated him with reserve.

Alla explained what had happened, and the two were again united, and now Constance made herself known to her father.

The Emperor rejoiced to know that his daughter still lived. Alla and Constance returned to England, and reigned happily together. When Alla died, Constance returned to her father in Rome; and, when her father died, her son Maurice, now grown up, became Emperor in his stead.

II.—Edmund Spenser (1552-1599).

- (1) Life of Spenser. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Una and the Fairy Queen.
- (3) The Red Cross Knight and Falsehood.
- (4) The Palace of Pride.
- (5) The Red Cross Knight and Giant Sin.
- (6) Una and the Lion.

See Penny Poets (Stead).

III.—William Shakespeare (1564-1616).

- (1) Life of Shakespeare. (*See Biography.*)

(2) Sonnets :—

- (a) "When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced."
(*Sonnet 64.*)
- (b) "Let me not to the marriage of true minds." (*Sonnet 116.*)
- (c) "Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore."
(*Sonnet 60.*)

(3) The Merchant of Venice.

OUTLINE.

Antonio, the "Merchant of Venice," was well known for his kindness and generosity ; but he was hated by Shylock, a rich money-lending Jew, who lived in Venice, because he lent money without interest, thus making it difficult for Shylock to extort too much from his debtors.

Antonio had a dear friend named Bassanio, who always looked to him for help in his difficulties.

Bassanio, who was in love with Portia, the lady of Belmont, asked Antonio to lend him money, so that he could visit her in such splendour as was due to her position. Antonio told him that at present all his fortune was in ships which were at sea, and so he was not able to lend him the money, but he gave him leave to get what credit he could in Venice in his name.

Then Bassanio and Antonio went to Shylock.

[READ Act I, Scene 3—the interview with Shylock.]

Portia's father had left instructions as to how his daughter's suitors should proceed. Three caskets, of gold, silver, and lead, respectively, were to be placed before each suitor, so that he could make his choice ; and the one who chose the casket containing Portia's portrait was to marry her. Anyone who tried and failed was to vow never to ask any other lady to be his wife. This hard condition did not prevent many suitors trying their fortune. Among those who risked all was the Prince of Morocco.

[READ Act II, Scene 7, where the Prince of Morocco makes his choice.]

Meanwhile Bassanio with his friends had set sail, and Jessica, the Jew's beautiful daughter, had fled with Lorenzo,

her lover, and had taken with her a good deal of her father's money, and a number of his jewels.

[READ Act II., Scene 8, describing this.]

Presently the Prince of Aragon came to Portia at Belmont as a suitor, and when his time came he chose the silver casket which bore the inscription "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." Inside he found a fool's head with a scroll which told him that he also had chosen the wrong casket.

The news came to Venice that Antonio's ships had been wrecked, and Shylock, almost beside himself with joy over the anticipated "pound of flesh" from the hated Antonio, and with rage at the action of his daughter, took the matter to court, and insisted that Antonio should pay the forfeit for not fulfilling the agreement by handing over the money at the proper time.

Bassanio, on arriving at Belmont, chose the leaden casket, which gave him Portia; and while they were rejoicing in their good fortune, Gratiano, who was in attendance on Bassanio, asked leave to marry Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, to which Bassanio gave ready consent. Immediately afterwards he received a letter, which told him of Antonio's predicament.

Portia insisted that he should return immediately after their wedding with enough money to pay Shylock "thrice his bond."

As soon as Bassanio departed Portia sent messengers to Bellario, her kinsman, for letters and lawyers' dresses. She stated all the facts of the case and asked for his opinion, as he himself was a counsellor in the law.

[READ Act IV., Scene 1, the Trial.]

As soon as the trial was over, Portia and Nerissa returned to Belmont, and made ready to receive their husbands.

When Bassanio and Gratiano came, they told the whole story of the trial; and after much conversation Bassanio was let into the secret that Portia was the clever lawyer who had won the case.

Letters for Antonio, which had come into Portia's hands, contained news that his ships had safely reached home, so that everything ended happily for everybody, except for Shylock, the Jew.

IV.—Robert Herrick (1591–1674).

- (1) Life of Herrick. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) "Gather ye rosebuds, while ye may."
- (3) Corinna's Maying: "Get up, get up, for shame!"
- (4) To Blossoms: "Fair pledges of a fruitful tree."
- (5) To Daffodils:
"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon."

V.—John Milton (1608–1674).

- (1) Life of Milton. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.
- (3) Sonnet on his Blindness.
- (4) Samson's Vengeance, from *Samson Agonistes* (lines 1,541 to 1,649).

VI.—John Dryden (1631–1700).

- (1) Life of Dryden. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Fire of London, from *Annus Mirabilis*.
- (3) Song for St. Cecilia's Day.

**VII.—Sir Richard Steele (1672–1729)
and Joseph Addison (1672–1719).**

- (1) Life of Steele, and of Addison. (*See Biography.*)
 - (2) The De Coverley Essays:—
 - (a) On Witchcraft—the Story of Moll White (*Addison*).
 - (b) Rural Manners (*Addison*).
 - (c) Sir Roger at the Assizes (*Addison*).
 - (d) Sir Roger and the Gipsies (*Addison*).
 - (e) A Scene in a Stage-Coach (*Steele*).
 - (f) Death of Sir Roger (*Addison*).
- Addison's Hymns:—
- (1) "The spacious firmament on high."
 - (2) "When all Thy mercies, O my God."

VIII.—**Thomas Gray** (1716–1771).

- (1) Life of Gray. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

IX.—**William Cowper** (1731–1800).

- (1) Life of Cowper. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) On Receipt of my Mother's Picture.
- (3) The Task :—
 Book II. "England, with all thy faults."
 ,, III. "I was a stricken deer."
 ,, IV. The Country Postman.
- (4) The Castaway.
- (5) Olney Hymns :—
 (a) "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord."
 (b) "Oh! for a closer walk with God."
- (6) Selections from the Letters to the Rev. John Newton.

X.—**Robert Burns** (1759–1796).

- (1) Life of Burns. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) To a Mouse.
- (3) The Cottar's Saturday Night.
- (4) For a' that.
- (5) Scots Wha Hae.
- (6) Bonnie Lesley.

XI.—**William Wordsworth** (1770–1850).

- (1) Life of Wordsworth. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) "I wandered lonely as a cloud."
- (3) To a Skylark.
- (4) Hart-Leap Well.
- (5) "The world is too much with us."
- (6) Simon Lee, the old Huntsman.
- (7) Near Calais :—
 "Fair Star of Evening."

XII.—**Sir Walter Scott** (1771–1832).

- (1) Life of Scott. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Marmion.

OUTLINE.

The introductions to the various Cantos are addressed to Scott's personal friends, and contain beautiful descriptions of the scenery of Scotland at various seasons; and comparisons, in the introduction to Canto I., with England's loss of her great ones, Nelson, Pitt, and Fox. In the introduction to Canto IV., addressed to James Skene, Scott compares the changes of nature with the changes in man's friendship.

CANTO I.—As the warder of Norham Castle, which was six miles from Berwick, was going on his rounds, he saw a troop of horse approaching. It proved to be the English Lord Marmion and his party. He informed the Captain, and preparations were made to receive the guest. Lord Marmion partook of his hospitality, and during the meal the Captain asked what had become of the page who attended Marmion previously. Marmion replied that he had left him sick at Lindisfarne, and then asked for a guide to conduct him to the Scottish Court, whither he was bound. Several were suggested, and finally Selby, a nephew of Sir Hugh, the Heron, suggested a Palmer who had arrived the previous evening. The Palmer met Lord Marmion, and consented to act as guide.

[READ Stanzas XXIII. to XXX. which tell of the Palmer.]

In the morning the company set out on their journey.

High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had passed
That noble train, their lord the last.

CANTO II.—The Abbess of Saint Hilda, Whitby, was sailing with five nuns and a young novice, Sister Clare, "to St. Cuthbert's holy isle," to hold a court of Inquisition along with the Abbot of St. Cuthbert, and the Prioress of Tynemouth,

On two apostates from the faith.

One of these was Constance of Beverley, who had been a sister at Fontevraud,

Whom the church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

She had been acting as page to Lord Marmion. The other prisoner was a monk of bad character.

[READ Stanzas XX. to XXIII., which give a description of the two prisoners.]

Constance told the story of Marmion's villainy, how he had persuaded her to leave the convent, and how, after she had acted as his page for three years, he had left her, as he wished to marry Clare who was the possessor of broad acres. Clare was betrothed to De Wilton, and him Marmion overthrew in the lists. Clare, not wishing to marry the victor, fled to the convent at Whitby.

Constance had been left at Lindisfarne by Marmion, and, while he was in Scotland at the king's command, she planned to rescue both herself and Clare. The monk, her fellow prisoner, had agreed to administer a drug to Clare, but had failed to keep his oath. She gave up a packet of letters to prove her statement.

Sentence was pronounced, the three judges departed, and the two victims were buried alive.

CANTO III.—Marmion's company, under the guidance of the Palmer, stayed the night at a village inn. In the absence of Marmion's page, Fitz-Eustace sang a song, the air of which "was wild and sad."

[READ the song "Where shall the lover rest."]

After the singing of the song Marmion became downcast and sad, and he said to Fitz-Eustace, his chief squire :—

"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung;
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul;
Say, what may this portend?"

The Palmer, who had not spoken all day, answered him :—

"The death of a dear friend."

Marmion was too conscience-stricken to reply.

[READ Stanzas XV. to XVIII., telling of Marmion and Constance.]

Then Marmion gave permission for the Host to tell his tale of Lord Gifford, who practised magic arts and to whom

King Alexander came to know the future of his kingdom. Lord Gifford told him that there was one spirit whom he could not control, but whom the king could meet in combat, if he wished, at midnight.

[READ Stanzas XXIII. to XXV., telling of King Alexander's fight with the phantom.]

This part of the story had so affected Marmion that he could not sleep. He went to the loft where Fitz-Eustace was sleeping, and told him to saddle his horse. When this was done Marmion rode out in the darkness to the Pictish camp, where he hoped to meet and fight with the phantom. He then returned at full speed. Marmion—

Spoke no word as he withdrew ;
But yet the moonlight did betray
The falcon-crest was soiled with clay ;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger's knee
And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.

CANTO IV.—Fitz-Eustace was glad when morning came after such a disturbed night. Soon there was consternation in the camp ; armour and weapons had been stolen, the horse of Henry Blount, Marmion's second squire, was covered with foam, as if it had been ridden all night ; and Marmion's favourite war-horse, Bevis, was dying of exhaustion. Fitz-Eustace guessed the cause of these things, but Marmion chose to look upon the disturbance as an accident.

Again the party set out, still guided by the Palmer. As they passed through a forest glade, they met

Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-Arms !

and his gallant train.

Lindesay informed Marmion of King James's lack of faith in the King of England, and his dislike of the English ; in spite of that he would receive the famous Lord Marmion at his court. His instructions were to provide him with hospitality until it was convenient for the king to see him. Marmion was annoyed at the delay, but he accepted the offer,

and was conducted to Crichtoun Castle. The Palmer now wished to depart, but Lindesay gave strict orders

That none who rode in Marmion's band
Should sever from the train.

Marmion stayed at Crichtoun Castle two days, and was treated with every respect. Lindesay told Marmion a story of the appearance of a ghostly personage, whom he took to be the Apostle John. It came to warn King James not to go to war, and then vanished.

[READ Stanzas XVIII. to XXI., where Marmion tells Lindesay of his encounter with the phantom knight.]

The journey was continued towards Edinburgh. When Marmion reached the summit of Blackford Hill, he saw a vast Scottish army gathered :—

Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough Moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down :—
A thousand, did I say ? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between
The streamlet and the town.

[READ Stanza XXX. describing Scott's "own romantic town."]

CANTO V.—The English party arrived at the camp, and the Scottish warriors gathered to have a look at their southern visitors.

[READ Stanzas II. and III., giving a description of the Scottish host.]

Lindesay led them through the Scottish camp to the city, and took Marmion to a suitable lodging where he was to rest till evening, and then ride to Holyrood to meet the King.

At the appointed time Lindesay led him to the palace. That night King James held high revel ; he

Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,

and followed it with music, dancing and merriment. For the King

It was his blithest—and his last.

He came through the crowd to greet Lord Marmion.

[READ Stanza VIII., which gives a description of King James.]

Lady Heron was at the Scottish court, and exerted a

good deal of influence over James. On this particular night, she sang the song of "Lochinvar," and accompanied herself on the harp.

[READ "Lochinvar," given in Stanza XII.]

James took the parchment brought by Marmion to show his commission, and then charged the English with raiding and murdering on the Borders. He went to where Douglas, known as Archibald Bell-the-Cat, once a famous warrior, but now an old man, was standing.

Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.

He spoke very unkindly to the old man, though he was sorry afterwards, and said that as Lord Marmion had to stay in the north as long as there was any hope of maintaining the peace, he could go with the Douglas to Tantallon Hold, and could take into his charge some nuns whose boat had been captured that very morning.

James said,

"Under your guard these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades."

Marmion tried to persuade James to keep the peace, but he refused, and said,

"Southward I march by break of day;
And if within Tantallon strong,
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may fall,
At Tamworth in his castle-hall."

The nuns, those from the convent at Whitby of whom we read at the beginning, dreaded Marmion more than anybody; the Abbess, because of the execution of Constance, and Clare, because she thought he had murdered her lover De Wilton and wished to marry her. The Palmer happened to see the Abbess, and she arranged to meet him at night secretly, as she had something very important to communicate. When they met she gave him the packet of papers that had been left by Constance, and told him the story of Marmion and De Wilton both wooing

Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood.

How De Wilton was declared a traitor to Henry on the evidence of some false letters found in a packet in his possession, and placed there by his disloyal squire at the instance of Constance, is next referred to. Clare was the only one who believed him innocent, and she decided that she would become a nun rather than marry Marmion.

The Abbess asked the Palmer to carry the papers to Cardinal Wolsey, and he would show them to the king. The Palmer shook with emotion. When the Abbess had finished speaking, they saw a ghostly vision, and heard a voice prophesying the death of Scottish and English nobles, really foretelling the results of the Battle of Flodden. When De Wilton's name was mentioned, another voice was heard, saying:—

“Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal lord defy.
Appealing me to Him on high,
Who burst the sinner's yoke.”

The Abbess screamed and fell on her face, and when her nuns came she was alone; the Palmer had gone.

The whole party now set off to Tantallon in charge of Douglas. The Palmer was still with them as Douglas would not allow anybody to leave, but his manner was quite changed. Fitz-Eustace had charge of the Abbess, the nuns, and Clare.

When they arrived at North Berwick the Abbess and nuns stayed with the Prioress there, but Clare had to continue with Marmion's party. Fitz-Eustace said,

“Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish earl he showed,
Commanding that beneath his care
Without delay you shall repair,
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.”

The Abbess protested, but in vain, and Clare said she would rather die than wed Marmion. They arrived at Tantallon. Soon news came that Surrey had marched into Northumberland to fight against the Scots, and Marmion resolved to join him.

CANTO VI.—Clare, now no longer in convent dress, spent much of her time on the lonely battlements. There she met

De Wilton her lover, whom she had thought dead, but who was none other than the Palmer himself, who had been Marmion's guide.

[READ Stanzas VI. to X., containing De Wilton's story.]

At midnight Douglas knighted De Wilton, saying—

“ Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For king, for church, for lady fair,
See that thou fight.”

De Wilton then left to join the English army. Marmion departed in fierce anger soon afterwards, because Douglas refused to shake hands with him. He learnt afterwards who the Palmer really was, and knew also that he was the “ghost” he had fought on the moor. He wondered what Surrey would think when De Wilton told him his story, and said :—

“ Oh ! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive ! ”

That day they reached the Tweed and passed the night at a convent. Next morning from the tower Marmion watched the two armies. He then hastily prepared to cross the Till and join Lord Surrey, and gave instructions that Lady Clare was to remain behind the lines during the fight, in charge of Blount and Eustace with ten chosen archers.

[READ Stanzas XXIV. to XXXII., describing the battle of Flodden and the death of Marmion.]

Lady Clare was taken by a monk to the chapel of Tillmouth on the Tweed, and the following morning she met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare. A “peasant swain” swam the river, dragged himself up the mound to the foot of Sybil's Cross, and there died by the side of Marmion. The two bodies were so mutilated by the spoilers that Fitz-Eustace carried off the churl's body by mistake to Lichfield Cathedral, where a noble tomb, since destroyed, was raised to the memory of Marmion.

[READ Stanza XXXVIII., telling of De Wilton's valour in the fight, and his marriage to Clare.]

(3) Quentin Durward.

OUTLINE.

During the reign of Louis XI. of France, a Scottish youth named Quentin Durward, about nineteen years of age, went to France to seek his fortune, about the year 1468. One morning, when he was in the neighbourhood of the royal castle of Plessis-les-Tours, he met with two men, who were apparently substantial burgesses. After some conversation, the elder of them invited him to breakfast at a neighbouring inn, and sent his companion forward to order it.

Whilst Quentin and his new acquaintance were walking to the village where the inn was, the man sought to know his purpose in coming thither, and learnt that it was to see his uncle Ludovic Lesly, called Ludovic with the Scar (or in French, Le Balafré), one of the Scottish Archers of King Louis's Life-guards. In reply to Quentin's own enquiry, this person gave his name as Maître Pierre.

On reaching the inn, Quentin made a very hearty breakfast, though Maître Pierre, being, as he said, under penance, could not take a meal before noon, but only some very light refreshment. For part of the time they were there, a beautiful young girl, about fifteen years of age, came to wait on Maître Pierre. It was plain from the man's manner that he was accustomed to respect and obedience; and the Scot was very curious to know who he really was—probably, he thought, a magistrate of Tours, a city about two miles distant.

After the meal, Maître Pierre gave Quentin a number of silver coins, and then suddenly departed, telling him to remain where he was until his uncle came to him; for, having business at the Castle, he would let Le Balafré know of his kinsman's arrival.

The landlord conducted Quentin to his sleeping apartment. He had not been there long before he heard a female

voice singing a beautiful song to the sound of the lute. It began thus :—

“ Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea ;
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.”

When the singer discovered that someone was listening and looking, she at once closed the turret-window where she had been partially visible, and dropped the curtain over it.

Quentin's uncle now came to the inn. He was a well-built, very martial-looking man, over six feet high, richly dressed in the fashion of the Archers of the Scottish Body-guard ; his hard features were hideously disfigured by the great, ghastly scar across his cheek, to which his nickname was due. He gave his nephew a hearty welcome to France, strongly advised him to enter the same service as himself, and invited him to come, next morning, to the Castle, where he should see the King.

When Le Balafré had gone, Quentin went out for a walk along the neighbouring river, and came to a place where a man was hanging from a tree. He cut the rope, and was vainly endeavouring to restore life, when he was surrounded by a group of strange-looking, dark-complexioned men and women. The dead man was one of their people ; and, whilst they were wildly wailing over him, a party of French soldiers charged down upon them. Two of the strangers were made prisoners, and so was Quentin. In the leader of the French horsemen he recognized Maître Pierre's companion of the morning, but when Quentin appealed to him, protesting his innocence, it was of no avail. The soldiers of the Provost-Marshal (for such was this officer) were preparing to hang the young Scot for interfering with the course of the King's justice, when Quentin's mention of his uncle, to whom he sent a last message, attracted the attention of a Scottish Archer who was standing by, and who immediately took his fellow-countryman's part. Presently Le Balafré himself arrived with other Scottish Guards, and swore that his nephew had that very day been enrolled a member of their company,

and was, therefore, not subject to the jurisdiction of the Provost-Marshal.

Then Le Balafre took Quentin to Lord Crawford, his leader, and had him enrolled in their corps; he was given the post of esquire to his uncle. From the conversation at the banquet that the soldiers held the same evening to celebrate his enrolment, he heard, for the first time, of the escape of the beautiful Countess Isabelle of Croye from the Duke of Burgundy, her guardian, who wished her to marry an Italian favourite of his whom she hated. She had come to King Louis for protection, for he was the Duke's feudal overlord; and, for some days past, she had been staying with a kinswoman of hers, at the very inn where Quentin had breakfasted. Accordingly the young Scotsman conjectured that she was the maiden whom he had heard singing in her turret-chamber, and probably the same as the beautiful girl who waited on Maître Pierre in the morning.

When, the next day, Quentin, attired in the splendid dress and arms of an esquire of the Scottish Guard, was taken by his uncle into the royal presence-chamber, and the King came in, he was amazed to find that the monarch was none other than Maître Pierre himself.

Seeing Quentin on duty, King Louis went up to him, and spoke jestingly of the events of the previous day; it was plain that the King had taken kindly to the young Scot.

Later on in the day, there was a boar-hunt, at which Quentin saved the King's life by spearing the boar when it was at bay, and about to make a furious charge upon him. The King bade the youth say nothing of the timely aid which he had thus rendered; and, accordingly, Quentin took care to leave the King in full possession of the credit of slaying the quarry.

On returning to the Castle, the King promoted Quentin from the rank of esquire, and enrolled him among the Archers of the Guard. That afternoon, he did duty as sentinel in the room where the King dined in company with his minister, Cardinal Balue, and the Count de Crèvecœur, who had come

as an envoy from the Duke of Burgundy. The King apprehended treachery; and Quentin's orders were to step forth from his hiding-place, if the King gave the preconcerted signal, and to shoot Crèvecœur dead. Nothing but perfect friendliness, however, prevailed during the meal, and the sentinel remained in concealment until the guests were gone.

The Count de Crèvecœur had peremptorily demanded the return of the Duke's ward, Isabelle, Countess of Croye, and of her aunt who was with her, the Countess Hameline, under threat of instant war. King Louis therefore resolved to send the two ladies secretly, under escort, to their relative, the Bishop of Liège, and to tell Crèvecœur that they had departed without his knowledge, and while he was purposing to accede to the Duke's wishes. But he intended to plan matters in such a way that they might fall into the hands of the ferocious William de la Marck, known as the Wild Boar of the Ardennes, a nobleman who had become a captain of freebooters. The escort attending the two ladies was to be commanded by Quentin Durward, who would know nothing of the King's actual design; only the Bohemian, or gipsy, whom the monarch chose for their guide, was to be acquainted with it.

[READ Chapter XIV. and part of Chapter XV., telling how Quentin set out for Liège, with the two Countesses, and how presently two knights came riding to relieve him of his charge, but were themselves made prisoners by a party of horsemen from the King.]

Soon after Quentin Durward and the ladies had resumed their journey, they met the Bohemian guide provided by King Louis. His right name, he said, was known only to his intimates, but others called him Hayraddin Maugrabin,* or Hayraddin, the African Moor. He professed his attachment to Quentin, saying he was the brother of the victim whose body the Scottish youth had cut down, and attempted to restore to life; nevertheless, Quentin doubted his fidelity. For more than a week they journeyed along by-paths, and through unfrequented districts, so as to avoid the large towns;

* Arabic *Magrab*, sunset; *magribi*, western.

their resting-places were, for the most part, the monasteries and convents.

At a Franciscan convent near the town of Namur, Quentin learnt from the Prior something about the unsettled state of the city of Liège, and the country thereabouts, and of the brutalities perpetrated by the cruel baron, William de la Marck, and also of the danger in which the good Bishop of Liège stood. Meantime, Hayraddin was misbehaving himself in another part of the convent; so he was now, by the Prior's orders, driven out with whips and sticks. Quentin, suspecting that he had acted on purpose to be turned out, followed to see whither he went, and what he did. The Scot approached him unseen, and overheard him plotting with one of De la Marck's men for the capture of the ladies whilst on the road next day; the Bohemian stipulated, however, that Quentin's life must be spared.

[READ the first portion of Chapter XVII., telling how Quentin discovered that his guide was treacherous.]

In consequence of what he had overheard, Quentin determined not to cross the river at Namur as the King had ordered, but to proceed by the left bank of the Maes, which was the direct road to Liège. They soon reached the Castle of Schonwaldt, the residence of the Bishop, about a mile from the city walls, and were hospitably received. The Bishop promised them such protection as he could afford, but the military precautions all around the castle showed that his own situation was not without danger.

Going for a walk in Liège, Quentin was recognized as a Scottish Archer of King Louis's Guards. The King had secretly fomented the rebellious humour of the burghers of this city, and the appearance of a Scottish Archer in their midst was taken as an indication that he now meant to stand by them openly.

[READ parts of Chapters XX. and XXI., describing how the Castle of Schonwaldt was beset by the insurgents of Liège, led on by De la Marck with his band of freebooters, how Hayraddin brought Quentin and the Countess Hameline across the castle-moat and provided them with means of escape, and how Quentin rushed back to the castle, on discovering that the Countess Isabelle was left behind.]

[READ the description of the Wild Boar of Ardennes in Chapter XXII.]

The Bishop of Liège was brutally murdered in the hall of his Palace. Quentin, who boldly proclaimed himself a servant of King Louis, and an Archer of his Scottish Guard, raised his voice in protest, and was allowed to depart, taking the Countess Isabelle with him. They were befriended by the Syndic (or magistrate) of Liège, and stayed the night in his house; on the morrow they set forth, disguised in the Flemish dress. The Countess was now resolved to return to her own country, and to trust to the mercy of the Duke of Burgundy. Early in the afternoon, they fell in with the Count of Crèvecœur, to whom the Countess yielded herself a prisoner. This Burgundian nobleman conducted her to Charleroi, where he left her in the keeping of the abbess of a convent; then, with Quentin still in his custody, he proceeded straight on to Péronne, where the Duke of Burgundy held his Court. When Crèvecœur arrived at this town, he learnt that King Louis, attended by a small retinue, had come thither on a visit to the Duke, with a view to settling their differences at a personal interview.

Crèvecœur communicated to his sovereign the news of the Bishop's murder, which he had himself received from Quentin. The Duke's wrath was terrible, and he turned on King Louis as an accessory to the outrage; by his orders, his unbidden guest was to be detained a prisoner in the Castle of Péronne, until cleared of having abetted the murder. The Duke convened a council of the great nobles of Burgundy, and both Quentin Durward and the Countess Isabelle were summoned before it. Quentin had previously obtained an interview with the Countess, and prevailed on her not to give testimony which would endanger the King. The evidence which they gave under interrogation, went to show that King Louis had no part in the murder of the Bishop of Liège; and the Duke of Burgundy resumed friendly relations with him. It was decided that, as Isabelle's flight to Liège had given the signal for the murder, he who avenged the dead by bringing the head of De la Marck should have the proffer of her hand.

In a few days' time, the Burgundian army, together with French auxiliary forces, advanced on Liège.

[READ Chapter XXXVII., telling of the battle round Liège, and the death of the Boar by the hand of Le Balafre, after he had been brought to bay by Quentin, who ultimately received the promised reward in place of his uncle.]

XIII.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834).

- (1) Life of Coleridge. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Ancient Mariner.
- (3) Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

XIV.—Robert Southey (1774–1843).

- (1) Life of Southey. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Lord William.
- (3) The Old Woman of Berkeley.
- (4) Rudiger of the Swan.
- (5) The Cross Roads.
- (6) The Scholar.
- (7) Extracts from the *Life of Nelson*, e.g. :—
 - (a) The Boyhood of Nelson, Chapter I.
 - (b) The Death of Nelson, Chapter IX.

XV.—Charles Lamb (1775–1834).

- (1) Life of Lamb. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Poem :—The Old Familiar Faces.
- (3) Tales from Shakespeare :—Hamlet.
- (4) Essay :—A Dissertation on Roast Pig.

XVI.—Lord Byron (1788–1824).

- (1) Life of Byron. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Childe Harold—Canto III., Stanzas 21 to 31.
- (3) The Prisoner of Chillon.
- (4) Byron's Last Poem :—

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved.

XVII.—Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822).

- (1) Life of Shelley. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Indian Serenade :—

I arise from dreams of thee.

- (3) To the Night :—
Swiftly walk o'er the western wave.
- (4) The Flight of Love :—
When the lamp is shatter'd.
- (5) Autumn.
- (6) The Cloud.

XVIII.—John Keats (1795-1821.)

- (1) Life of Keats. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Meg Merrilies.
- (3) Robin Hood.
- (4) Ode to Autumn.
- (5) On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

XIX.—Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881.)

- (1) Life of Carlyle. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) From *Heroes and Hero Worship*—
(a) Shakespeare, Chapter III.
(b) Samuel Johnson, Chapter V.
- (3) From *The French Revolution*—
(a) Count Fersen, Chapter III., Book IV., Vol. II.
- (4) From *Past and Present*—
A Monk of Bury St. Edmunds, Chapter VI., Book II.
- (5) From *Sartor Resartus*—
Helotage, Chapter IV., Part III.

XX.—Lord Macaulay (1800-1859.)

- (1) Life of Macaulay. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) POEMS :—
(a) The Battle of Naseby.
(b) Lines to the Memory of Pitt.
- (3) PROSE :—Selections from the *History of England* :—
(a) The Acquittal of the Bishops, Chapter VIII.
(b) The Relief of Londonderry, Chapter XII.
(c) The Battle of the Boyne, Chapter XVI.

XXI.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882.)

- (1) Life of Longfellow. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Song of Hiawatha.

OUTLINE.

Introduction.—The stories come from the lips of Nawadaha; he got them from Nature herself. Nawadaha is the one who sings the Song of Hiawatha. The name Hiawatha means the Prophet, or the Teacher.

(1) THE PEACE-PIPE.—Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit, came to earth and made and smoked the Peace-Pipe, which is still the emblem of friendship among the Indians. He breathed on the forest until the great boughs rubbed together and caught fire, and the smoke carried his message to all the people. All the tribes of Indians came together to receive the words of Gitche Manito, who promised a prophet, "A deliverer of the nations." Then he commanded them to discard all their weapons, wash off all their war-paint, and smoke the Peace-Pipe.

(2) THE FOUR WINDS.—After killing Mishe-Mokwa, the Great Bear of the mountains, Mudjekeewis, the father of Hiawatha, was chosen to be the Father of the Winds of Heaven. For himself he kept the west wind, and gave the others to three of his sons. The North Wind was given to Kabibonokka, the East Wind to Wabun, and the South Wind to Shawondasee.

[READ lines 83-128.]

(3) HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.—Nokomis, the grandmother of Hiawatha, fell from the moon long, long ago. Hiawatha was the son of Wenonah, the daughter of Nokomis, and of Mudjekeewis, the West Wind, who had left Wenonah to perish. Hiawatha was brought up by Nokomis, and was taught the lore of birds and beasts.

[READ lines 158-234.]

(4) HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.—When Hiawatha heard the story of his mother's death, and that Mudjekeewis had been the cause of it, he set out to find his father. After a long talk they fought a mighty battle, and then Mudjekeewis promised to share the West Wind with Hiawatha.

On the way home Hiawatha stayed to get arrow heads

from the Dacotah Arrow-maker, and there he met Minnehaha, or Laughing Water, the Arrow-maker's daughter.

[READ lines 254-299.]

(5) **HIAWATHA'S FASTING.**—According to the custom of the Indians, Hiawatha fasted for seven days to show his powers of endurance. During the week he wrestled with Mondamin, the spirit of the maize. On the last day of the fasting he overcame Mondamin, and buried him as Mondamin had directed, and carefully tended the grave until the Spring, when there sprang from it the first maize, or Indian corn.

(6) **HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.**—Hiawatha had two very dear friends, Chibiabos, the musician, and Kwasind, the strong man; and these three worked together for the good of the people. Kwasind's strength was too great for him to join in sports and hunting, for he broke all the bows and arrows.

[READ lines 149-169.]

(7) **HIAWATHA'S SAILING.**—Hiawatha built a canoe of birch-bark, cedar boughs, and larch roots, and made it watertight with resin from the fir-tree. Then he ornamented it with quills from the hedgehog stained red, and blue, and yellow.

When all was finished, Hiawatha sailed down the river in his canoe, helped by Kwasind, who cleared the channel of rocks. Thus the river was made safe for the journeyings of Hiawatha's people.

(8) **HIAWATHA'S FISHING.**—Hiawatha fought and killed Mishe-Nahma, the King of the Fishes.

[READ lines 114-185.]

(9) **HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.**—Hiawatha journeyed through many dangers to kill the great Pearl-Feather, the magician, who sent fogs and mists.

[READ lines 126-298.]

(10) **HIAWATHA'S WOOING.**—Hiawatha journeyed to the land of the Dacotahs to marry Minnehaha, and then he brought her back to his wigwam.

(11) **HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.**—At the wedding

Pau-Puk-Keewis danced, and Chibiabos sang to entertain the guests.

[READ lines 141-240.]

(12) THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.—Iagoo told the story of Osseo, the Magician, the Son of the Evening Star. In the north lands lived a hunter with ten daughters. Nine of them married young and comely warriors, the youngest Oweenee married Osseo—old and ugly in body, but beautiful in mind. The others laughed at her for her choice. One evening they were all invited to a feast. On their way they came to an old oak lying across their path. When he saw it, Osseo gave a cry, and jumped into the hollow; he came out at the other end a young man. But the beautiful Oweenee also was changed into an old woman.

Later, at the feast, the wigwam suddenly began to tremble and was raised into the air, all the vessels being changed into gold and silver, and the sisters and their husbands into birds. The wigwam rested on the Evening Star, and Oweenee received back her youth and beauty.

A little son was born to Oweenee and Osseo, and one day the spell was broken by his shooting one of the birds. It changed into a young woman, the wigwam sank to earth, and all the other birds

 Took their shape, but not their stature.
 They remained as Little People.

After this story Chibiabos sang again.

(13) BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.—Minnehaha walked round the cornfields in the darkness, thus making a magic circle, which was supposed to protect the crops from blight of all kinds, and so give them a splendid crop. In the Autumn the young men and the women gathered the harvest.

(14) PICTURE-WRITING.—Hiawatha taught the people picture-writing, in order that they might be able to send messages to one another from a distance, each picture standing for a certain word. Also he suggested they should paint the totem of every departed warrior upon the grave post, so that it should be remembered whose grave it was.

(15) **HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.**—The evil spirits, jealous of Hiawatha, drowned Chibiabos in the lake of Gitche Gumee.
[READ lines 18-43.]

Hiawatha then composed a song of lamentation. The medicine men came to visit him, and set up a sacred lodge.
[READ lines 155-195.]

(16) **PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.**—Pau-Puk-Keewis went to the lodge of Iagoo, and listened to the story of Oje-eg, the Fisher-Weasel. When he got tired of stories he taught the young men how to gamble, and won from them all their treasures. Finally he won the nephew of Iagoo for a companion, and sent him to his wigwam with all the treasure. Then he visited the wigwam of Hiawatha, and upset everything in Hiawatha's lodge, killed his raven, and his "Mountain Chickens," just to show his scorn.

(17) **THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.**—Hiawatha determined to kill Pau-Puk-Keewis, and the latter persuaded Ahmeek, King of the Beavers, to change him into a beaver, larger than all the other beavers. They did so, and made Pau-Puk-Keewis their king.
[READ lines 1-160.]

After Pau-Puk-Keewis was killed, Hiawatha pursued his spirit.
[READ lines 261-354.]

(18) **THE DEATH OF KWASIND.**—Kwasind's only weak spot was the crown of his head, and the only weapon of any use against him was a pine-cone. So the Puk-Wudjees, or Little People, who were jealous of him, pelted him with pine cones as he sailed down the river, and killed him.

(19) **THE GHOSTS.**—Ghosts from the land of the Here-after came and stayed in the tent of Hiawatha, and gave warning that the living ought not to cause needless sorrow to the dead by wishing them back.

(20) **THE FAMINE.**—Next came Famine and Fever to the tent of Hiawatha, and carried off the soul of Minnehaha.
[READ lines 89-180.]

(21) **THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.**—In Spring Iagoo returned, and told the story of the coming of the White Man. All the people laughed in derision, but Hiawatha said it was true, for it had all been shown to him in a vision.

[READ lines 149-230.]

(22) **HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.**—Hiawatha, standing on the shores of Gitche Gumeew, saw the approach of the missionaries' canoe. The missionaries told the story of Christ to all the chiefs. When the friendship between the Indians and the Pale Faces was sure, Hiawatha said farewell to all his friends and departed

To the Island of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

[READ lines 173-247.]

XXII.—Lord Tennyson (1809-1892).

- (1) Life of Tennyson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.
- (3) The Revenge.

XXIII.—William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863).

- (1) Life of Thackeray. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) POEM :—King Canute and the Tide.
- (3) PROSE :—The Four Georges.

[READ :—George I.—“We have brought our Georges to London city,” to the end of the lecture.

George II.—“I fancy it was a merrier England, that of our ancestors,” as far as the reference to Fielding's paper in the *True Patriot*, No. 3.

George III.—“King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household,” to the end of the lecture.

George IV.—From the beginning, “In Twis's amusing life of Eldon,” to “What had any mortal done that he should be pampered so ?”]

XXIV.—Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

- (1) Life of Dickens. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Death of Little Nell (From *The Old Curiosity Shop*), Chapter LXXII.
- (3) Martin Chuzzlewit.

OUTLINE.

We are first told of the antiquity of the Chuzzlewit family. Then Mr. Pecksniff and his two daughters, Charity and Mercy, who live in a pretty Wiltshire village, are introduced to us.

Mr. Pecksniff is an architect and makes a living by taking pupils at a premium. He pretends to be a very good man; but John Westlock, a departing pupil, warned Tom Pinch, assistant to Mr. Pecksniff, that his employer was not what he pretended to be. Pinch is a humble and trusting man, and is much grieved to think that Westlock regards Mr. Pecksniff as a hypocrite, for he himself has the highest opinion of his virtues.

Two strangers, an old man and a young girl, arrive at the "Blue Dragon." The old man is taken ill, and rapidly becomes worse, but he refuses to see a doctor. The landlady sends for Mr. Pecksniff, who finds that the old man is Martin Chuzzlewit, his cousin. Old Martin is convinced that all the members of his family are waiting for him to die, so that they can have his money, and he orders Pecksniff out of the inn. Before he does so, however, he tells him that the only friend he will have is the young girl who is travelling with him. Her he has adopted; he makes her an allowance while he lives, but has taken a vow to leave her nothing when he dies. [READ Chapter IV.—The Quarrels of the Chuzzlewit family.]

Tom Pinch goes to Salisbury to meet the new pupil, who is coming to Pecksniff's. He rides part of the way with Mark Tapley, who holds a comfortable position at the "Blue Dragon." He is of a happy, buoyant disposition, and can be "jolly" under very disagreeable circumstances. His idea is that there is no merit in being jolly when one has everything to make one so; but that there would be some credit in it if things were not going well. He tells Pinch that he thinks of giving up his position at the "Blue Dragon."

Tom meets young Martin Chuzzlewit, the new pupil, and grandson of old Martin Chuzzlewit, and they drive home together, where Martin is welcomed by Mr. Pecksniff.

The next day Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters leave for London, and during their absence Martin confesses to Tom Pinch that he is in love with the young girl who was travelling with his grandfather, and because of that he has been disinherited.

Mark Tapley leaves the "Blue Dragon" and its kind hostess, Mrs. Lupin, and sets off for London.

The Pecksniffs travel in the company of Antony Chuzzlewit and his son Jonas, of the old-established firm of Antony Chuzzlewit and Son, Manchester warehousemen, whose place of business and residence is a tumble-down old house in a narrow street behind the Post-Office. Antony is a cousin of Martin Chuzzlewit, the grandfather.

When in London the Pecksniffs go to Todgers's, an out-of-the-way boarding establishment. Old Martin Chuzzlewit comes to see Mr. Pecksniff, and announces his intention of befriending him. He tells Mr. Pecksniff to send young Martin away from his home.

Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit calls on Miss Charity Pecksniff at Todgers's, and takes the two sisters to his home at the warehouse, where Mr. Chuffey, an old clerk of Antony's, also lives.

[READ Chapter XI. for the description of the warehouse and its inmates ; beginning,

"The old-established firm of Antony Chuzzlewit and Son "
to

"it was really high time Miss Pecksniff thought of settling."]

At the end of the week Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters leave London and return home, Mr. Pecksniff being quite determined to turn Martin from his house.

Martin and Tom Pinch, by invitation, meet John Westlock in Salisbury, where they have dinner. John warns Tom against Mr. Tigg, an impostor who lives on other people, and who is the great friend of Chevy Slyme. Also he gives him half a sovereign, pretending that Tigg has commissioned him to do so, it being the amount of a loan Tigg had borrowed from Pinch the first day of Mr. Pecksniff's absence from home. Westlock advises Pinch to lend him no more money.

The next day Mr. Pecksniff returns ; he and Martin

quarrel, and Martin leaves the house. He travels up to London in a carrier's van, and after wandering about that city for many days, being in poor lodgings, and having to pawn his watch and many of his clothes, he receives a £20 note from an anonymous donor. Mark Tapley visits him, and insists on becoming his servant. Mark also says that he knows where Martin's grandfather is living, and volunteers to take a letter from Martin to his grandfather's young companion—Mary Graham. He arranges an interview for the lovers in the park the next morning.

Martin meets Mary Graham, and bids her good-bye, announcing his intention of going to America.

He and Mark sail on *The Screw* and endure many discomforts as steerage passengers.

On reaching New York, Martin becomes acquainted with Colonel Diver of the "New York Rowdy Journal," and is taken by him to a boarding-house. He makes a new and helpful acquaintance in Mr. Bevan, an American physician, and goes visiting with him. After an unfortunate meeting with General Fladdock, who crossed in *The Screw* as a first-class passenger, while Martin travelled steerage, Martin returns to the boarding-house tired and despondent.

To return to events in England, Jonas Chuzzlewit upbraids his father Antony for living so long, and thus keeping him from having the money which would be coming to him. He reads his father's will in the inner room, and is startled at seeing Pecksniff through the glass partition reading it also.

Mr. Pecksniff and Antony Chuzzlewit refer to Jonas's wish to marry Charity Pecksniff. Soon afterwards Antony has a fit, which frightens Jonas, and he begs Mr. Pecksniff to stay with him. Antony dies the next morning. Mr. Pecksniff is commissioned by Jonas to undertake all arrangements for the funeral. He engages the undertaker, Mr. Mould, and a nurse, named Mrs. Gamp, to perform the last offices for the dead.

[READ part of Chapter XIX., beginning, "She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp," telling of Mrs. Gamp.]

Mr. Pecksniff promises to settle £4,000 on his daughter when she marries. Jonas returns home with Pecksniff. He proposes to Merry (the younger daughter, Mercy) in the presence of Cherry (Charity), who rushes away in a violent temper.

Tom Pinch brings news of the arrival of old Martin Chuzzlewit and Mary Graham.

To return to America. Martin and Mark leave New York for the "Valley of Eden," where they have bought land from an agent. When they get there they find that Eden is a desolate swamp; the air is fever-laden, and the few inhabitants are in the last stages of sickness. They realize that they have been tricked into buying waste land. Martin breaks down utterly and is incapable of doing anything. The next morning he appears to have a touch of fever. Mark thinks this is a good opportunity for him to be "jolly."

To return to England. Mr. Pecksniff defends Jonas's treatment of his father to old Martin, and tells him that Jonas is even now in the house. Martin wishes to see him. The party, ill at ease, dine together. Martin asks Tom Pinch to see him home to the "Blue Dragon." Jonas follows at a distance, and on Tom's return accuses him of currying favour. There is then a struggle, in which Jonas is hurt.

Old Martin begs Mercy to consider well before she marries Jonas.

[READ Chapter XXV. about Mrs. Gamp and her patient at "The Bull."]

During the absence of Jonas from his old home after his father's funeral, Mrs. Gamp is engaged to look after Mr. Chuffey. She is fetched away by Paul Sweedlepipe, the bird fancier and barber, in whose house she has her permanent lodging. On his way to bring her home Paul, or Poll, as he is often called, meets with Bailey, one-time "boots" at Todgers's, and he goes with him to Mr. Chuzzlewit's, Jonas's home. He is much surprised to learn from Mrs. Gamp that Jonas has married Mercy, and not Charity. The bride and bridegroom return home, and Mrs. Gamp and her escort leave.

Mr. Tigg Montague (formerly Montague Tigg) and David

Crimple (formerly a pawnbroker's assistant) float a bubble company—"The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Co." They appear to be in affluent circumstances, and take splendid offices in town. Bailey is Montague's servant, and attends to his cabriolet. Mr. Jobling, the same doctor who was called in to Anthony Chuzzlewit, is the medical officer of the Company. Jonas visits Montague at his offices, knowing nothing of who he is, and wishing to take out a policy on his wife's life. Montague reminds him of where they have met previously, and suggests that he shall join the company.

Jonas accepts an invitation to dine on the morrow. Montague tells Nadgett, a private inquiry agent, to shadow Jonas.

Jonas dines with Montague, and is much impressed by the evidences of wealth. Of course, Tigg and his friends wish to get his money into the business. Jonas is taken home drunk by Bailey. He abuses Mercy, and finally strikes her.

Mrs. Gamp comes to take the patient from "The Bull" into the country. John Westlock arrives, and learns that this patient, who is named Lewsome, and is a young doctor, has a secret to communicate. Lewsome promises to send a letter, as he is too weak to confess the secret. He drives away in the care of Mrs. Gamp. Mr. Nadgett watches the departure from the darkest corner of the coffee room.

Miss Charity Pecksniff quarrels with her father, and demands to be allowed to live at Todgers's. Old Martin Chuzzlewit now appears to be losing his faculties, and seems indifferent to everyone.

Pecksniff proposes to Mary Graham, but is refused. Charity leaves home the next morning, having written to Mrs. Todgers to ask her to meet the coach on its arrival in London. Mr. Pecksniff overhears a conversation in church between Mary and Tom Pinch, in which she tells him of all the arts which Pecksniff has used to curry favour with old Martin Chuzzlewit, and of his proposal to her, and Tom is at

last disillusioned with regard to his employer. On reaching home Mr. Pecksniff sends for him and dismisses him from his service. Tom spends that night at Salisbury.

Miss Charity reaches Todgers's, and soon afterwards becomes engaged to Mr. Moddle, the youngest lodger.

[READ Chapter XXXIII., telling of Martin and Mark in Eden, and of Martin's illness.]

They embark on *The Screw* for England, Mark taking a post as cook, and Martin's passage being paid by his wages. When they land in England they put up for the night at a small tavern in the town, and are astonished to see Mr. Pecksniff pass the window. On enquiring of the landlord they find that the foundation stone of a new grammar school is to be laid that day by the Member of Parliament for the town, and that Mr. Pecksniff is the architect. Much interested, they go to watch the ceremony, and Martin is enraged to find that the plans are in reality those which he himself had drawn during the short time that he was a pupil at Mr. Pecksniff's.

Tom Pinch decides to go to London. He first goes to see his friend, John Westlock, who insists on his staying with him, and then he sets out to visit his sister Ruth, who is a governess. Finding her unhappy, he takes her away from her position. Tom not liking to impose on John, takes lodgings in Islington, where he leaves Ruth while he goes to explain matters to Westlock; he then returns to her.

Mr. Nadgett keeps a strict watch on Jonas, reporting his discoveries to Montague. Jonas is forced to put money into the business, as Montague threatens to disclose certain ugly facts about him; he also promises to persuade Pecksniff to join.

Mr. Westlock visits Tom and Ruth, and brings news of a situation for Tom, in the service of a Mr. Fips, who is a stranger to both. Tom takes up his new position as librarian in deserted chambers in the Temple. He cannot find out his employer's name, for Mr. Fips is only the agent. Tom is asked to keep the place of his employment secret.

Ruth and Tom meet Mrs. Gamp while watching the steamers on the river. She is interested in the movements of a lady and gentleman just going abroad, the latter being muffled in a long cloak. Tom suddenly finds his landlord, none other than Nadgett, beside him, and is asked by him to take a letter to this gentleman, and finds him to be Jonas Chuzzlewit. On reading the letter Jonas returns, though obviously under compulsion and in fear; he is met by Montague, and they drive away together. That evening they and Mr. Bailey set out to travel by night to Salisbury to see Pecksniff, to persuade him to join the company. During the journey a fearful storm breaks, the coach is upset, Tigg is thrown out, and Jonas tries to drag the horses over his senseless body, but is prevented by the driver. Bailey is injured and apparently dying; and when Tigg recovers consciousness, he and Jonas set out to walk the three or four miles to Salisbury, the driver, on one of the horses, carrying Bailey.

Mark and Martin revisit the "Dragon" on the night of the storm. They ask for news of Mary. Mark takes a letter from Martin to his grandfather, but Mr. Pecksniff tears it across without delivering it. Martin visits the old man, who discharges his debt to Mr. Bevan, but refuses to be friendly, evidently under the influence of Pecksniff. Martin has the opportunity to see Mary alone for a few minutes after his grandfather and Mr. Pecksniff have left him.

As Martin and Mark are leaving the house they meet Jonas (though he is not known to them) approaching it. Mrs. Lupin informs them who he is when they reach the "Dragon," and tells them that he has a friend there also. They decide not to be seen by either of them. Jonas invites Mr. Pecksniff to dinner at the "Dragon" with him and Montague, and during the evening he is persuaded to join the company. After he leaves, Jonas announces his intention of returning home to London before Montague is ready to do so, as the latter has to meet Pecksniff at Salisbury to conclude the agreement.

Ruth and Tom dine with John Westlock, and John falls in love with Ruth.

Tom and Ruth set out to visit Todgers's, where they think they may find Mercy, but on the way meet Charity and Augustus, and go with them to see Mrs. Jonas at her home. Jonas returns, and blaming Tom for delivering the letter on the boat, threatens to brain him. The guests leave hurriedly, Jonas, feeling that Chuffey suspects him for the murder of his father, arranges for Mrs. Gamp to resume her watch over Chuffey, and then leaves the house at night, dressed as a country labourer.

He makes a long journey through the night partly by coach to the outskirts of Salisbury. At daybreak he leaves it and hides in the woods. He meets Montague Tigg and murders him, and then he returns to London.

Mark Tapley and Martin visit Tom Pinch and his sister, and Mark tells the news of his approaching marriage with Mrs. Lupin, hostess of the "Dragon." Tom then takes them on to see John Westlock, in the hope that he can help Martin to find employment. John has a visitor, to whom, after a time, he introduces Martin. This visitor is Mr. Lewsome, the young doctor, who was Mrs. Gamp's patient at the "Bull," and he now discloses the secret which he had then mentioned to John. He tells them of his connection with Jonas Chuzzlewit, and how, in payment of various gambling debts, he provided Jonas with certain drugs, which he feared Jonas had administered to his father and so caused his death. They decide to question Chuffey. Martin also writes to the trustees of the Grammar School, claiming the design, and charging Pecksniff with fraud.

[READ Chapter XLIX., telling of Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig.]

Martin accuses Tom of deserting him and betraying his friendship, but will explain nothing, and Tom is at a loss to know what he means. That day, when he is at work as usual cataloguing the books, old Martin Chuzzlewit arrives, and informs him that he is his employer.

Jonas keeps close watch on Chuffey. Mrs. Gamp arrives

and takes Chuffey into another room, and he is questioned by old Martin Chuzzlewit and John Westlock, who have come to the house with Mrs. Gamp. They then all return to the room where Jonas is sitting.

Jonas is accused of having poisoned his father, and he really thinks he has done so, but Chuffey tells them all that although Jonas actually got the poison and placed it ready for his father to take as medicine, old Antony had never taken it, as his suspicions had been aroused, and he had died from natural causes. Jonas is just beginning to think that he will escape any evil consequences now, when Nadgett, who has been tracking him all along, suddenly arrives on the scene with the police, and Jonas is arrested for the murder of Montague Tigg; but Jonas poisons himself on the way to prison.

[READ Chapter LII., in which the tables are turned upon Pecksniff.]

Ruth Pinch and John Westlock become engaged. Old Martin presents her with a set of jewels; he also gives a dinner to the young folks, at which Mr. Fips is present, and proves to be "a jolly old dog."

[READ Chapter LIV., giving the conclusion of the story.]

XXV.—Robert Browning (1812–1889).

- (1) Life of Browning. (*See* Biography.)
- (2) Through the Metidja to Abd-el-kadr.
- (3) The Pied Piper of Hamelin.
- (4) Boot and Saddle.

XXVI.—Charles Kingsley (1819–1875).

- (1) Life of Kingsley. (*See* Biography.)
- (2) POEM :—Ode to the North-East Wind.
- (3) PROSE :—Hereward the Wake.

OUTLINE.

There are many reasons why highland heroes are written about rather than lowland heroes, one being that the latter are fewer in number than the former, for the lowlands, being

the richest parts of a country, are generally the first conquered. Another reason is that the highlands afford a more romantic background.

This story is about a hero of the Fens. A resumé of the history of England between the times of Alfred and Harold is also given. The story is of the latter half of the eleventh century, and the hero is Hereward, second son of Earl Leofric and Lady Godiva. Ever since he was fifteen Hereward has been a wild unruly lad, commanding a troop of housecarles as wild as himself. When the story opens Hereward is eighteen, and the despair of his mother. On this day he has surpassed his previous wildness by robbing the steward of Peterborough monastery named Herluin, and rolling him in the mud. His mother sends word to his father, who is at the court of Edward the Confessor; and the result is that the boy is made an outlaw. He spends the night waiting for the return of his mother's messenger—Martin Lightfoot—at the monastery at Peterborough, where his uncle Brand is Prior, and the next morning goes north to seek his fortune. Martin Lightfoot follows him and becomes his servant.

[READ Chapter II., telling how Hereward slew the bear.]

Hereward sails with some merchants to Cornwall, and comes to the hall of a petty king, Alef. Here he finds a beautiful princess, the daughter of Alef, who is receiving apparently unwelcome attentions from a rough giant called Ironhook. The latter picks a quarrel with Hereward, and in the fight which follows, Hereward is victorious. The men-at-arms are angry with Hereward for slaying Ironhook, and he and Martin are shut up in the church, to be brought out for judgment the next day. In the night the princess comes and sets them free.

They then go to Ireland and take service under Ranald, King of Waterford. Hereward persuades his nephews, Siward the White and Siward the Red, whom he finds there, to join him. He sails once more to Cornwall with his nephews, and Sigtryg, son of Ranald, to whom the princess is betrothed.

They rescue the Cornish princess a second time, just after her marriage to a Welsh chief.

Hereward now wishes to see his mother, his father being dead. Ranald gives him two ships, and fifty men go with him. He sails round the north of Scotland, where one ship is lost, though the crew are saved, but later they are wrecked on the coast of Flanders. Here they are taken under the protection of Arnoul, quite a boy, the grandson of the Marquis of Flanders, and are lodged in the monastery of St. Bertin, where Arnoul is a pupil. Hereward, in order to prove to Baldwin, Marquis of Flanders, that he is willing to take service with him, fights against a Count of Guines and, after that, against the Frisians of Scaldmariland—"the land of the meres of the Scheldt."

Torfrida, the niece of the Abbot of St. Bertin, is very beautiful. Hereward, passing down the street on his return from defeating the Count of Guines, looks up and sees her, and loves her from that moment, and she, looking down, loves him also. At the tournament at Pons and Poitiers he wins her favour from the knight who wears it, and brings it back to her. She bids Hereward keep it; they plight their troth, and Torfrida gives Hereward a suit of armour, which is supposed to be enchanted; she exercises a great influence over him for good.

One evening at Bruges, where they go at the command of the marquis, and where Torfrida is made one of the bower maidens of Adela of France, the talk turns on a wonderful mare called Swallow, the property of one Dick Hammerhand. Hereward vows he can take this mare without any protecting armour, so he returns the magic armour to Torfrida that night, and the next morning goes in quest of Mare Swallow. [READ Chapter XIII., telling how Hereward won Mare Swallow.]

Hereward returns and marries Torfrida, and lives during the winter quietly at St. Omer. When the spring comes he goes again to the wars in Scaldmariland. He is away eight or nine months. When he returns Torfrida gives him news of the death of Edward the Confessor, the accession of

Harold, and the vow of William of Normandy to conquer England. She also tells him that both Harold and William have sent to ask him to join their side, and have promised him all honours. To Harold she has sent a flat refusal, knowing it would be his wish; to William, Hereward sends the more diplomatic answer that on the day when William is King of all England, Hereward will become his man.

In Bruges, Hereward meets Gilbert of Ghent, who is on his way to join William of Normandy. He receives news of Stamford Bridge and Hastings. England after the battle is now described. Earl Godwin's widow comes to St. Omer, and tries to persuade Hereward that he is the one man who can save England.

Hereward pays a visit to England; he goes to Bourne, his home, which has been given to one of Gilbert of Ghent's men, and clears out all the Frenchmen. Lady Godiva is taken to Crowland, an abbey not far from Peterborough, and Hereward is knighted by Wilton of Ely. He returns to Flanders for a time to wait for Sweyn of Denmark, a descendant of Canute, whom it is proposed to proclaim king of England. In the meantime the English in the north proclaim Edgar Atheling king. When the Danish fleet is visible from Holland, Hereward, with Torfrida and their little child, joins them, but Hereward is much annoyed to find that Sweyn has sent his brother to command the expedition. After attacking various places on the east coast without success, Hereward leaves the Danes and enters the Wash with his own men. He gathers an army, and meets that of the northern English under Waltheof, who take the Atheling for their king. Hereward refuses to acknowledge any but Sweyn, and takes his men back home for a time. Meanwhile the Danes land in the Humber, and joining Waltheof's men attack York; Archbishop Aldred of York dies of sorrow.

[READ Chapter XXV. describing the Conqueror's "Harrying of the North," and part of XXVI. telling of the sacking of Peterborough.]

After the sacking of Peterborough, Hereward marches with his knights to Bourne, and, taking Torfrida and the

child, goes to Ely, where he assumes command. Sweyn, with his followers and the English, holds a great meeting in the hall at Ely, and it is decided they can do no more; so the Danes return home.

When he hears that the Danes have gone, William sets out to attempt to capture Ely, which, at that time, was practically an island surrounded by bogs. They try first of all to make a bottom by driving in piles, but these will not hold, so that they make a floating bridge with long beams, and skins of cattle blown up to float them. When it comes to crossing, the French rush on in such numbers that the bridge breaks, and thousands are drowned in the river Ouse or in the slimy bogs. Before this, however, they succeed in fixing one ladder on the walls, and one knight succeeds in entering Ely. This knight Hereward keeps and entertains for a time, and then sends him back to the court. Hereward, determined to discover how events are moving among the French, crops his hair and beard and sets out on Marc Swallow disguised as a countryman. He buys pots from a potter he meets, and goes forward pretending to sell them. He comes to the cottage of an old witch, where he obtains shelter for the night, and while pretending to sleep overhears her talking to one of her cronies as to another attack on Ely which is projected by the Normans. From here, Hereward goes on to the very court itself. Here he gets to blows with the grooms of the kitchen, and is ordered by the king to be held a prisoner till his return from hunting. However "the Wake" escapes, and comes safely back to Ely. William again attempts to take Ely, but Torfrida advises Hereward to fire the reeds of the fens, with the result that many of the French are killed and the rest retire in disorder.

William sends word that Hereward shall be pardoned if he will come in, but his courtiers add to the message that Torfrida shall be given up on account of her witchcraft. The monks of Ely now turn traitor while Hereward is out foraging, hoping to receive the pardon of William. Torfrida escapes with the child and meets Hereward, and they watch

the sack of the town from a distance. They have to escape in boats. Hereward kills Mare Swallow, and they go and live in the Bruneswold as outlaws.

[READ Chapter XXXV., telling how Hereward captures Abbot Thorold, and sends to Ivo Taillebois for ransom.]

Hereward leaves Torfrida for a time, for he has been promised riches and pardon if he does so. Martin Lightfoot guides her to Crowland, where she becomes a nun. When Hereward returns repentant he goes to Crowland for her, but she refuses to return to him. Hereward breaks his sword, Brain-Biter, in an encounter with a knight in the forest, and then goes to the King and becomes his man.

Soon afterwards Torfrida confesses witchcraft, in order that the marriage may be annulled, and Hereward be free to marry Alfruda, the beautiful woman whom he saved from the bear when she was a child.

[READ Chapter XII., giving an account of Hereward's life under William's rule, and his death.

[READ Chapter XIII., telling how Deeping Fen was drained.]

XXVII.—John Ruskin (1819–1900).

- (1) Life of Ruskin. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The King of the Golden River.
- (3) The Crown of Wild Olive:—

Lecture on "Work," Section IV.—paragraphs 43 to the end of 50.

XXVIII.—George Eliot (1819–1880).

- (1) Life of George Eliot. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Readings from *The Mill on the Floss*:—
 - (a) Tom comes home, Chapter V., Book I.
 - (b) All over a Rat-Hunt, Chapter VI., Book I.
 - (c) The Flood, Chapter V., Book VII.

XXIX.—Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894).

- (1) Life of Stevenson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Black Arrow.

OUTLINE.

PROLOGUE.—Sir Daniel Brackley, who was fighting for the Lancastrians, being in need of reinforcements, sent to his home, Tunstall Moat House, for men to be sent to him under command of Bennett Hatch, one of his retainers. The men were being assembled, when a man, hidden from view in the forest, shot "old Appleyard," another of Sir Daniel's retainers, dead with a black arrow, and left word on the church door on a paper signed "John Amend-all," that the same vengeance for wrongs committed would be meted out to others, especially to Sir Daniel Brackley himself, Sir Oliver Oates the priest, and Bennett Hatch. Consequently a message of warning was sent to Sir Daniel by Sir Oliver, the messenger being Richard Shelton, Sir Daniel's ward, who was now put in command of the men, while Hatch took command of the garrison.

BOOK I.—When Dick Shelton arrived at Kettley, he found Sir Daniel, who had lately become the owner of the manor, engaged in extorting feudal dues from the tenants he had overawed. Sir Daniel's other ward, "Master John," who was at the inn with him, secretly asked Dick to direct him to Holywood, and escaped.

Meanwhile, Dick had gone home much against his will, for he wished to fight, and a messenger arrived from Lord Risingham, telling of the success of the outlying parts of the army, and asking for Sir Daniel's reinforcements which would make victory certain. It was when he was ready to set out that Sir Daniel discovered that his ward "John" was missing, and, greatly angered, confessed that the "boy" was a girl, named Joanna. He sent six men under one named Selden to re-capture her.

Dick overtook "John Matcham," as the girl called herself, and they journeyed together towards Holywood. On the way they had an adventure at the Ferry, and "John" saved Dick from drowning. Next they came to the ruins of Grimstone, a manor which had been destroyed by Bennett Hatch. Here the two watched a meeting of the company

of the Black Arrow under Ellis Duckworth, and found that, among others, they were going to avenge Dick's father, Sir Harry Shelton, who had been murdered. They also intended to ambush the six men who were in search of Matcham. Dick wished to warn these men, but "John" disagreed. However, Dick turned back to warn them, and his companion had no choice but to go with him, or go on alone. She chose the former, but they were too late to save Selden and his men. The outlaws saw them, and they fled for their lives, coming out on the high road where they saw the remnant of Risingham's company, and then knew that the Lancastrians had been defeated.

Taking to the woods again, they pushed on, but at last, too tired to go further, they lay down in a sandy pit and slept.

[READ Chapter VII.—The Hooded Face.]

BOOK II.—Dick now tried to find out who was responsible for his father's death. Sir Daniel and Sir Oliver both swore on oath that it was none of their doing, but the former was of opinion that Dick was in the way, and must be put to death. He was told to remove his belongings to a room above the chapel which was supposed to be haunted, and which had a trap door in it leading to the dungeons, but of this last Dick knew nothing.

While he was in the haunted room he was visited by "John Matcham," who disclosed her identity, and warned him of coming danger. While she was there, a man attempted to enter the room by the trap door, which showed its existence, but he withdrew on hearing a commotion in the castle. They both decided to escape through the trap door.

[READ Chapter IV.—The Passage.]

They both reached the brown room, and Sir Daniel's men rushing in, Joanna fainted, and Dick, knowing that no danger was to be feared for her, escaped by the moat, but was wounded. He was found by members of the Black Arrow band, which he afterwards joined; and Ellis Duckworth, the leader, promised to help him to rescue Joanna.

Dick sent a letter to Sir Daniel denouncing his treachery.

BOOK III.—After some months the Lancastrians were again in power, and Sir Daniel arranged a marriage between Lord Shoreby and Joanna, and he kept her a close prisoner in a house by the sea. Dick found out this place, and seeing other men on the watch around it, imagined that Lord Shoreby was attempting to carry her off by force. He, with his followers, some of the Black Arrow band, attacked them, and discovered that they were followers of Lord Foxham, Joanna's rightful guardian. In the skirmish Dick made Lord Foxham his prisoner, and demanded as his ransom that Joanna should be given to him in marriage. They then agreed to join forces in order to attempt to rescue her.

Dick and Lawless then stole a boat, "The Good Hope," and attempted a rescue. A sharp fight on the pier ensued in which Foxham was wounded. Dick undertook to deliver a message to Richard of Gloucester for him. On landing the two parties separated. Foxham's men carried their wounded leader to Holywood; Dick dismissed all his men but Lawless, and the two set out through the wood, reached Lawless's usual hiding-place, and then put on monks' dresses as a disguise.

[READ Book IV., Chapter II.—In Mine Enemies' House.]

From a letter taken from the dead spy's wallet, Dick found proof that Lord Shoreby was a traitor. He and Lawless fixed a paper signed "John Amend-All" to the dead man's clothes with a black arrow. Dick made his way to the chapel, hoping to escape, but was taken to Sir Oliver, and had no other course but to make himself known. He passed the night in the chapel, and the next morning Lawless joined him there.

Now the wedding ceremony was to take place. But just before it began Lord Shoreby was killed, and Sir Daniel wounded, both by Black Arrows, shot by men in a gallery of the chapel. Dick was blamed for this, and both he and Lawless would have been tortured by Sir Daniel but for the intervention of Lord Risingham, who took them as his

prisoners, and to whom Dick gave proofs of Brackley's treachery.

The two were allowed to leave Risingham's house, but Dick fell into the hands of the skipper of the "Good Hope"; and it was only by the promise of fortune that he managed to escape once more.

BOOK V.—Dick set out to meet Richard of Gloucester, and to deliver Lord Foxham's message. He was fortunate enough to bring help to the young Earl when it was sorely needed. Gloucester, ever superstitious, took a fancy to Dick because his name was the same as his own.

[READ Chapters II. and III.—The Battle of Shoreby.]

Dick found that after the battle Sir Daniel had escaped, and he asked Gloucester to supply him with the necessary men-at-arms to pursue him. Gloucester readily granted the request. Dick set out. Following what he supposed to be Sir Daniel's track, he found Lady Alicia Risingham, whose horse had been slain, and who was now in a fainting condition. Together they went on until they came to Sir Daniel's camp, where Dick saw Joanna. After a fight between the two companies, in which Hatch was killed, Dick found himself alone with Joanna and the Lady Alicia. They went to Holywood, where Richard of Gloucester was now being entertained by Lord Foxham, who received them as guests.

Next morning Dick, out early before the sun rose, met Sir Daniel in the disguise of a pilgrim going towards Holywood for sanctuary. Dick forbade him to go there, but told him he might take any other direction he wished, as he did not want to take his life on that morning, which was his wedding morn. As Sir Daniel went he was killed by a black arrow, shot by Ellis Duckworth. He had thus completed his revenge, and told Dick that the fellowship of the Black Arrow was now broken up.

Under the patronage of Lord Foxham, Dick, who was now Sir Richard Shelton, was married to Joanna in the chapel at Holywood, and from now "they dwelt apart from alarms in the green forest where their love began."

XXX.—Sir Henry J. Newbolt (*b.* 1862).

- (1) Life of Newbolt. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Admirals All.
- (3) Hawke.
- (4) Gillespie.
- (5) The Vigil.
- (6) The Best School of All.
- (7) Hymn: In the Time of War and Tumults.

XXXI.—Rudyard Kipling (*b.* 1865).

- (1) Life of Kipling. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Hymn before Action (*The Seven Seas*).
- (3) Recessional (*The Five Nations*).
- (4) The Ballad of East and West (*Barrack Room Ballads*).
- (5) The Thousandth Man (*Songs from Books*).
- (6) Prose: Kim.

[READ:—(a) Chapter I., telling of Kim's parentage, and his meeting with the lama; also of Mahbub Ali, the horse-dealer.
(b) Chapter VI., telling of Kim's arrival at the camp, and his interview with the native letter-writer.]

XXXII.—John Oxenham.

- (1) Some Account of Oxenham. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Pilgrim Way (*Bees in Amber*).
- (3) Nightfall (*Bees in Amber*).
- (4) Free Men of God (*Bees in Amber*).
- (5) Hymn for Men at the Front (*Bees in Amber*).
- (6) Alpha—Omega (*All's Well*).
- (7) A Meeting Place (*All's Well*).

EIGHTH YEAR.

I.—Geoffrey Chaucer (? 1340–1400).

- (1) Life of Chaucer. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. (*See Sixth Year.*)
- (3) The Clerk's Tale:—The Story of Griselda.

OUTLINE.

PROLOGUE.—The Host begged the quiet clerk of Oxford to put aside his thoughtfulness, and tell them a story. The clerk smiled, and answered that he would tell one he had learned from Francis Petrarch at Padua in Italy.

PART I.—Ruling over the fertile plain of Saluces in western Italy, near Mount Vesuvius, was the Marquis Walter. His pleasure lay in hunting and hawking rather than in affairs of state. He was unmarried, but some of his wisest people told him they wished him to take a wife. Walter was anxious to please his subjects, and said he would choose a wife, but they must respect whomsoever he chose. This they promised to do.

PART II.—In a village not far from the palace lived a poor old man named Janicula, whose worldly possessions were very small, but whose daughter Griselda was fair and virtuous. [READ lines 22-35, "But though this mayden tender were of age," describing Griselda's virtues.]

The Marquis Walter admired her industry, and thought she would make an ideal wife. So the wedding-day was fixed, but he told no one who the bride was to be.

On the wedding-day, the palace was decorated, the guests arrived, and the Marquis went in procession to the village. Griselda, hastening home from the well to be in time to see the bride and the procession, found the Marquis in his kingly robes, at her door.

When Janicula came, Walter asked permission to marry his daughter. The old man said that his lord's will was law; so the three talked the matter over privately, while the Marquis's followers marvelled at the neatness of the house, and Griselda's care in looking after it.

To prevent the maiden's mind being forced, Walter told Griselda to answer with a good heart "Yes" or "No," and not be afraid. If "Yes" was her answer, she must swear to obey him always, and never cross his wish by word or frown. She thought herself unworthy of the honour, but said "Yes," and swore to obey.

She was then presented to the people, who were exhorted to love and honour her. The court ladies dressed her from head to foot with fine garments and gave her a jewelled crown. The Marquis placed a ring on her finger, and then she was the fairest bride that ever was seen.

[READ lines 197-203, "And schortly forth this talë for to chase," showing how she adapted herself to her new surroundings, yet kept her innocent grace.]

PART III.—When a little girl was born to them, the height of their happiness was reached. Then the evil thought came into Walter's mind to test his wife, and see if she would keep the oath she had taken. He told her that the people were ashamed of her humble origin, and that for the good of the country he must deal with the child as he thought best. Griselda replied that she and the child were his, and he could do with them as he wished. Secretly satisfied he kept up the deception. A trusted sergeant or bailiff was sent to seize the child. As he snatched it from its cradle, Griselda begged to be allowed to kiss it farewell, and implored the man to bury the body where the birds and beasts could not harm it.

Walter was told all she had said, but he ordered the child to be taken to his sister, the Countess of Panik, in Bologna, with instructions that she was to rear it tenderly and well.

A subdued look on the face of Griselda was the only change Walter noticed.

PART IV.—When four years had passed, a son was born to the Marquis, and when the child was two years old he again tested his wife. He said that his subjects were discontented that a descendant of Janicula should one day rule, and so the boy must be put away. Griselda said that she would gladly die if that would please the people, for death was nothing in comparison to the loss of his love. Walter's face did not betray his secret gladness, and he sent the same sergeant to take the boy away. No answer was given to Griselda when she begged the man to lay the child safe from wild beasts. Like his sister, he was taken to Bologna.

The people believed the children had been murdered, and turned against Walter.

When his daughter was twelve years old, Walter procured false letters purporting to come from the Pope, commanding him to leave his wife and marry someone nearer his own rank. The people were deceived, but the loving Griselda made no complaint.

A messenger was sent to Bologna to the Earl of Panik, asking him to bring back the two children, but no one was to know who they were, and it was given out that later the little maid would become the wife of the Marquis of Saluces, as the Pope had given the Marquis permission to put Griselda away. [READ lines 169-175, "Arrayed was toward hir marriage," for description of the maid in marriage attire.]

PART V.—Then Walter told Griselda she must give up her place to another. She replied that she was willing to go, seeing that she was not worthy of the position, but she begged to be allowed to keep some gown to wear, and Walter commanded that she should keep the smock she had on. Griselda then went to her father's cottage, barefoot. Many of the people were angry with Walter for this cruel treatment of his wife.

PART VI.—When the cavalcade with the new Marchioness was about to arrive, Walter sent for Griselda to decorate the rooms, and superintend preparations.

[READ lines 37-42, "And with that word sche gan the hous to dighte."]

She went to the gates to greet the bride, and received the guests very courteously.

The Marquis led the two children to the banquet hall, and then called Griselda to ask her opinion of his proposed new wife. She answered him quietly with words of admiration for the maid, and wishes for their prosperity. Walter could keep up the pretence no longer. He embraced Griselda while she stood like one in a dream. She was told who the children were, and that Walter had only been testing her fidelity and courage all the time.

Once more she was arrayed as a queen, and placed at

the head of the table, and all the company delighted to do her honour.

II.—Edmund Spenser (1552–1599).

- (1) Life of Spenser. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Story of Sir Guyon, or Temperance. (*Faerie Queene*, Book II.).
- (3) Britomart. (*Faerie Queene*, Book III.).
- (4) Prothalamion—The Marriage Song.

III.—Lord Bacon (1561–1626).

- (1) Life of Francis Bacon. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) ESSAYS :—
 - (a) Revenge.
 - (b) Travel.
 - (c) Studies.

IV.—William Shakespeare (1564–1616).

- (1) Life of Shakespeare. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Selections from the Sonnets :—
 - (a) "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." (*Sonnet 29.*)
 - (b) "To me, fair friend, you never can be old," (*Sonnet 104.*)
 - (c) "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" (*Sonnet 18.*)
 - (d) "When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought," (*Sonnet 30.*)
- (3) A Midsummer Night's Dream.

OUTLINE.

Theseus, Duke of Athens, is about to marry Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons. While they are talking together, Egeus, an Athenian, enters and complains that his daughter Hermia has been bewitched by Lysander, and drawn away from her lover, Demetrius. Egeus desires the Duke to put into force the Athenian law, which compels a daughter to obey her father, or suffer death.

Duke Theseus tells Hermia that she must obey her father or retire to a nunnery. She decides to do the latter rather than marry Demetrius. But when the others have retired Lysander persuades Hermia to flee from Athens with him.

She tells her friend Helena, who is in love with Demetrius, what she is going to do. Helena tells Demetrius, and he decides to follow them.

Quince a carpenter, Snug a joiner, Bottom a weaver, Flute a bellowsmender, Snout a tinker, and Starveling a tailor, meet at Quince's house to assign parts for "The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby," which is to be played before Duke Theseus on the evening of his wedding day.

[READ Act II., Sc. i., lines 1-59.]

We are now introduced to Oberon and Titania, king and queen of the fairies, who have quarrelled about "a little changeling boy," whom Oberon wants for a page. Titania refuses to give him up, and Oberon employs Puck to help him to secure the boy. This mischievous sprite goes to find a flower called Love in Idleness, containing a particular kind of juice, which, if put on the eyelids of a sleeping person, will compel him or her to fall in love with the first thing seen on waking.

Helena and Demetrius enter the wood. Oberon, hearing Demetrius spurn Helena's love, determines to use the juice on him.

[READ the Fairies' Song in Act II., Sc. ii.]

When Puck returns with the flower, Oberon goes to find Titania, puts some of the juice on her eyelids while she sleeps, and sends Puck to find Demetrius and do the same to him.

Lysander and Hermia, tired of walking about in the wood, lie down on the grass and go to sleep. Puck sees them, and thinking Lysander is the man of whom Oberon had told him, he anoints his eyes with the juice.

Demetrius and Helena run by, and the latter, seeing Lysander, awakes him. He at once falls madly in love with Helena, as she is the first person he looks upon after waking.

He leaves Hermia asleep and follows Helena. Hermia awakes to find Lysander gone, and at once goes in search of him.

[READ Act III., Sc. i., where Puck, in a spirit of mischief, puts an ass's head on Bottom's shoulders, and where the Athenian workmen are preparing to rehearse their play of Pyramus and Thisbe; where Titania, whose eyes have also been anointed with the juice, awakes, and at once falls in love with Bottom, the first person she sees.]

While Puck is telling Oberon what he has done, Hermia and Demetrius come within hearing. Hermia believes that Demetrius has slain his rival, Lysander, and she leaves him in anger.

Oberon discovers that Puck has mistaken Lysander for Demetrius. So he sends Puck for Helena, and anoints the eyes of Demetrius, who is sleeping, ready for her appearing.

She comes with Lysander, and when Demetrius awakes he falls passionately in love with her. Helena refuses to believe what he says; she thinks that he, Lysander and Hermia, are befooling her.

Hermia enters, and she and Helena quarrel, and say many bitter things to each other. Demetrius and Lysander challenge each other to fight for Helena's hand.

Oberon, seeing that trouble is brewing, orders Puck to lure the men away from each other, and to anoint Lysander's eyes with another herb that will act as an antidote to the first one, and cause him to love Hermia again. Puck obeys.

[READ Act III., Sc. ii., lines 400 to the end.]

While Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia are lying asleep, Titania comes in with her hero, Bottom. They lie down to sleep. Oberon then proceeds to

“undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.”

At this point, Theseus, Hippolyta, and Egeus come to hunt in the wood.

The horns of the huntsmen wake Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia. Demetrius tells Theseus what has happened, and gives up all claim to Hermia. The Duke permits the marriage of Hermia with Lysander, and Helena with Demetrius, to be celebrated at the same time as his own marriage with Hippolyta, and bids them follow him to the temple.

[READ Act IV., Sc. ii., where the players are at Quince's house.]

When the wedding ceremony has been performed in the temple, the Athenians go through their comic performance of Pyramus and Thisbe.

[READ Act V., Sc. i., line 260. *Re-enter* Pyramus.

"Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny-beams ;"

to

"In nightly revels and new jollity."]

In order to celebrate the joyful occasion of these marriages, Oberon tells his followers to bless all three of the wedded couples, and Puck concludes the play by saying that if any are annoyed with it, thinking it impossible, they are merely to regard it as "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

V.—Ben Jonson (1573–1637).

- (1) Life of Jonson. (*See* Biography.)
- (2) "It is not growing like a tree." (*Pindaric Ode.*)
- (3) "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair." (*Cynthia's Revels.*)
- (4) "Drink to me only with thine eyes." (*The Forest.*)
- (5) On Shakespeare :—

"Soul of the age !

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise !"

VI.—John Milton (1608–1674).

- (1) Life of Milton. (*See* Biography.)
- (2) Lycidas.
- (3) Paradise Lost—Book I.

OUTLINE.

An appeal is made by Milton to the Heavenly Muse, who inspired Moses and the Prophets, to inspire him, so that he may be equal to his sublime subject.

Man, who had been placed in Paradise, disobeyed God ; for this he was driven out, and will remain out until redeemed by Christ.

He refers to Satan as the cause of Adam's fall, and tells what happened to him.

[READ lines 27, "Say first," to 81, "Beelzebub."]

Satan spoke to Beelzebub, deplored the latter's fallen state, and told him he neither repented nor intended to change. They had been defeated by a superior force, and he meant to await his opportunity of fighting again with more hope of success.

Beelzebub replied and praised Satan's valour, but bewailed the loss of heaven, and their present miserable state. He saw little hope of any improvement.

[READ Satan's reply, lines 157 to 191.]

Satan, a being of huge proportions, was lying at full length on the fiery flood. When he had finished speaking, he raised his head and looked around, then he stood upright, opened his wings, lifted himself out of the liquid fire, and sped away to firm land. Beelzebub followed him, and Satan spoke to him again.

[READ Satan's speech, lines 242 to 270.]

Beelzebub told Satan that when his followers heard his call, they would soon respond, and be ready to do his bidding.

Satan, carrying his "ponderous shield" and leaning on his mighty spear, moved towards the shore of the burning lake, and in clarion tones called to his legions, which lay stupefied and scattered about in countless thousands,—
"Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

They heard his voice, and half-dazed, they "sprung upon the wing," and like a dense cloud of locusts directed their course to the firm brimstone on which their leader stood. The chiefs gathered around him.

After the making of the world and the creation of man, these chiefs went under various names, and were worshipped throughout the heathen world.

First, *Moloch*, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.

He was the god of the Ammonites, and was represented

by a big graven image. Infants were placed in his arms, from which they rolled into a fiery furnace.

Next *Chemos*, the obscene dread of Moab's sons.

The Moabites worshipped him in fear and trembling.

Then came gods who went by the names of *Baalim* and *Ashtareth*. Baalim included all the horrible male deities worshipped by the Canaanites, who lived in Palestine near the coast. Ashtareth included all the female deities of the same region.

Then came *Ashtoroth*, the goddess of the moon, whom the Phœnicians called *Astarte*. She was the wife of Baal.

"*Thammuz* came next behind." He was a Syrian god, who had been killed by a wild boar, and was supposed to come to life again every year.

Dagon, the fish-god, was another. His image fell before the captured Ark at Ashdod (Azotus), and head and hands were broken off.

Rimmon, the god of the people of Damascus, came next. Then followed various Egyptian gods, *Osiris*, *Isis*, and *Orus*, representing bulls, cats, and dogs.

Belial came last, a beastly god, whose followers are
flown with insolence and wine.

There were other leading spirits, who represented lesser gods on earth, such as *Titan*, *Saturn*, and *Jove*, worshipped by the Greeks.

They all came crowding round their chief, but they looked downcast and helpless. Satan soon raised

Their fainting courage and dispelled their fears.

[READ lines 531 to 567, describing the army of fallen angels.]

Satan looked on his host with pride,

He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower.

His glory was dimmed, and his face bore the scars of battle. But his spirit was not quelled, and his eye flashed anger and revenge. He prepared to address the assembled host which now gathered round him in a semicircle. Three

times he tried to speak to them, but his feelings overcame him, and

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.

At last he spoke, praised them for their prowess, encouraged them to work against their enemy by fraud or guile, and told them of a new world that was going to be created and peopled with favourites of the Almighty. There they would be able to go and wreak their vengeance.

[READ lines 663 to 669 telling the effect of his speech.]

When Satan had finished, a body of fallen angels, led by Mammon, went to a volcanic hill, and dug out "ribs of gold." Others smelted it; others formed the moulds, and so very soon

" Out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

This was Pandemonium, Satan's great palace, where the chiefs were to sit in council.

[READ lines 752 to the end, describing the assembling of the infernal peers in Pandemonium.]

VII.—John Dryden (1631–1700).

- (1) Life of Dryden. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Alexander's Feast.

VIII.—Alexander Pope (1688–1744).

- (1) Life of Pope. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) "Vital spark of Heavenly Flame" (*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*)
- (3) Ode on Solitude :—
Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound.
- (4) Extract from the *Essay on Criticism* :—
From "A little learning is a dangerous thing,"
To "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."
- (5) Extract from the *Essay on Man* :—
From "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,"
To "His faithful dog shall bear him company."

IX.—Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784).

- (1) Life of Johnson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield.
- (3) Dryden and Pope compared. (*See Johnson's Life of Pope.*)
- (4) The Conquest of the Air. (*See Rasselas.*)

Among the artists that had been allured into the happy valley of labour for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, etc.

- (5) The Vanity of Human Wishes :—

(i.) Lines 99 to 118 (Wolsey).

(ii.) Lines 303 to 308 ("Year chases year," etc.).

- (6) A Song :—

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales.

- (7) An Evening Ode :—

Evening now from purple wings.

- (8) Winter. An Ode :—

No more the morn with tepid rays.

X.—James Boswell (1740–1795).

- (1) Life of Boswell. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) READ the following Extracts from Boswell's *Life of Johnson** :—

(i.) Chapter I.—Two incidents of Dr. Johnson's childhood days, beginning :—"I cannot omit" to "read it more than twice."

(ii.) Chapter II.—Incident recorded in a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds :—"One instance" to "spoken not a word." Also the one following, where Johnson met Hogarth at Mr. Richardson's house.

(iii.) Chapter V.—Boswell's introduction to Johnson at Mr. Davies's :—"At last on Monday, 16th May," to "any further attempts." Boswell visits Johnson at his chambers in the Temple, and gives a description of him, his habits and criticisms; also of Cibber, Gray, and Goldsmith.

(iv.) Chapter IX.—Johnson's comments on Goldsmith :—"On Wednesday, April 21st, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's" to "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur ISTIS."

* The Chapters quoted are from Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (abridged), in the Library of Standard Biographies, published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

- (v.) Chapter XX.—Letter to Boswell from London, December 7th, 1782.
 (vi.) Chapter XXIII.—Where Boswell is summarizing Johnson's characteristics. "The character of Samuel Johnson, has, I trust," to the end.

XI.—Thomas Gray (1716–1771).

- (1) Life of Gray. (*See Biography.*)
 (2) Odes :—
 (i.) On the Spring.
 (ii.) On the Death of a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.
 (iii.) On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

XII.—William Wordsworth (1770–1850).

- (1) Life of Wordsworth. (*See Biography.*)
 (2) "I heard a thousand blended notes."
 (3) Sonnets :—
 (i.) Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour.
 (ii.) Earth has not anything to show more fair.
 (iii.) It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.
 (4) Tintern Abbey :—
 Five years have passed.
 (5) She was a Phantom of Delight.
 (6) The Leech-Gatherer.
 (7) Lucy Poems :—
 (i.) Strange fits of passion have I known.
 (ii.) Three years she grew in sun and shower.
 (iii.) She dwelt among the untrodden ways.

XIII.—Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832).

- (1) Life of Scott. (*See Biography.*)
 (2) The Lady of the Lake.

OUTLINE.

CANTO I. THE CHASE :—

The poem opens with an invocation to the harp to wake and give once more to the world the beauty of its sound.

A hunt is in progress at the beginning of the story, and the noble stag leads the hunters so wild a chase, that, at the end, only one huntsman is left. The stag baffles even his

pursuit when he thinks victory certain, and his horse, wearied out, falls dead. He walks back, hoping to rejoin his companions.

[READ Stanza XI. "The western waves of ebbing day."]

The hunter comes to the shores of Loch Katrine, sounds his horn, and then he sees the little boat guided by "The Lady of the Lake" (Ellen Douglas). Ellen assures the hunter that he is expected in their Highland home on an island in the lake, for his coming has been foretold, and his appearance described by old Allan-bane, a minstrel. They come to the lodge on the lonely island.

After his welcome, the hunter discloses his name: "The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James," but he does not meet, nor is he told the name of, Ellen's father.

[READ Ellen's song in Stanza XXXI. :—

"Soldier, rest; thy warfare o'er."]

Fitz-James sleeps and dreams. Then he wakes, goes out into the moonlight, and wonders why everything reminds him of "The Douglas."

CANTO II. THE ISLAND :—

In the morning, to the accompaniment of a song of farewell from Allan, the knight is rowed to the mainland. This lonely home where Ellen lives is that of her kinsman Roderick Dhu, a rough and outlawed Highland chief who wishes to marry her. She sits talking to the minstrel and asks him what he thinks of their "stranger guest."

[READ Stanzas XV. to XXXVII., for Allan's prophecy, the quarrel between Roderick Dhu and Malcolm Graeme, and the departure of Graeme.]

CANTO III. THE GATHERING :—

Brian, the Hermit, is introduced to our notice, and then an account of the ceremony for the gathering of the clan is given.

A goat is laid before a kindled pile of brushwood, and is slowly bled to death. A cross is formed of two yew branches, scarred in the flame, and quenched in the blood. This cross is to be taken forth through the clan, and Brian curses those who shall fail to respond to the summons.

[READ Stanzas XI. to XVI. (inclusive).]

Malise, Roderick Dhu's henchman, comes to the house with the fiery cross, and since Duncan is dead, his eldest son takes on the cross.

Knowing that Roderick is raising his forces against the king, the Douglas, with his daughter Ellen, leaves the island and finds a retreat in a cell on the shore. Roderick lingers near the spot, and finally hears her singing. Then he goes to the place appointed for the muster of the clans.

CANTO IV. THE PROPHECY :—

Brian the hermit gives to Roderick this prophecy for the fight,

“Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife.”

Malise arrives with news of the enemy—that on the morrow they will be there for battle.

The Douglas leaves his daughter, telling her that if he does not return that evening, she is to go to the abbess at “Cambus-kenneth's fane.” Ellen suspects that he has gone to give himself up to the king.

Fitz-James arrives at her hiding place, and wishes to take her to Stirling, away from danger. She refuses to go, and he gives her the king's signet ring.

[READ Stanzas XII. to XVII. (inclusive), telling of his parting from Ellen, and his meeting with Blanche of Devon.]

Fitz-James vows to avenge Blanche, and later meets a Highlander who provides him with supper, and says that after they have slept, he will guide him beyond Roderick's men.

CANTO V. THE COMBAT :—

The next morning the Highlander sets out according to his promise. Their conversation turns on the crimes or otherwise of Roderick. The Highlander turns out to be none other than Roderick himself. He discloses himself after giving the signal to his men, who seem to spring up from the earth. At another signal they disappear, and then Roderick continues to guide Fitz-James.

[READ Stanzas XII. to XVII., describing the fight between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.]

Fitz-James then journeys to Stirling. He sees the Douglas in the distance, making his way to Stirling. As Douglas approaches the town he sees that the sports of the townspeople are about to be held, and conjectures that he will find the king there. We are next told of the sports, the deer hunt, of Lufra the deerhound, of Douglas's danger, how the king stops the sports, the riot, and how the crowd declares itself in favour of Douglas.

[READ Stanzas XXII. to XXX. (inclusive), describing these things.]

The Canto closes with the news of Roderick's muster, his men being brought to the king, and also news that the Earl of Mar is marching against them. King James sends word to Mar to desist, saying that both Roderick and Douglas are his prisoners.

CANTO VI. THE GUARDROOM:—

The soldiers are gathered round when Bertram of Ghent enters with the minstrel and maid (Allan and Ellen). Ellen is seeking an audience with the king, and shows Fitz-James's ring. Allan begs to see his lord. John of Brent complies with his request, and takes him into the prison. When he enters he finds, not the Douglas, but Roderick Dhu, who asks him to sing of the fight.

[READ Stanzas XV. to XXI., giving an account of the Battle of Beal'an Duine, and the death of Roderick.]

Allan sings a lament. Ellen, who is waiting in a room apart, hears a song, and recognizes the voice as that of Malcolm Graeme. Fitz-James comes into the room to conduct her to the king, and when she arrives at the audience chamber, she discovers that he is Scotland's king.

The king brings about the meeting between the Douglas and Ellen, and then tells her that Douglas is pardoned, and that Roderick is dead. This is followed by the meeting of Ellen and Graeme. The poem ends with a farewell to the harp.

[READ Stanzas XXVII. to the end.]

(3) Kenilworth.

OUTLINE.

The story opens in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Michael Lambourne arrives at the Black Bear Inn, Cumnor, near Oxford, which is kept by his uncle, Giles Gosling. He has been away since the last year of Queen Mary, having seen military service in the Low Countries, and travelled in the New World also.

A supper is given to Michael's old acquaintances, in honour of his return, and a reserved stranger, a Mr. Tressilian, staying at the Inn, is invited to join the company.

On enquiry, Michael Lambourne discovered that an old associate of his, Anthony Foster—or Tony Fire-the-Fagot, as he was nicknamed, from his former zeal against Protestants—was living at Cumnor Place, under the patronage of some nobleman at Court, and that he had in his charge a beautiful lady, about whom the people of Cumnor were very curious. Lambourne, in his swaggering way, made a bet that he would go up to the Hall on the following day, and force Foster to introduce him to the fair one; and Tressilian arranged to accompany him.

Accordingly, after breakfast next morning, the two set forth for the mansion. On arriving there, Lambourne knocked loudly, and told the servant who answered that he must see Foster instantly. They were admitted, and conducted into a barely-furnished parlour. After some time, Foster came, and, having something to say privately to his old acquaintance, took him into another room, leaving Tressilian to await their return. A few minutes later, Amy Robsart, the heroine of the story, a beautiful young lady of eighteen, entered the parlour. This was the very person in quest of whom Tressilian had come into that part of the country.

[READ the account of Tressilian's interview with Amy in Chapter IV.]

Tressilian called upon Amy, in her father's name, to follow him from that mansion. He seemed about to lay

hold upon her, so she screamed out. Foster and Lambourne then rushed into the room, and the former was much put about to find Amy Robsart with the stranger. Tressilian departed from the house, and walked through the grounds by a path which led him to a postern door, where he met one known to him as Richard Varney, whom he regarded as a deadly enemy, believing him to have deeply wronged the lady whom he loved.

A duel was fought ; Varney fell beneath his antagonist, and Tressilian was about to put an end to him, when Lambourne, whom Foster had sent to follow Tressilian, came up and stayed his hand. Tressilian threw two gold pieces to Lambourne for guiding him to Cumnor Place, and then he departed. Varney also gave money to Lambourne, bidding him follow Tressilian, and bring word of his movements.

While Foster was urging upon Amy Robsart the necessity of returning to her own apartment, Varney entered, bringing a letter and a pearl necklace from his master and patron, the Earl of Leicester, to whom the lady was secretly married. The Earl himself arrived some hours later in the course of the evening. Amy welcomed him with joyous affection ; and, during the conversation that followed, she begged of him to allow her to visit one of his castles as his acknowledged wife. He promised that she should do so before long ; but for the present, he said, such a public acknowledgment would mean his ruin.

The next day, the Earl told Varney, who was master of horse in his household, that he had almost decided to abandon Court life ; but Varney, with a selfish view to his own interests, dissuaded him.

At an early hour the Earl set out in disguise for Woodstock, the place where he was supposed to have passed the night.

Meantime, Varney went to the Black Bear Inn, and enlisted Michael Lambourne as a retainer in the service of the Earl ; after which they rode together to the mansion at Woodstock, where Leicester was staying.

After his encounter with Varney, Tressilian had returned to the Inn, and that night, when he was retired to rest, Giles Gosling came to his room to warn him that he was in danger from Lambourne, and advised his departure. Tressilian told the landlord how he was to have married Sir Hugh Robsart's daughter, but that Richard Varney came between them, inducing her to leave her father's house in Devonshire, and take up her abode at Cumnor Place. Giles promised to send him all the news he could regarding the people of that mansion; and then Tressilian departed under cover of the darkness.

Tressilian intended going to Marlborough, but made such slow progress that the morning found him only in the Vale of Whitehorse. His horse had dropped a forefoot shoe, and Tressilian, arriving at a little hamlet, enquired of one of the cottagers, an old dame known as Gammer Sludge, whether there was a blacksmith in the neighbourhood. Master Erasmus Holiday, a pedantic old pedagogue who was fond of larding his conversation with scraps of Latin, kept school at this dame's cottage; and Gammer Sludge called him forth to speak to the stranger. The pedagogue related how, some years ago, a quack and alchemist, named Doctor Doboobie, came to dwell in those parts, and, having practised for some time, mysteriously disappeared. He left behind his servant, Wayland Smith, who now carried on the trade of blacksmith, though under such circumstances that he was supposed to be in league with Satan. But Dickie Sludge, a droll and tricky urchin, who was the old dame's grandchild, was induced by the promise of a silver groat to guide Tressilian to Wayland Smith's forge.

The urchin led him to a certain spot on the neighbouring moor, where stood a ring of stones, and told him that he must tie his horse to one of these, put down his money on the flat stone in the middle, and, having whistled thrice, go and wait outside the circle; in two minutes, said the boy, he would hear the smith at work. Tressilian reluctantly complied; and then the sound of hammering was, in fact, heard. As

soon as it ceased, he rushed back into the circle, and confronted the blacksmith. At first, Wayland Smith menaced the stranger with his hammer, and vowed vengeance on Flibbertigibbet, as he called the boy, for having betrayed him. But presently he adopted a milder tone, having recognized Tressilian, whom he addressed by name. Wayland Smith then admitted the two, through a cunningly concealed trapdoor, into his underground chamber.

The blacksmith now informed Tressilian, that he had seen him some three years before, while performing as a juggler at the hall of a certain knight in Devonshire. In answer to a query put by Tressilian, he proceeded to tell the story of his life.

[READ this, as given, at the beginning of Chapter XL]

Wayland now entered the service of Tressilian, who, accompanied by his new attendant, resumed his journey. They had barely gone a mile when Wayland's late abode was blown up; this he judged to be Flibbertigibbet's handiwork, for the boy knew that a barrel of gunpowder was secreted in the vault. At the inn at Marlborough where they stopped to dine, they found it was the general belief that Satan had flown away with Wayland Smith that morning.

On the third day after Tressilian's leaving Cumnor, the travellers reached Didcote Hall, Sir Hugh Robsart's home, situated on the borders of Devonshire.

Deeply grieved by his daughter's conduct, Sir Hugh had sunk into a lethargy, and lost his interest in life; but Wayland, who had learnt something of medicine, prepared a draught which sent the old knight into a long and wholesome sleep. When he awoke he was much better, and he now gave Tressilian the necessary authority to go on his behalf to court, and try what could be done for the recovery of his daughter.

Whilst Tressilian was making preparations for his departure, a messenger named Stephens arrived from his kinsman, the Earl of Sussex, with a letter, urgently requesting him to come up to Sayes Court, near Deptford, which was

the Earl's residence ; for, as Tressilian learnt from the serving-man, his lordship was ill of a mysterious malady. Accordingly, Tressilian set off at once, attended by his man Wayland and by Stephens ; and they travelled as quickly as might be, to London. On arriving at the capital, Wayland, having undertaken to cure the Earl, purchased a number of drugs at various apothecaries' shops, and compounded these into a sovereign remedy against poison.

The travellers then set forward again, and were barely an hour in reaching Sayes Court. In the hall Tressilian met two gentlemen of the Earl's household, Nicholas Blount, who was his master of horse, and a young gallant of Devonshire family, named Walter Raleigh. From these he learnt how seriously ill the Earl was, and how unfavourable was the prospect for his followers.

Tressilian then saw the Earl, and persuaded him to allow Wayland to treat him. Wayland stipulated that no other physician should be permitted to interfere ; and this was agreed to. The Earl then drank the medicine which Wayland had prepared, and soon fell fast asleep, whilst none were allowed in the sickroom save the groom of the chamber, Tressilian, and the man of art.

Just as the morrow was first dawning, Dr. Masters, the Queen's own physician, arrived to attend the Earl. But Raleigh, who answered his knocking at the outward gate, refused to admit him, being anxious that the good effect of Wayland's potion should not be interfered with ; and, deeply offended, the physician returned to the palace at Greenwich.

When the Earl awoke, he found himself greatly improved in health and spirits ; and, after hearing about Dr. Masters, he sent Blount and Raleigh, together with another of his gentlemen, named Tracy, to convey his thanks to the Queen, and to explain why he had not availed himself of her physician's skill.

[READ the part of Chapter XV. which relates the incident of Raleigh's cloak, and his first interview with the Queen.]

When the Queen heard Raleigh's explanation of the refusal to admit Dr. Masters, she decided to pay the Earl a visit, instead of going into the city, as she originally purposed. Her call at Sayes Court, however, was a brief one; it came as a great surprise to the Earl, and it left him in doubt and apprehension.

As the outcome of this visit, both Leicester and Sussex were, shortly afterwards, summoned to attend court. When they came together into the Queen's presence, she commanded them to be friends with each other.

[READ, in Chapter XVI., how Elizabeth compelled the Earls to be reconciled.]

The Queen had already received, through the interest of the Earl of Sussex, Tressilian's supplication accusing Varney of the abduction of Amy Robsart. She now sent for both the accuser and the accused, who were in waiting outside the presence-chamber; and, on being closely questioned by the Queen, Varney avowed, so as to shield his patron, that Mistress Robsart was his wife. When asked if his servant spoke truth, Leicester replied that, to his certain knowledge, the lady in question was married.

The Queen then announced her intention of visiting Leicester at his Castle of Kenilworth, in the week following; and Varney was to bring his wife there that she might be forthcoming at the Queen's order. Sussex, with Tressilian in attendance, was bidden to accompany her Majesty on her journey thither.

The Earl of Leicester, having pledged his honour, though in purposely ambiguous words, for the truth of Varney's statement, saw that he must now put forth every endeavour, not only to preserve the Queen's favour, but to increase it beyond what it had ever been before; and he was so skilled in a courtier's arts that he succeeded.

It was vitally important to the interests of Leicester and of Richard Varney, that Amy Robsart should not appear at Kenilworth. Varney therefore directed his patron's astrologer, now known by the name of Alasco (but really Wayland's

old master, Dr. Doboobie), to go down to Cumnor Place, where, if necessary, he was to prepare a potion that would render Mistress Robsart slightly indisposed, and unwilling to remove from that mansion. Michael Lambourne was appointed to escort the astrologer; and they set off together early the next morning.

Meantime, Master Tressilian had dispatched Wayland to Cumnor to find out how things went on at the Place; and, disguised as a pedlar, this emissary put up at the Black Bear. When, in the course of the evening, Lambourne and Alasco arrived at the hostelry, Wayland recognized his former master, and withdrew from the company. On Giles Gosling's advice, he seized the opportunity of going up to Cumnor Place, whilst Lambourne remained drinking in the company of Master Anthony Foster, whom he had sent for to come and speak with him. Wayland induced the old woman servant who answered his knock, to admit him into the garden where the Countess (to give Amy Robsart her rightful title) and her maid Janet, daughter of old Anthony Foster, happened to be at that hour. Amongst other articles, he sold the lady a drug which he recommended as valuable in cases of melancholy.

The Countess took a dose of this remedy, and then withdrew into the house; whereupon Wayland informed Janet that her father would shortly arrive with an old man, whose presence meant mischief to her lady. He also warned Janet to see that the Countess made use of the drug which he had just sold to her, for it was a remedy against poison. Even as he spoke, Anthony Foster, Alasco, and Lambourne entered the garden, and Wayland hastily hid himself. Lambourne had been drinking heavily; and his ravings confirmed the suspicions which Wayland already entertained that some villainy was being plotted against the unfortunate lady.

At Varney's suggestion, the Earl gave him a letter for the Countess, entreating that she would consent to bear the name of Varney for a few days, during the revels at Kenilworth; with this, the master of horse rode post-haste to Cumnor Place.

When the contents of the letter were known to Amy Robsart, she was filled with a fury of passionate indignation. Thereupon Varney went to consult with Doctor Alasco ; and Amy Robsart, left alone with Janet, expressed her resolve to escape from Cumnor.

[READ the portion of Chapter XXII., beginning " At this moment Anthony Foster entered the apartment bearing in his hand a glass cup and a small flask," down to " she left the house."]

Her father's guilt being apparent, Janet now went out to find some means of escape for her lady ; and then Varney entered the room, and effected what Anthony Foster had failed in, compelling the Countess to drink of the wine which Alasco had drugged, so that she might become too indisposed to travel.

By the close of the evening, Janet returned, with news that a way of escape was open, and told her mistress that the potion she had drunk would not harm her, since she had taken the antidote beforehand. The Countess now disguised herself in a travelling dress of her maid's, and together they went to the postern gate, near which Wayland was waiting with his horse. The Countess mounted ; and, while Janet returned to the mansion, she set forth with Wayland, her purpose being to seek her husband at Kenilworth Castle.

On the way thither, they fell in with a company of masquers, who were going to take part in the Kenilworth revels ; among them were Master Holiday, the schoolmaster, and Dickie Sludge. The former " Flibbertigibbet " readily recognized his old associate in the newcomer ; and Wayland joined the company in the character of a juggler, at the same time representing that the Countess was his sister, and a rare musician.

On arriving at Kenilworth Castle, the Countess and her escort gained access to the outer court of this extensive edifice by the help of Dickie Sludge, who, in his cunning way, made friends with the gigantic warder at the gate. Wayland then addressed himself to one of the ushers of the Earl's household, and, with the Countess, was civilly conducted to

a guest-chamber in Mervyn's Tower. Here the lady wrote a note to the Earl of Leicester, and asked Wayland to deliver it. This he undertook to do ; but, on consideration, he judged it best to find out Master Tressilian first of all, and to let him know how matters stood. But Wayland did not find him ; for, in the earlier part of the day, he had gone with his patron, the Earl of Sussex, to meet the Queen at Warwick.

Tressilian, on his return to the Castle, retired to the apartment which had been assigned him ; by Wayland's contrivance, this was the very room to which the lady had been conducted, and, on entering, he was amazed to meet Amy Robsart. At her earnest entreaty, he promised to leave her conduct entirely to her own judgment during the next twenty-four hours ; and he resigned to her the use of his room for that time. On going into the outer yard of the Castle, he was accosted by Wayland, who communicated his news, and then, to his dismay, found that the lady's letter was not in his possession. He was returning to the Countess to inform her of this loss, when he was encountered by the bully Lambourne, who, with the help of Lawrence Staples, the upper-warder, turned him out of the Castle.

As for Master Tressilian, presently meeting with his friend, Walter Raleigh, he asked, and readily obtained, a share in the lodging assigned to the latter.

[READ the portion of Chapter XXX., beginning, "It was the twilight of a summer night (9th July, 1575)," descriptive of the Queen's entry into Kenilworth Castle.]

The Queen was conducted to the throne prepared for her in the hall of Kenilworth Castle, and she presently enquired for Varney's wife. Varney answered that she had been taken ill, and this made it quite impossible for her to come.

Varney now received the honour of knighthood, because of his services to the Earl of Leicester, and also to render him more acceptable to his supposed father-in-law, Sir Hugh Robsart. Then, at the instance of the Earl of Sussex, Nicholas Blount, his master of horse, was knighted ; and at

that of the Duchess of Rutland, speaking for the ladies of the court, Raleigh became Sir Walter. These ceremonies were followed by a magnificent banquet.

Early next morning, Lambourne gained admittance into the room where Amy Robsart was lodged, and behaved with his accustomed insolence. But Lawrence Staples came to the lady's aid ; and, while the men were struggling with each other, she escaped into the Pleasance, as the space of ornamental ground adjoining Mervyn's Tower was called. There she found refuge in a grotto, and sat down in its farthest recess. Shortly afterwards, as it chanced, the Queen herself came to the very same place.

[READ the portion of Chapter XXXIV., beginning, "It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column," and describing how Amy Robsart cast herself on the Queen's protection.]

Queen Elizabeth now took Amy to the place where the Earl, with the other lords and ladies of a hunting party, awaited their sovereign ; and she indignantly enquired if he knew this woman. For answer, he sank upon his knees. Furious that, as it seemed, he should have practised deception on her, the Queen ordered his arrest for high treason. Leicester was about to avow his marriage, when Varney came hurriedly upon the scene, and stated that the unfortunate lady, his wife, was afflicted with insanity, and had escaped from the safe-keeping of Master Anthony Foster, who, indeed, had just arrived to inform him of the fact. After this explanation, the Queen took Leicester to her favour again, and bade the hunting party ride forth. After having returned from the chase, Leicester, in disguise, went to see his Countess in the room to which the Queen had consigned her ; and he was so moved by her words, that he expressed his resolve to make an open acknowledgment of his marriage. But now, by a series of misrepresentations which bore the appearance of truth, Varney aroused his patron to a terrible pitch of anger with the Countess Amy, and jealousy of Tressilian. It was agreed between them that she must forfeit her life ; and

Varney received the Earl's signet-ring in proof of authority for taking measures to that end.

The report of the court physician, Dr. Masters, confirmed Varney's statement that his supposed wife was insane; and the Queen ordered that she should be taken home forthwith.

Shortly after midnight, when the evening's entertainment was over, the Earl sent for Varney to attend upon him. He was then informed that Sir Richard Varney had left an hour before, along with three other persons, one of whom was conveyed in a litter. The Earl instantly dispatched Michael Lambourne with a letter for Varney, bidding him to proceed no further in the matter of the Countess, but to return.

In the course of the previous evening, Leicester had made an appointment with Tressilian to meet him in the Pleasance, when the Queen had retired to rest. He now repaired thither, and met Tressilian, with whom, after some high words, he fought a duel. But they were interrupted by the approach of some yeomen of the Queen's guard, and parted with the mutual understanding that they should resume on the morrow.

Accordingly, next morning, the Earl rode with Tressilian to a quiet spot about a mile from the Castle. After some minutes fighting, Leicester got the better of his adversary, and was about to dispatch him, when the boy Dickon Sludge rushed upon the scene, seized the Earl by the arm, and besought that nobleman to read a letter which he had brought. This was the letter which his Countess had addressed to him from Tressilian's lodging, and which (as the boy presently confessed) Dickon Sludge had, in a spirit of mischief, purloined from Wayland. The letter proved to the Earl that his jealous rage was groundless; and he galloped back to the Castle, to make amends to the Countess Amy, by telling the Queen how matters really stood.

When Tressilian returned to the Castle, he was summoned into the presence of the Queen, whom he found greatly agitated, with Leicester on his knees before her. At the entreaty of her great and faithful minister, Lord Burleigh,

the Queen mastered her violent emotion, and interrogated, first Tressilian, and then the Earl. Having thus obtained possession of the facts, the Queen communicated the Earl's marriage to the court, and then sent Tressilian and Raleigh to fetch the Countess from Cumnor Place, and also to arrest Varney and his accomplice Alasco.

At a village about twelve miles from Kenilworth, the Queen's envoys found Lambourne on his deathbed ; he had been shot by Varney, after overtaking the latter with his lord's missive, the contents of which were entirely ignored by that cruel and crafty schemer.

On Varney's arrival at Cumnor Place, the night after he left Kenilworth, the Countess Amy was secured in Foster's private room. Just outside this room the miser had contrived a trap-door, which, though its supports were withdrawn, would remain apparently secure, until trodden upon. Varney's purpose was to lure the lady on to this trap-door, and cause her death.

[READ the portion of Chapter XLI., beginning, "On the next day, when evening approached," and narrating how Amy Robsart came by her end, and also what befell the other characters of the story.]

XIV.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834).

- (1) Life of Coleridge. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) *Kubla Khan.*
- (3) *Youth and Age.*

XV.—Charles Lamb (1775–1834).

- (1) Life of Lamb. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) *Poem : Hester.*
- (3) *Tales from Shakespeare : King Lear.*
- (4) *Essay : The Praise of Chimney Sweepers.*

XVI.—Lord Byron (1788–1824).

- (1) Life of Byron. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) *The Isles of Greece (Don Juan).*
- (3) *Childe Harold :—*
 - (i.) *Stanzas 1 to 4 (inclusive).*
 - (ii.) *Stanzas 26 to 29 (inclusive).*
 - (iii.) *Stanzas 137 to 145 (inclusive).*

XVII.—Percy B. Shelley (1792–1822).

- (1) Life of Shelley. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples :—
The sun is warm, the sky is clear.
- (3) To a Skylark :—
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit.
- (4) The Invitation :—
Best and brightest, come away.
- (5) Ode to the West Wind :—
O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being.

XVIII.—John Keats (1795–1821).

- (1) Life of Keats. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) La Belle Dame Sans Merci.
- (3) Ode on a Grecian Urn.
- (4) Ode to a Nightingale.

XIX.—Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881).

- (1) Life of Carlyle. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Heroes and Hero Worship :—
(i.) Oliver Cromwell, Lecture VI.
(ii.) Napoleon, Lecture VI.
- (3) The French Revolution :—
The Marseillaise, Part II., Book VI., Chapters II. and V.
- (4) Past and Present :—
(i.) The English, Book III., Chapter V.
(ii.) Labour, Book III., Chapter XI.

XX.—Lord Macaulay (1800–1859).

- (1) Life of Macaulay. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Ivory.
- (3) Lines Writtten in August (1847).
- (4) Battle of Lake Regillus.
- (5) Selections from the History :—
(i.) Highways and Highwaymen, Chapter III.
(ii.) The Battle of Sedgemoor, Chapter V.
(iii.) The Landing of William of Orange, Chapter VII.
(iv.) Glencoe, Chapter XIII.

XXI.—Lord Tennyson (1809–1892).

- (1) Life of Tennyson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) “Ring out, wild bells” (*In Memoriam*).
- (3) The Lady of Shalott.
- (4) The Passing of Arthur (*Idylls of the King*).
- (5) Crossing the Bar.

XXII.—William M. Thackeray (1811–1863).

- (1) Life of Thackeray. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Henry Esmond.

OUTLINE.**BOOK I.**

In the year 1643, Sir Francis Esmond, of Castlewood, in Hampshire, received an estate in Virginia for his services to Charles I. during the Civil War, and was also advanced to the rank of Viscount Castlewood of Shandon, in Ireland. This first Viscount of that name died a few months after, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, the second Viscount, whose only son, Eustace Esmond, fell at Worcester (1651).

Isabella, daughter of the second viscount, married her cousin, Thomas Esmond, who was now heir to the title. This marriage took place at the close of King Charles's reign. Shortly afterwards the second viscount died, and Thomas Esmond succeeded to the title. Through disappointments at Court, the Lady Isabella, who was the ruling power in the family, brought her husband down to Castlewood Hall, and they took up their abode there.

Some little time after, Lord Castlewood came back to London, and sent his lacquey, named Monsieur Blaise, to a cottage at Ealing, then a village near London, to fetch a boy who lived there with an old French Huguenot refugee named Pastoureau. The boy, who went by the name of Henry Thomas, had not been well treated by M. Pastoureau's young wife, and he was therefore glad to leave. With Blaise, the lacquey, came a gentleman in black; this was Father Holt,

chaplain to the viscount (for both Lady Castlewood and he were of the Roman Catholic faith). The boy, who was supposed to be the nobleman's godson, was taken to his lodgings near Covent Garden; and, after a day or two in London, they all travelled down to Castlewood. Little Henry (henceforth known as Henry Esmond) was installed as page of honour to the Lady Castlewood, and also placed under the tutorship of Father Holt, whose kindness made the boy greatly attached to him.

Lady Castlewood was at times very bad tempered, and caused Henry many unhappy days; even Lord Castlewood seemed afraid of her.

Meantime, important public events were happening, and the country was in commotion. On one occasion, shortly after the acquittal of the Seven Bishops (June 30th, 1688), the occupants of the Castlewood coach were hooted and assailed with carrots and potatoes by a "No Popery" mob at the neighbouring town of Hexton. Soon afterwards, Lord and Lady Castlewood went to London with Father Holt; and, while they were away, the kingdom was changing hands.

[READ the first part of Chapter V., relating Father Holt's secret return to Castlewood, and the burning of his papers.]

When the Prince of Orange, advancing upon London, arrived at Salisbury, Doctor Tusher, the rector of Castlewood Parish, went to pay his duty to that champion of Protestantism.

After an absence of more than six months, the lord and his lady returned home; but they were now, as one might say, prisoners in their own house, a guard of soldiers being kept in the village, and sentries posted on the greens. Father Holt, however, frequently came and went; and there was plainly some active, though secret, business going forward.

During William's absence in Ireland, a rising of James's adherents was planned to take place in various parts of this country—amongst others, at Newbury in Berkshire. The viscount and Father Holt, accompanied by two men-servants,

set out for this town ; but, before they reached the scene of action, they were informed that the Scots Greys, quartered at Newbury, and relied upon to declare for King James, had done so an hour too soon, and the affair was at an end. Father Holt sent back one of the servants with a note for Lady Castlewood, and another for Harry, bidding him burn the papers in the priest's secret cupboard. This was immediately done ; and then her ladyship ordered the coach to be got ready. When she was on the point of departure, a party of soldiers arrived.

[READ the first part of Chapter VI., telling of the search for treasonable papers by the officer in command of this party, and their eventual discovery, stuffed in her ladyship's pillow ; and also introducing a trooper called " Dick the Scholar," afterwards known to fame as Sir Richard Steele.]

The letters thus discovered at Castlewood House completely exonerated Colonel Francis Esmond from any share in the Jacobite conspiracy, and on the death of the Viscount, which took place in Ireland shortly after the Battle of the Boyne (July 1st, 1690), where he had been wounded, his cousin, the Colonel, succeeded to the title as fourth Viscount. In the course of 1691 he came to live at Castlewood with his young wife and two children, a little girl of four named Beatrix, and Frank, the heir of Castlewood, then two years old. Their kinsman, Henry Esmond, stayed there as a member of the family, and became deeply attached to Lady Castlewood, who was only some seven or eight years older than himself ; under her influence he gradually changed from the Roman Catholic faith in which Father Holt had brought him up, to that of the Church of England, to which his mistress belonged.

In 1694 small-pox broke out in the village of Castlewood, and Henry carried the contagion from the village inn to Castlewood House. Lady Castlewood, her little boy Frank, and Henry Esmond himself, fell ill of the disease, but recovered ; two of the servants, however, who were stricken with this scourge, then so frequently fatal, died from it. On the first alarm, Lord Castlewood took Beatrix away to his house at

Walcote near Winchester, and they did not return until all danger was over. The disease had unhappily marred Lady Castlewood's good looks, and with her beauty went her hold upon her husband's affections. Well aware of this unhappy fact, she now devoted herself to her children and their education; she improved her own accomplishments, that she might be better able to teach them; and Henry Esmond acted as house tutor to the family, his lady and her two children being his pupils.

When Esmond was in his seventeenth year, Lady Castlewood's aunt died, and left a legacy of £2,000 to be divided between herself and her five sisters. Henry's kind mistress used her portion in sending him to Cambridge, and maintaining him there; for she desired him to take orders. Doctor Tusher's son Tom, who had gone up to the University some months before, was likewise intended for the Church.

Lord Castlewood took Henry to Cambridge by way of London, and, whilst in the metropolis, they called upon the Dowager Viscountess, who had a house at Chelsea, then a pretty village near London. She was pleased to see Henry, and presented him with a purse of twenty guineas.

Whilst at Cambridge, Esmond spent his time in desultory reading, to the neglect of the regular academic studies; and, owing to a certain sensitiveness and natural melancholy, he lived mostly aloof from others. Among the very few friends that he did make, was a Mr. Moreau, a teacher of fencing, who was ostensibly a Protestant refugee from France, but whom rumour asserted to be a Jesuit, in disguise. At any rate, Henry became this old gentleman's favourite pupil.

His third long vacation arrived, the last he would have before taking orders; and he came as usual to Castlewood, to spend it with his patron's family. He found that Lord and Lady Castlewood now lived together more unhappily than ever. In fact, their estrangement from each other, and their differences, were now permanent; and even the children were involved, young Frank taking his mother's side, and Beatrix her father's.

Lord Castlewood had never taken the oath of allegiance to King William; and Lady Castlewood, who ruled her husband's opinions in this matter, was a confirmed Jacobite, although a devoted member of the Church of England.

In 1695, at the time of a wide-spread conspiracy against King William, Father Holt appeared again at Castlewood House, bringing with him a young gentleman who went by the name of Captain James, and who was treated with very great respect; years after, Esmond saw him again, but in quite a different character (the Duke of Berwick).

Among the visitors to Castlewood House was one Lord Mohun, a handsome man, of engaging manners; and Lord Castlewood became exceedingly friendly with him. At first Lady Castlewood did not like him, as being somewhat too free in his conversation; but he was so respectful in his manner to her that she began to take a friendly interest in him, and was hopeful of converting him from the gay life of the town, which he had led till now. But Henry Esmond knew the man's true character, and warned Lady Castlewood against his wiles, thereby making her very angry with himself, so that she reproached him with supposing evil designs where none were meant. Some idle words which Beatrix, a little time before, let fall in her girlish chatter, had, for the moment, made Lord Castlewood furiously jealous of Mohun; and though the two lords speedily became friends again, Henry Esmond perceived that suspicion was still lurking in his patron's mind. He, therefore, took the opportunity, when he was out for a drive with Mohun, of entreating him to leave Castlewood. In his temper at hearing this, Mohun lashed at his horses, which broke into a mad scamper; and the two men leapt out, with the result that Henry was stunned for a minute, and Mohun lay as if dead, having struck his head against a stone. By letting blood, however, Henry brought him back to consciousness; and they returned to Castlewood House. After resting a couple of days, Mohun was recovered, and went back to London. It was now the end of Henry's college vacation, and on the morning of October 11th, 1700,

Lord Castlewood set out with him for London. On arriving there, Henry learnt that his lord had made arrangements to meet Mohun in mortal combat, having discovered evidence that his false friend had attempted to carry on an intrigue with Lady Castlewood.

Lord Castlewood now sent for his friend, Colonel Westbury; and, together with Henry Esmond, they went to the Duke's Playhouse, where, by arrangement, they met with Lord Mohun and two friends of his. After seeing the play, they all betook themselves to a certain tavern in Charing Cross, and ordered a private room for their party. Over a game of cards, the two lords came to high words, or pretended to (for the whole procedure was merely to mask the real cause of their quarrel). An apology was asked for on Mohun's behalf, and refused. It was then agreed to meet forthwith in Leicester Field.

[READ the account of the duel in Chapter XIV., from the paragraph beginning, "At the bar of the tavern all the gentlemen stopped," to the end of the Chapter.]

BOOK II.

Before he died, Lord Castlewood had let Henry Esmond know that he was the true heir to the title and estate; but the young man resolved to keep the secret to himself, and let Lady Castlewood and her children retain possession of all that they now held.

Whilst Esmond lay at the Gatehouse prison, where he had given himself up, he was visited by Lady Castlewood, who, in the extremity of her sorrow, poured forth upbraiding as cruel as they were undeserved.

Esmond was, in due course, tried at Newgate for the part which he had taken in the affray, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

Lord Mohun, being tried by his peers, was found guilty of manslaughter; but, as he pleaded "benefit of clergy," no penalty was inflicted.

During Esmond's imprisonment, Dr. Tusher died; and

Lady Castlewood gave the living to his son Tom, though she had repeatedly, in past years, promised it to her poor kinsman.

On his release, Henry Esmond went to the Dowager Viscountess at Chelsea. This lady was, in reality, his step-mother,* being the widow of his father, Thomas, third Viscount, to whom, as he knew from the dying confession of his patron Francis, he was the lawful heir. He made her aware that he was now acquainted with this fact; and she not only supplied him with money, but procured him an ensigncy in Colonel Quinn's Irish Fusiliers.

[READ Chapter IV., "Recapitulations," narrating what Lord Castlewood's confession had disclosed to Henry Esmond.]

In July, 1702, Ensign Esmond was with his regiment on the way to Cadiz. A fleet of 150 vessels, under Admiral Shovell, carried 12,000 troops, with the Duke of Ormond in chief command of the expedition. New sights of sea and land, men and countries, were a relief, even a delight to Esmond, after his late unhappiness. He was present at the sacking of Port St. Mary, on the Bay of Cadiz, and took part in the subsequent expedition to Vigo Bay. When he returned in the autumn, the Dowager Viscountess received him very kindly, and did her best to advance his prospects, introducing him to people of influence at Court. But she had grown spiteful against the widowed Viscountess, who, she hinted, was likely to marry Tom Tusher, her new chaplain. The mere idea of such a marriage greatly disturbed Esmond, and forthwith he set off for Walcote, where, about a mile from Winchester, Lady Castlewood now resided with her son and daughter. He was rejoiced to find that the bitter estrangement between his beloved mistress and himself had come to an end, and he was given the heartiest welcome to Walcote House, where he arrived on December 29th, which was his birthday. The beauty of Beatrix transported him; since he last saw her, she had grown from a girl to a young woman of enrapturing loveliness. She was to begin her attendance

* Esmond calls her his "mother-in-law," which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was equivalent to "stepmother."

at Court, as a maid of honour, in the coming year; and her mother was anxious for her future welfare. Esmond learnt from the chatter of his young kinsman Francis that, though Beatrix was not yet sixteen, there had been some boy-and-girl lovemaking between her and the fifteen-year-old Lord Blandford, son and heir of the great Duke of Marlborough. This news occasioned Esmond some twinge of jealousy; and, feeling that it would be best for him to be gone, he returned to London on New Year's Day. Having been appointed aide-de-camp to General Lumley, Esmond went abroad again, took part in the siege of Boan (during which he received the news that the great Duke had lost his son by that dreadful scourge, small-pox), and then in the campaign which culminated at Blenheim (August, 1704).

[READ Chapter IX., from "After the great victory of Blenheim," to "Jack Lockwood came up and put an end to the scoundrel's triumph."]

Esmond came home and made the acquaintance of Major-General Webb, commander of a regiment of Fusiliers in which he had been gazetted to a lieutenancy. The Major-General, who was reputed to be the handsomest man in the army, and one of the bravest, was rancorous against the Duke under whom he served; and Esmond himself had little love for the great Captain-General. The young Viscount was now a lieutenant in the Duke of Ormond's regiment of Guards. Beatrix was attending upon the Queen, as one of the maids of honour; and Lady Castlewood had taken a house at Kensington, so as to be near the Court. The young lady was now a perfect paragon of beauty, and Esmond was deeply smitten by her charms.

[READ Chapter XI., the first part, relating how Captain Richard Steele, then gentleman-usher to Prince George (the consort of Queen Anne), introduced his friend Esmond to "the famous Mr. Joseph Addison."]

After an interval of town-life, Esmond went on active service again, with General Webb; and the young Viscount joined the army somewhat later, in the suite of the Duke of Marlborough. Viscount Castlewood first came under fire at the Battle of Ramillies (May 23rd, 1706), and, to Esmond's

great joy, came out of it unhurt; Esmond himself was promoted to a captaincy. In the winter his regiment was garrisoned in Brussels; and one day, in one of the churches of that city, he fell in with his old friend, Father Holt, now passing as Captain von Holtz, in the service of the Elector of Bavaria. During the next twelve months and more, before the Battle of Oudenarde (July, 1708), Esmond and Father Holt were often together; and he learnt from the priest how his mother was of that city, and how, very soon after their marriage, his father, Thomas Esmond, had deserted her. She had become a nun in one of the convents of Brussels; and Esmond now went to visit her grave in the convent cemetery.

At the battle of Oudenarde, the young viscount was wounded; and Captain Esmond acquitted himself with sufficient distinction to be recommended for promotion. In the September following, Major-General Webb won a brilliant victory, against overwhelming odds, at Wynendael (about twelve miles S.E. of Ostend); but the Duke very unfairly gave the credit of this engagement to a favourite of his, Major-General Cadogan, who had merely arrived at the close of the action.

Occasioned by the consequent ill-feeling between the Duke of Marlborough and Esmond's General, a duel was fought between Henry Esmond and Lord Mohun, who had joined the army just before Oudenarde; and the latter was badly wounded. Very soon after this affair, Esmond returned to London, in company with his General, by whose influence he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Henry Esmond was still deeply in love with his beautiful kinswoman, Beatrix, but he had no response from her quite worldly and ambitious heart. Early in the New Year (1709), there was a great gathering of company at Lady Castlewood's Kensington house—all of them belonging to the Tory party, excepting Captain Steele and his wife. General Webb was there, and his relative, the famous Mr. St. John (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke); also the Duke of Hamilton, of the

Scottish peerage, and Lord Ashburnham, an English nobleman of the Tory party. No great while after this assembly, Lord Ashburnham, who was a young man of twenty, proposed to Mistress Beatrix, and was accepted.

BOOK III.

When Esmond lost hope of ever winning Beatrix, he decided to leave the army, but he was persuaded by General Webb to join him on one more campaign, acting as his aide-de-camp and military secretary. He fought at Malplaquet (September 11th, 1709), without injury, but was seriously wounded at the subsequent siege of Mons. On getting better of the long and dangerous illness which ensued, Esmond quitted the army, about June, 1710, and returned to England. Before leaving Ostend he received a letter from the young Viscount, informing him that he had married the daughter of a certain Count de Wertheim, who held a position in the household of the Governor of the Netherlands, and requesting that the news might be broken gently to Lady Castlewood.

The Dowager Viscountess had died during Henry's absence, and had left him all her possessions. She had also told Lady Castlewood that Henry was the true heir to the title and estate. But he told his beloved mistress how his mind had been made up by his late lord's deathbed, and that he would never dispute the claim of the young Viscount; for which generosity she showed a gratitude that greatly moved him.

During Esmond's last absence abroad, the match between Beatrix and the young Lord Ashburnham was broken off, probably because of her capricious temper. She now became engaged to the renowned Scottish nobleman, the Duke of Hamilton, lately appointed Ambassador to Paris; and Esmond was to give the bride away at the wedding. But, in a quarrel which arose over a lawsuit, Lord Mohun, a connection of the Duke of Hamilton, by marriage, engaged that nobleman in a duel, the result of which was that Mohun was killed, and the Duke lay beside him, wounded; whereupon

Mohun's friend, Colonel Macartney, gave the Duke a mortal wound. Thus the matrimonial ambitions of Mistress Beatrix were again frustrated.

In the year following the Duke of Hamilton's death, Esmond was engaged, with other adherents of the Jacobite cause, in a scheme for securing the throne for the Prince known as the "Old Pretender." He was actuated in this by his desire to win the favourable regard of Beatrix, quite as much as by his loyalty to the House of Stuart.

In June, 1714, the Prince was brought to Lady Castlewood's house at Kensington, in the guise of a domestic in attendance on the young Viscount. On the morrow, the rôles were changed; the Prince passed as the Viscount, to whom he bore a certain resemblance, and the Viscount acted the part of his attendant. By the contrivance of his adherents at Court, the Prince was secretly presented to his sister, the Queen; and the expectation was that Queen Anne would designate him to her Council as heir to the throne. At the critical moment, however, when the Prince's friends were waiting to escort him to Kensington Palace, his Highness was missing. Infatuated with the beauty of Beatrix, he had followed her to Castlewood, whither her relatives had sent her. Esmond and the young Viscount fetched him back, and they arrived at Kensington on Sunday morning, August 1st, 1714, just in time to hear the proclamation of King George I.

Esmond now found it desirable to retire to Brussels; and there, being now quite cured of his vain love for Beatrix, he married Lady Castlewood. The Viscount Francis gave them possession of the Virginian estate, originally granted to the family by Charles I.; and there, on the banks of the Potomac, Henry Esmond and his wife made their home.

XXIII.—Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

- (1) Life of Dickens. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The School at Dotheboy's Hall (*Nicholas Nickleby*).
Chapters VII. and VIII.
- (3) Our Mutual Friend.

OUTLINE.

[READ Chapter I., giving a description of the rowing of Gaffer Hexam's boat with its gruesome burden.]

Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, a rich though uninteresting pair, are giving a dinner party. One of their guests is Mortimer Lightwood, a solicitor, who tells them of a man named Harmon, who amassed a fortune. His son was at school in Brussels when he heard that his sister had been disowned by his father for marrying a man of her own choice rather than of her father's. He came home, and his father turned him also from the house. Now the father is dead, and the son is to succeed to the fortune on condition that he marries a certain girl named in the will. Mortimer has just finished the story when a note is brought to him, saying that the son, who is his client, has been drowned.

Lightwood, with his friend Wrayburn, goes to the police station to view the body of the dead man found by Gaffer Hexam. A stranger appears on the same errand, and gives the name of Julius Handford. He seems very much upset at the sight of the dead body. The coroner's inquest is held, and then the Harmon murder becomes only a nine days' wonder.

[READ Chapter IV., where the Wilfer family is described. Mrs. Wilfer lets the front room to a lodger, named John Rokesmith (or Julius Handford).]

Silas Wegg is an old ballad monger and keeper of a fruit stall. Mr. Boffin, an old servant of Harmon's, who has inherited his wealth, now the son is dead, employs Wegg as a "literary man" to come and read to him.

Riderhood, a former partner of Hexam's, puts abroad rumours that the latter is responsible for Harmon's murder, with the consequence that Hexam is regarded with suspicion by all.

Charlie Hexam, son of Gaffer, is induced by his sister Lizzie to leave home, in order that he may get on well at school, and not be hampered by the suspicions cast on his father.

Mr. Boffin visits lawyers Lightwood and Wrayburn, and arranges that a reward of £10,000 be offered to the person giving information that leads to the discovery and conviction of the murderer of John Harmon.

[READ the latter part of Chapter VIII., where Mr. John Rokesmith wishes to attach himself to Mr. Boffin as his Secretary.]

Mrs. Boffin wishes to adopt an orphan, and she and her husband seek the help of the Rev. Frank and Mrs. Milvey. They also wish to make Bella Wilfer's life a little brighter, as they have inherited the money of the man she should have married, for she is the girl named in Harmon's will. With that intention they call on the Wilfers, asking Bella to come and visit them when they shall have moved into a larger house.

Mr. Mortimer Lightwood and Mr. Eugene Wrayburn dine and chat together in Mr. Lightwood's office, when they are interrupted by an ill-looking visitor.

[READ the account of the interview with Riderhood in Chapter XII.]

Lightwood and Wrayburn accompanied by Riderhood and a police inspector go to arrest Gaffer Hexam, but discover that he has been drowned. Wrayburn breaks the news to his daughter, Lizzie Hexam, in whom he has become interested.

Mr. Boffin decides to engage Rokesmith as his secretary, and to install Silas Wegg as caretaker in "Boffin's Bower," when they move into their new house. When they arrive there, Bella Wilfer takes up her residence with them for an indefinite period.

Charlie Hexam becomes a pupil teacher under Bradley Headstone.

[READ the description of the school in Chapter I. of Book II.]

Headstone is taken by Charlie to see his sister Lizzie, who now lives with a droll little cripple who calls herself Jenny Wren, and who is a dolls' dressmaker. Charlie tries to persuade Lizzie to leave Jenny Wren, but fails. Headstone falls in love with Lizzie, and when he and Charlie have left her, they meet Eugene Wrayburn, who is on his way to

see Lizzie. He wishes to provide a teacher for her and Jenny, and finally Lizzie agrees to his suggestion.

"Fascination" Fledgeby is a conceited fop who carries on a money-lending business without either his name or person appearing in it; all the business is done by Mr. Riah, a Jew.

[READ the latter part of Chapter V. telling of Fledgeby and the old Jew. Jenny Wren and Lizzie visit the Jew, who provides Jenny with material for dressing dolls.]

Headstone, accompanied by Charlie Hexam, visits Wrayburn to warn him that his attentions to Lizzie Hexam are known, and must cease. Mr. Wegg entertains a friend, Mr. Venus, at the Bower, and suggests that, if they search systematically through the premises, they may find something of value, or a clue to the Harmon murder.

Bella Wilfer visits her home. She quarrels with her mother and sister, and then goes on to the city to see her father. The two spend the afternoon together at Greenwich.

[READ the description of a day spent with her father, as given in the latter part of Chapter VIII.]

Johnny, the little orphan who was to be adopted by Mrs. Boffin, is taken ill; he is removed to the Children's Hospital, and dies there. Sloppy, a foundling adopted by Betty Higden, little Johnny's grandmother, is adopted in his place.

Headstone visits Lizzie to try to persuade her to give up the teacher whom Wrayburn has provided for her and Jenny, and to put herself under his tuition, but is unsuccessful.

John Rokesmith, disguised, visits Rogue Riderhood at Limehouse in order to obtain from him a written confession of Gaffer Hexam's innocence. Here the reader learns that Rokesmith is John Harmon.

[READ the story of John Harmon in Chapter XIII., Book II.]

Mrs. Boffin wishes to provide for Betty Higden, but all that the latter will accept is just sufficient to fit out a basket for herself with small wares, which she can sell while travelling about the country.

Bradley Headstone proposes to Lizzie and is refused. Shortly after Lizzie disappears, and Riah, the Jew, admits to his employer that he has helped her to find work in another part of the country, in order that she may hide herself from Wrayburn and from Headstone.

Riah and Jenny go to see Miss Potterson, a former friend of Lizzie's, in order to show her Riderhood's confession, which has been sent to her anonymously, of course by Rokesmith. While they are there, news is brought that a wherry has been run down by a steamer, and a man drowned. The man is Riderhood; but by means of artificial respiration he recovers.

Boffin now assumes the character of a miser, and ill-uses his secretary.

[READ the account of Silas Wegg and Mr. Venus in Chapters VI. and VII., Book III.]

Wegg discovers a later will of John Harmon's father, by which all the property goes to the Crown, and intends to use it to blackmail Boffin.

Betty Higden makes a pilgrimage to her old haunts, and is desperately anxious to keep off the "parish."

[READ the story of her death at the end of Chapter VIII., Book III.]

Lizzie Hexam is now among her kind friends, the Jews. Headstone, filled with bitter jealousy, and thinking Wrayburn knows of her whereabouts, follows him every evening. Going to the rooms of Lightwood and Wrayburn one evening, Headstone meets Riderhood, whose name he has heard before, and he asks him if he knows anything of Lizzie Hexam.

Venus says that he wishes to have nothing to do with the will which has been found, and informs Mr. Boffin of all that has happened at the Bower.

Mrs. Lammle, an acquaintance, takes it upon herself to tell Mr. Boffin of Rokesmith's proposal to Bella. He charges his secretary with it in a violent manner, and dismisses him. Bella, angry at what he suffers, also leaves the house and returns home.

Wegg informs Mr. Boffin of the discovery of the will, and demands that as hush-money, the property shall be

divided into three, one part to be paid to him, and one to Venus, while Mr. Boffin keeps the third.

Bella now marries John Rokesmith. Eugene Wrayburn finds out where Lizzie is working, follows her, and meets her by the river; but she begs him to leave her, and never return. He promises, and walks on along the river bank. Here he is attacked by Headstone, who has tracked him for days, and is dressed as Riderhood to throw suspicion on him. Wrayburn falls into the river, and is rescued by Lizzie.

[READ the latter part of Chapter VI., Book IV., describing this.]

After the struggle by the river, Headstone returns to the lock where Riderhood is now lock-keeper. After resting there a time he goes on towards his home. Riderhood follows him, sees him bathe and change into his usual garments, while he flings those he has taken off, made into a bundle, into the river. Riderhood fishes out this bundle and takes it back with him.

Jenny Wren's drunken father dies. She is sent for to the bedside of Eugene Wrayburn. Eugene's last wish is to marry Lizzie, and later the marriage ceremony is performed at the bedside.

Mr. Lightwood meets Rokesmith, and recognizes him as Mr. Julius Handford. A mysterious and dark time follows for Bella; but in spite of all appearances she keeps faith in her husband, who is under suspicion for the murder of John Harmon.

[READ Chapter XIII., Book IV., where his identity is disclosed, and Mr. Boffin becomes himself again; Chapter XIV., describing Silas Wegg's discomfiture; and Chapter XV., where Riderhood visits the school, and tries to blackmail Headstone.]

By Eugene Wrayburn's express wish, Bradley Headstone was not prosecuted. Through Lizzie's devotion, Eugene was gradually nursed back to life and health.

Society had a good deal to say about his marrying a riverside girl; but that did not prevent their living happily together, as did also Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon.

XXIV.—Robert Browning (1812–1859).

- (1) Life of Browning. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Incident of the French Camp.
- (3) Garden Fancies : The Flower's Name.
- (4) Meeting at Night.
- (5) The Laboratory.

XXV.—James A. Froude (1818–1894).

- (1) Life of Froude. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century :—
 - (i.) Lecture 2.—John Hawkins and the African Slave Trade, beginning, "The Hawkinses of Plymouth were a solid, middle-class Devonshire family" to the end.
 - (ii.) Lecture 4.—Drake's Voyage Round the World, beginning, "The best likeness of Drake that I know."
 - (iii.) Lecture 9.—Defeat of the Armada.

XXVI.—John Ruskin (1819–1900).

- (1) Life of Ruskin. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Sesame and Lilies.

For Boys :—Sesame ; Of King's Treasuries, Parts I., II., III., IV., dealing with literature, science, art, nature ; beginning, "I say first we have despised literature."

For Girls :—Lilies ; Of Queen's Gardens,

 - (i.) beginning, "We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the 'superiority' of one sex to the other" to "for those who else were homeless."
 - (ii.) beginning, "Have you ever considered what a deep undermeaning there lies," to the end of the lecture.

XXVII.—George Eliot (1819–1880).

- (1) Life of George Eliot. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Poyser Children (*Adam Bede*). Chapter XVIII.
- (3) Silas Marner.

OUTLINE.**PART I.**

Silas Marner was a linen-weaver, who lived alone in a stone cottage near the village of Raveloe in the Midlands. The sound of his loom attracted the village boys ; but they

scattered immediately Silas's head appeared in the doorway, as they had a dim idea that he would cast an evil spell upon them.

Silas had come to Raveloe about the commencement of the nineteenth century, fifteen years before the beginning of the story ; and during that time he made no friends and had no visitors. Before settling in Raveloe, Silas had lived in a north-country town, and there he had been a member of a religious body that called itself (from its meeting-place) the church assembling in Lantern Yard. His bosom friend was another member of the congregation, named William Dane. The senior deacon of this religious body was taken seriously ill, and at night some of the youngest members, Silas and William amongst them, stayed up with him in turns. The night the old man died, the bag of church money disappeared from the bureau by his bedside ; and the discovery of Silas's knife in the bureau pointed to him as the culprit. He was accordingly summoned to a meeting of enquiry.

[READ the account of the enquiry, and of his suspension from church membership, as related in the latter part of Chapter I.]

Soon after the meeting, Silas quietly, though in great affliction of spirit, left the town, and took up his abode at Raveloe. Here he made linen for the richer housewives of the district, and was usually paid for it in guineas, crowns, and half-crowns. He grew miserly, and eventually accumulated nearly three hundred pounds. He got to look withered and old, though, as yet, he was not quite forty ; and the village children were accustomed to speak of him as " Old Master Marner."

The chief person in Raveloe was Squire Cass, who lived at the Red House nearly opposite the parish church. The Osgoods were also important people of ancient lineage, but they owned only the farm they occupied, whereas Squire Cass had a tenant or two. The squire's wife had died long ago, and his two elder sons were turning out badly. Dunstan, commonly called Dunsey, the second son, was a drunken, idle, gambling good-for-nothing. Godfrey, the eldest, at this

time about twenty-five years of age, was an open-faced, good-natured young fellow, but was beginning to go in the same way as his brother.

It had been thought that he would make a match with Miss Nancy, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Lammeter, the well-to-do farmer who lived at the Warrens; but Godfrey's conduct had very much lessened his hopes of winning her.

[READ the account of Godfrey's interview with Dunsey, given in Chapter III.]

As a result of this interview, Dunstan set off the next morning on Wildfire, his brother's hunter, with the intention of selling him. When he met Bryce, the acquaintance to whom he hoped to dispose of the horse, he pretended that Wildfire was now his own, Godfrey having exchanged with him, and that he had already been offered a hundred and fifty guineas for the hunter. Bryce offered him one hundred and twenty, to be paid when the horse was delivered safe and sound at stables in the neighbouring market town of Batherley. Dunstan resolved to join in the hunt, before parting with him; but unhappily, in taking one of the fences, Wildfire was pierced through with a hedgestake, and killed. Dunstan then made his way homewards through the gathering mist of the late November afternoon, and the idea came to him that, as he had failed to raise the required sum of money by the sale of Wildfire, he would call at the miser's cottage, and obtain the loan of Marner's hoard. On arriving at the cottage, he found the door was unfastened, and walked in; Marner was not there.

[READ the account of what Dunstan did in the cottage, given in the closing paragraph of Chapter IV.]

Silas, who had been out to make a purchase necessary for the next morning's work, returned to the cottage two or three minutes after Dunstan Cass had left. He decided to count his guineas while his supper was cooking. When he found that the two leather bags containing his savings were gone, he uttered a wild scream of despair. He rushed to the village inn called the Rainbow to proclaim his loss, and to

obtain help in recovering his treasure. The village worthies were gathered there :—Mr. Snell, the landlord ; Lundy, the butcher ; Dowlas, the farrier ; the aged Mr. Macey, who was tailor and parish clerk ; Mr. Tookey, his deputy ; and Ben Winthrop, the wheelwright.

[READ the account of the conversation at the Inn (Chapter VI.), and of the arrival of Silas upon the scene (Chapter VII.).]

The next morning the robbery was the talk of the village. A travelling pedlar was suspected, but evidence was lacking. Godfrey Cass, like everybody else, was interested in the matter ; but, growing anxious about Wildfire, he set off in the afternoon towards Batherley, and was met by Mr. Bryce, who informed him of what had befallen the horse. He was therefore obliged, on the following day, to confess to his father that the hundred pounds of rent which the tenant Fowler was supposed to owe, had actually been paid to him, and that, owing to Dunsey's importunity, he had let his brother have the money. Squire Cass was very angry, told him he must alter his ways, and counselled him to propose to Miss Nancy Lammeter, and settle down to domestic life.

Weeks passed away ; Dunsey had not returned, nor had the robber been found. Marner's misfortune, had, however, brought him into kindlier relation with the village folk. One Sunday afternoon, for example, Mrs. Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife, a thoroughly good-hearted woman, brought him a present of some lard-cakes, and at the same time earnestly advised him not to treat Sunday as a working-day, but sometimes, at any rate, to attend church.

On the following New Year's Eve there was a great celebration of the season at Squire Cass's, and all the important people of Raveloe and the neighbouring parish were gathered in the White Parlour.

The young woman whom Godfrey had secretly married, and who lived with her baby girl in one of the alleys of Batherley, resolved to make herself known to this party, as an act of vengeance upon her husband, who refused to acknowledge their relationship. In a deplorable state of neglect and

misery, the result of her own slavery to drink and opium, she set out to tramp through the snow; and, at about seven o'clock that evening, she lay down, exhausted and drowsy with a draught of laudanum and with exposure to the cold, not far from Silas Marner's cottage. Her two-year-old child, who had been asleep in her arms, now woke up, and, seeing a beam of light, toddled towards it. At this moment, Silas was standing at his open door, fixed in one of those nervous seizures of catalepsy to which he had been subject since early manhood, and which rendered him, for the time being, rigid and unconscious. The child passed through the door, and presently fell asleep beside the fire. On regaining consciousness, Silas was amazed to find this fair little stranger. When she awoke with a cry, he took her on his knee, fed her and comforted her. He felt that the child was somehow a message out of his far-off life in that northern town which was his birthplace, and had been his home. Then, desirous of finding how she had come thither, he took her up in his arms, and, tracing her footmarks in the snow, came to the spot by the furze bushes where lay the mother, now half covered with snow.

[READ in Chapter XIII., how Silas, with the child in his arms, went to the Red House to fetch Dr. Kimble, who was one of the guests at the New Year's Eve party.]

Silas adopted the little child as his own, and his good friend and neighbour, Mrs. Dolly Winthrop, undertook to give him all the help and information he would need. By Mrs. Winthrop's advice, he took her to church, and had her christened Eppie, short for Hephzibah, which was his mother's name, and also his little sister's, who had died in infancy. She was his constant companion, and brought a new joy and interest into his hitherto lonely life. Godfrey Cass helped the old weaver with occasional gifts, but feared at present to manifest any particular personal interest in Marner's adopted child, though perfectly well aware that the little girl was his own daughter. The young squire was now much changed for the better, and more cheerful and hopeful, for the shadow of his malicious brother had ceased to darken his path.

PART II.

[READ in Chapter XVI. the account of the people coming out of church, one Sunday morning, sixteen years later.]

Silas had, bit by bit, told Mrs. Winthrop of his past history. In this history, he perceived the hand of an overruling Providence, chief among whose gifts was his devoted and beloved daughter by adoption. He told Eppie what he knew about her mother, and gave her the wedding ring which her mother had worn, and which he had taken great care of. Eppie was particularly desirous of having a bit of garden to their cottage; and Aaron, Mrs. Winthrop's son, who was in love with Eppie, readily undertook to make one for her.

[READ Chapter XVIII., relating the discovery of Dunsey's skeleton in the stone-pit into which he had fallen sixteen years before, and Godfrey's confession to Nancy of his first marriage.]

The same Sunday evening, Mr. Godfrey Cass, accompanied by his wife, went to Marner's cottage, and proposed that Eppie should come and live at the Red House, being treated in every way as if she were his daughter. Eppie thanked Mr. and Mrs. Cass, but said that she could not leave her father, Silas. Then Mr. Cass made known to them that she was actually his own daughter, and that he had the strongest of claims on her. Eppie's firm, though respectful answer was that, as long as he lived, she would cleave to him who had cared for her from the first, and that no one else could now be father to her. So Godfrey's purpose of making reparation was abandoned.

A few days afterwards, Silas and Eppie paid a visit to the town where he was born, in order to find out whether the robbery from the deacon's bureau had ever been cleared up. They found that both Lantern Yard and the Chapel were gone, and that a factory had long been built on the site, while nothing could be ascertained in regard to Silas's former associates.

[READ the conclusion, giving an account of Eppie's marriage with Aaron, and leaving her perfectly happy in her pretty home at the Stone-pits.]

XXVIII.—Matthew Arnold (1822-1888).

- (1) Life of Arnold. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) The Forsaken Merman.
- (3) Sohrab and Rustum.
- (4) Rugby Chapel.

XXIX.—Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909)

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| (1) Life of Swinburne. | } <i>Poems and Ballads.</i> (Second and Third Series.) |
| (2) A Wasted Vigil. | |
| (3) The Armada. | |
| (4) To the Seamew. | |
| (5) Neap Tide. | |
| (6) By the Wayside. | |

XXX.—Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894).

- (1) Life of Stevenson. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) Travels with a Donkey.

XXXI.—Sir Henry J. Newbolt (b. 1862).

- (1) Life of Newbolt. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) San Stefano.
- (3) The Quarter-Gunner's Yarn.
- (4) Admiral Blake.
- (5) Væ Victis.
- (6) Commemoration.
- (7) Fidèle's Grassy Tomb.

XXXII.—Rudyard Kipling (b. 1865).

- (1) Life of Kipling. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) A Song of the English (*The Seven Seas*).
- (3) L'Envoi (*The Seven Seas*).
- (4) If (*Songs from Books*).
- (5) The English Flag (*Barrack Room Ballads*).
- (6) The 'Eathen (*The Seven Seas*).

PROSE : Captains Courageous.

[READ Chapter I., telling how Harvey Cheyne, son of an American multi-millionaire, came to be on board the fishing boat *We're Here*, and of his interview with the skipper, Disko Troop.]

[READ Chapter IX., where Harvey Cheyne, senior, learns that his son is alive, how he and Mrs. Cheyne "hustle" to get to him, interview Disko Troop, and inspect the *We're Here*.]

XXXIII.—John Oxenham.

- (1) Life of Oxenham. (*See Biography.*)
- (2) New Year's Day—and Every Day (*Bees in Amber*).
- (1) The Gate (*Bees in Amber*).
- (4) Policeman X (*Bees in Amber*).
- (5) Epilogue 1914 (*All's Well*).
- (6) God's Crucible (*All's Well*).
- (7) Victory Day (*All's Well*).

PART III.

BIOGRAPHIES.

I.—Geoffrey Chaucer (1340 ?–1400).

“ Dan* Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
 Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still.”

TENNYSON.

Geoffrey Chaucer was a Londoner. When the Black Prince was winning his spurs at Crécy, Geoffrey was a bonny boy of six. His father's house was in Thames Street, near old London Bridge, and the boy spent many an hour watching the boats on the river, and the streams of traffic across the bridge. For in those days the Tower Bridge, Westminster Bridge, Lambeth Bridge, and others were not built; and though the population of London was very small compared with what it is to-day, all who came to London and wished to cross the river had to go over London Bridge, and so there was always to be seen a procession of vehicles, travellers, soldiers, workers, beggars, and pilgrims.

Many companies such as that described in the Prologue to his *Canterbury Tales* he must have seen crossing the Bridge in the days of his boyhood.

As a youth he seems to have been a page in the service of the wife of the Duke of Clarence. At the age of nineteen he took part in Edward III.'s French wars, and was taken prisoner in France, being afterwards ransomed; the King paying £16 towards the amount required for his release—a sum equal to about thirty times that amount of our money.

On his return he held a position at Court, and soon became known as a delightful teller of stories. He began to write poetry too, and John of Gaunt was one of his patrons.

* Equivalent to “master” (the old French *dan*, derived from Latin *dominus*, lord).

The King made him an esquire, and employed him on missions to foreign countries. In 1372 and 1378 he sent him to Italy. Here he had an opportunity of studying the great Italian poets—Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch—in their native language. In the earlier journey he met Petrarch at Padua. From him he heard the story of Griselda, and he refers to him by name in his Prologue to the Clerk's Tale.

It was about 1388 when Chaucer made his pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, so vividly described in his Tales. These are stories supposed to be told by the various individuals that made up the party; they give us a splendid representation of the social life of the fourteenth century. Caxton printed them in 1475, and again in 1483.

Twenty-nine persons make up Chaucer's party, and the journey from London to the shrine of St. Thomas, who was murdered on the steps of the cathedral altar in December, 1170, covers a distance of forty-six miles. Each pilgrim is mounted, and they all go along at an easy pace. But the journey is long, and to make it more enjoyable each one agrees to tell two tales on the outward journey and two more on the return; the one, who, in the opinion of the company, tells the best story, shall on their return have a supper given in his honour. Chaucer completed only twenty tales, but they are sufficient to give him immortal fame. Each story comes in quite a natural manner from each teller; they are delightful either to read, or to relate.

In his later years Chaucer's fortunes were considerably impoverished. He lost the lucrative appointments he had held, and though he obtained others and Richard II. granted him a pension, he seems to have been continually in debt. His fortunes revived when Henry IV. came to the throne, but he did not live long to enjoy the pension that was granted him. He died October 25th, 1400, and was buried in what is now called "Poets' Corner" in Westminster Abbey. Chaucer was blessed with a genial, happy disposition, and there was in him a vein of real humour, which comes to the

surface again and again in his admirable descriptions of men and women. He has always been regarded as our first great English poet. His contemporaries, and those who immediately succeeded him spoke in glowing terms of his abilities. Spenser calls him : " Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled." The *Canterbury Tales* is his best known work, and the only one suitable for bringing to the notice of school children.

II.—Edmund Spenser (? 1552–1599).

Edmund Spenser is the next great English poet after Chaucer, and he stands in sharp contrast to him. Spenser dwelt in a dream world which he peopled with beings created by his own imagination ; Chaucer kept to the solid earth, and peopled it with men and women as he knew them.

Spenser, like Chaucer, was born in London. He came of good family, and received his education at the Merchant Taylors' School and Cambridge University. Later he was brought under the notice of Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, who became his patrons. He went to live at Leicester House in the Strand, and became the family poet of the Earl, who was Queen Elizabeth's favourite.

Soon afterwards his first poem appeared. It was called *The Shepheard's Calendar*, and was dedicated to "Maister Philip Sidney." It consists of twelve pastoral poems, one for each month of the year, written in antique language, and not very interesting.

In 1580 he went to Ireland and apparently made Dublin his headquarters till 1588, when he took up his residence at Kilcolman, near Cork, in a forfeited castle of the Earls of Desmond. Here he remained for eighteen years, paying only two visits to England during that time, and being himself visited in 1589 by Sir Walter Raleigh.

It was during his residence in Ireland that he wrote the *Faerie Queene*. Raleigh persuaded him to come to Court, to bring with him the first three books he had completed, and show them to the Queen. He came. The Queen was delighted. She gave him a pension of £50 a year, and the

title of Poet Laureate. These books he published in 1589, and returned to Ireland in 1591.

In 1598 a rebellion broke out in that country, and Spenser's house among others was attacked and burnt to the ground, and one of his children perished in the flames. He and the other members of his family fled to Cork, and from there he was sent to England with a despatch containing a report of the rebellion. In the following year he died in poverty in London, but was buried in Westminster Abbey not far from Chaucer.

Apart from his poem *Epithalamion*, written to celebrate his marriage to Elizabeth Boyle, and considered to be "the most glorious love-song in the English Language," Spenser is chiefly famous for his wonderful creation, *The Faerie Queene*. It was to have consisted of twelve books, but only six were completed. The metre used by Spenser has been widely adopted by later poets, *e.g.*, by Burns in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and Byron in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and it is now usually spoken of as the "Spenserian stanza." It consists of nine lines, the last an Alexandrine, *i.e.*, being a line of twelve syllables. The lines rhyme thus, a, b, a, b, c, b, c, b, c. This should be pointed out to the children.

III.—Francis Bacon (1561–1626).

Francis Bacon, the younger son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was born in London in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Burleigh, the Queen's famous minister, was his uncle.

He was a precocious child, and greatly amused the Queen by his grave and mature answers to her questions. He matriculated at the age of twelve, and was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he stayed for two years. When he left he went to Paris with the British Ambassador, and for diplomatic purposes he invented some very intricate ciphers. He had to return home in 1579 owing to the death of his father. He was now in poor circumstances, and was compelled to do

something for a living. He returned to the study of law, which he had formerly given up in 1576 to join the British Embassy to France, and was called to the Bar in 1582.

At the age of twenty-three he became a Member of Parliament. Here he showed himself capable and eloquent. Ben Jonson says he had so delightful a style of speech that "the fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end."

He would probably have secured rapid advancement had he not had the misfortune to offend the Queen, who never really forgave him, in spite of his servile and grovelling apologies. The Earl of Essex took a liking to him, and helped him with money and influence. After the rebellion of Essex in 1601, Bacon repaid his benefactor by using his great learning and eloquence to prove that he was a traitor, and so sent him to the block. No man of worthy character, or one who had any sense of honour, could have done such a thing. Bacon defended his conduct on the ground that the claims of the State must always override those of personal friendship.

After the death of Elizabeth, Bacon's promotion was rapid, because he took care that the King's opinions were always his opinions, for he was a born opportunist. He also managed to keep on good terms with the King's favourite, Buckingham. He was knighted by James I. in 1603. He became in turn Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Chancellor. He was created Baron Verulam, and later Viscount St. Albans. But though Bacon was an intellectual giant, he was a moral weakling. In 1621 he was charged with corruption during his Chancellorship; he was found guilty, deprived of office, fined £40,000, and condemned to imprisonment in the Tower during the King's pleasure. He was imprisoned for a few days only, and the fine was commuted, but his public career was at an end. In 1626 he caught a chill while experimenting with snow as a meat preservative, and died soon afterwards. He was buried in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans.

At the time of his death he was £22,000 in debt, mainly owing to his extravagant living.

In literature he is best known by his *Essays*. The first edition contained ten only, and the second thirty-eight; the complete edition of 1625 contained fifty-eight essays. These essays are packed with deep thought mixed up with the counsels of Mr. Worldly Wiseman. They are written in impressive staccato style, and most of them need more than one reading, if their full import is to be intelligently grasped. His other leading works in English are *The Advancement of Learning*, a masterly piece of writing, which with additions he afterwards put into Latin, under the title of *De Augmentis Scientiarum*; and the *History of Henry VII.* *De Augmentis* is the first part of his unfinished *Instauratio Scientiarum*. His greatest work was the second part—*Novum Organum*; this was written in Latin and published in 1620. In it he laid the foundations of modern inductive logic.

Bacon was a man of unusual intellectual power, and in that direction he merits our admiration; but his moral sense was akin to that of Machiavelli. This was partly due to the fact that he was reared in an atmosphere of deceit and intrigue. He was cold and severe, without a spark of real poetry in his soul.

IV.—William Shakespeare (1564-1616).

Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire. His father, John Shakespeare, was a dealer in farm produce, and at the same time carried on the trade of a glover. He was evidently a prosperous business man, or he would not have been elected to the chief municipal honours of Stratford. His mother was Mary Arden, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Wilmcote, near Stratford; and on his death she came into possession of a house and small estate, called "Asbies."

William was the third child and eldest son of his parents. Two daughters had been born before him, but they both died in infancy. He was educated at the Stratford Free Grammar

School, where he acquired the rudiments of Latin, English, and Mathematics.

When William was about thirteen years old, his father's business began to decline, and he had to be taken from school and sent to work to increase the family income. What this work was is not known for certain. It is thought that he helped his father for a while and then went into a lawyer's office.

The next important event in Shakespeare's life, of which we are sure, is his marriage in 1582 to Ann Hathaway. Three years later he left Stratford and went to London to seek his fortune. It is generally believed that he went there with a travelling company of players, and in this way found employment in the London theatres. The first of these theatres had been erected only ten years before Shakespeare arrived in London, and all of them were very primitive structures in comparison with the theatres of to-day. What Shakespeare did during the first few years of his life in London we do not know. He undoubtedly had a hard struggle to get a living, and when his genius began to show itself, he had a good deal of opposition to face from other actors and playwrights who were jealous of him. As an actor he is known to have appeared in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, and to have played the part of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and *Adam* in *As You Like It*.

As an author, his first signed poem was *Venus and Adonis*, published in 1593. Before this he began altering and improving various old plays, such as *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI*. About this time he also wrote his sonnets, beautiful and interesting poems that have given rise to many theories.

His dramatic activity is usually divided into four periods. The following are representative plays of each period:— (1) *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard III.*, *King John*; (2) *Merchant of Venice*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Henry V.*; (3) *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*; (4) *Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*.

He was financially interested in the Globe and Blackfriars theatres, and altogether must have been in receipt of a good income. His ambition was to restore the family fortunes. In 1597 he purchased New Place, the finest house in Stratford. Five years later he bought more than a hundred acres of land in Old Stratford. Three years after that he bought a lease of tithes in several villages, which produced a considerable income. In 1611 he retired from the stage and settled in Stratford, and there the last five years of his life were spent as an honourable and prosperous gentleman. His father and mother lived with him till their death.

He died in 1616, and was buried in the chancel of Stratford Church.

On the stone that marks his grave is the famous inscription:—

“ Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

The wish expressed in this epitaph has been religiously observed.

Shakespeare is the greatest author in our literature, probably the greatest author in all literature. He could portray accurately all classes of people. He knew all the subtle workings of the human heart, and he had such a mastery over language that he could express his thoughts with skill and accuracy to the minutest detail. His famous portrait gallery will live on through the centuries, and afford delight to millions of people yet unborn.

Let us study his writings with reverence and care, for they are permanent possessions of priceless worth.

V.—Ben Jonson (1573–1637).

Ben Jonson was a Londoner. He was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Shakespeare was nine years of age. He was educated at Westminster School, and after leaving there he worked for a time as a bricklayer, helping his stepfather, who was in the building trade. But disliking this,

he joined the army and fought against the Spaniards in Flanders. On his return in 1592 he became an actor in a low class theatre at Clerkenwell, and in 1595 he began to write plays. His first play, *Every Man in His Humour*, by which he is best known, was produced first in 1596, and then in a revised form at the Globe Theatre in 1598; and Shakespeare was one of the players. *Cynthia's Revels* appeared in 1600, and *Volpone, or the Fox*, and *The Alchemist* followed at intervals after the accession of James I. Jonson also prepared a large number of masques for performance at Court, and from this work he derived a substantial income. Many beautiful songs are to be found in these masques.

About 1616 he was made poet-laureate. He died in 1637 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His grave is marked by a stone slab bearing the inscription "O Rare Ben Jonson."

He was a proud, domineering man, very confident of his own powers and learning, and not always generous in his opinions of others; but he always spoke very highly of his famous contemporary, Shakespeare. He had his good qualities as well as his bad ones, and by sheer force of intellect he had fought his way up the literary ladder, and finally reached the top.

VI.—Robert Herrick (1591–1674).

Robert Herrick was born in London. He was intended for a goldsmith like his father and his uncle; but as soon as he was able he went to Cambridge University, and afterwards became a clergyman.

Most of his poetry was written in middle life. As a lyric poet he stands very high; his songs are full of sweetness and beauty; those *To Blossoms* and *To Daffodils* clearly show his love of nature.

In 1647 he was driven from his parish of Dean Prior, near Totnes, in Devonshire, by supporters of the Parliament, and came to live in London. When Charles II. came to the throne in 1662, he returned to his old parish, where he

lived for the remainder of his life. He was buried there in 1674.

VII.—John Milton (1608–1674).

John Milton was born in London. His father was a well-to-do scrivener, with a taste for music and the arts. It was from him that John inherited his love for music.

At first he was educated privately, then he went to St. Paul's School, and later to Christ's College, Cambridge. When quite a child he developed an eager desire for study. It was a common thing for him to stay up reading till midnight, a habit which probably caused a weakness of the eyes that at the age of forty-four resulted in total blindness.

At the University he was nicknamed "The Lady" on account of his feminine ways and appearance; but he was highly respected for his integrity and for his great learning. He wrote a number of poems during the seven years he was at Cambridge, the finest of which was his ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, composed when he was only twenty-one.

His father now retired from business and went to live at Horton, near Windsor. When John left the University, he also went to Horton, and stayed there for five years. During that time he wrote the best of his short poems:—*L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. *L'Allegro* begins with morn and ends with night, and looks at things from the point of view of a person of cheerful disposition. *Il Penseroso*, begins with night and ends with morning, and looks at things from the point of view of a more serious-minded person. *Comus* is a masque written in blank verse and interspersed with some beautiful lyrics. *Lycidas* was written in memory of Milton's college friend, Edward King, who was shipwrecked and drowned in the Irish Sea.

In 1638 Milton made a tour of the most important places in Italy. At Florence he visited Galileo, the famous astronomer, who at that time was a prisoner of the Inquisition on account of his astronomical discoveries. He intended

to visit Greece, but owing to the serious aspect of public affairs at home, which later resulted in the Civil War, he returned to England, and at once ranged himself on the side of the Parliament.

For twenty years, from 1640 to 1660, he flung himself into political controversy, and his poetic muse was silent. He wrote some very fine prose during this period; his *Areopagitica*, a plea for the liberty of the press, being a work of splendid eloquence. His exertions during this stormy political time seriously affected his eyes, and he became totally blind in 1652.

When Charles II. came to the throne in 1660, Milton was allowed to retire into private life. He then turned his attention to the production of that great work planned many years before, and actually begun in 1658, and which he believed "the world would not willingly let die." In 1667 *Paradise Lost* was published. Four years later *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* were issued. In 1674 Milton died, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London.

Milton is a good second to Shakespeare among English poets. His *Paradise Lost* is the greatest epic in the language. Its theme is the Fall of Man, and it is treated with a grandeur and poetic eloquence aptly in keeping with its subject. Here the poet's genius and learning have full play, and difficult though the poem is, the older children in elementary schools should have some acquaintance with it, and then perhaps in future years, they may desire to know it more intimately.

VIII.—John Bunyan (1628–1688).

John Bunyan, born at Elstow, near Bedford, was the son of a humble tinker, yet he is one of our greatest English authors, and certainly the most famous writer on religious allegorical subjects that this country has produced. He was the representative prose writer of Puritanism, as Milton was its representative poet.

When his school days were over he seems to have got

into bad company, and later in life he reproached himself with having been a swearer and a Sabbath-breaker.

When quite a young man he entered the army of the Parliament, and was stationed at Newport Pagnell.

At an early age he married a woman who had a great influence over him for good. He gave up his bad ways and went regularly to church. At times he was very much troubled about the consequences of his former wickedness, but finally he obtained peace of mind, having joined a religious community, sometimes, though incorrectly, described as Baptists.

In 1655 he was asked by the members of the church to address their meetings. This led to his preaching in the villages round Bedford, and he was soon very powerful and popular. In 1660, when Charles II. came to the throne, Bunyan was sent to prison because he refused to give up preaching, and though treated very leniently, he was kept in Bedford gaol for twelve years. The Habeas Corpus Act was not passed till 1679, that is, seven years after his release.

In 1675 he was again imprisoned for six months, and it was during this time that he began to write his immortal and world-famous allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Bunyan says :—

As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted upon a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream.

In the first edition of the book which appeared in 1678, Bunyan tells us that this "Den" was the "Jail." Part of the book was probably written after he had been set free. Where Christian and Hopeful leave the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, the writer says he awoke from his dream. Then he slept and dreamed again, which seems to indicate that the remainder of the story was finished some time later. The second part was published in 1684.

The book has all the delightful charm of a fairy tale, while depicting the various pitfalls and weaknesses to which human beings are so liable. Its simple, homely language

and attractive style make it suitable for all classes of readers. Children must be introduced to the story only; perhaps, when they grow older, they will read it again for its deeper meaning.

On his release from prison in 1672, a chapel was built for Bunyan at Bedford, and crowds of people from far and near came to hear him. In 1688 he caught a severe cold when on a journey, the object of which was to bring about a reconciliation between a father and son who had quarrelled. The cold ended in fever, and he died a few days later at the age of sixty.

He was a man of generous, impulsive nature and powerful imagination. He had a vein of humour, and was an accurate and vivid portrayer of various types of men. His chief book has been more widely read than any other book except the Bible. It has been translated into eighty different languages and dialects.

Other works of his are, *Grace Abounding*, which is autobiographical, and the *Holy War*, an allegory of a war carried on by Satan (Diabolus) to capture the city of Mansoul.

IX.—John Dryden (1631–1700).

John Dryden was born at a village vicarage in Northamptonshire. He belonged to a good family, his grandfather, Sir Erasmus Dryden, being a baronet.

Little is known about John's early life. He was educated at Westminster School, and from there he passed to Cambridge University, where he remained for seven years.

When he was twenty-six he went to live in London with his cousin. Up to this time he had not shown much literary genius. In 1658 he wrote a good poem on the death of Oliver Cromwell, and when Charles II. became King, he eulogized him in his poem *Astræa Redux*. In later life, when James II. ascended the throne, Dryden also changed from an ardent Protestant to a devout Roman Catholic, so that people naturally looked upon him as a sort of Vicar of Bray.

Taken altogether Dryden may be considered the typical

writer of the Restoration Period. He plunged into writing the kind of drama that was in demand, and which paid best. It was often wretched stuff, and indecency frequently took the place of humour. This was probably the most lucrative period of Dryden's career, but as far as posterity was concerned, it was certainly the most barren.

In 1668 Dryden wrote his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*—a fine piece of prose in which he defended rhymed tragedies. He was also a very clever satirist, as may be seen from *Absalom and Achitophel*—a poem in which Charles II. is represented as David, Lord Shaftesbury as Achitophel, the Duke of Monmouth as Absalom, and the Duke of Buckingham as Zimri. In satire and declamatory poetry Dryden probably has no equal in our literature.

Another of his important poems is *Annus Mirabilis*, in which he commemorates the "wonderful year" 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London and of the Dutch War. In 1670 he became Poet Laureate. His poems best known to most people were written later in life:—*The Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, and *Alexander's Feast*, both of which consist of fine, vigorous verse.

Dryden died in 1700, and was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. Altogether he is considered to be the chief poet and prose writer of his time.

X.—Daniel Defoe (1661–1731).

Daniel Defoe was the son of a well-to-do butcher; he was born in London soon after Charles II.'s Restoration. His name at first was Foe. When he reached manhood he changed it to De Foe.

He was educated with the intention of being a Dissenting minister; but when the time came for decision, he became a trader instead of a minister.

For the period in which he lived he was a learned man, being well versed in languages, mathematics, and science. Like many other clever men of his time, he became a writer of political pamphlets. He was not a very truthful man.

Many statements he made about himself, and about things in general, have proved to be untrue, and this has made it difficult for students of literature to separate the wheat from the chaff in his writings.

He joined the army of William of Orange in its march on London, and when William came to the throne he wrote a poetical effusion entitled *The True-Born Englishman*, in which he eulogized William and denounced those who opposed him. This brought him for a time into royal favour. Two years later he published a very ironical pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. People failed to see that it was only irony, and it caused great offence. A notice was issued offering a reward for his capture, and this is how it describes him :

He is a middle-sized, spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown hair. He wears a wig, has a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth.

He was arrested, placed in the pillory, and afterwards imprisoned in Newgate for more than a year. Later he retired from public life and devoted himself to romance. Defoe was fifty-eight when *Robinson Crusoe* was published. This was the book that made him famous. Three years later his *Journal of the Plague Year* appeared. These are only two of the many works he wrote, and they are noted for their easy, flowing, picturesque style. His fictitious descriptions are so clear and minute that many people believed them to be either his personal experiences, or the true statements of an eye-witness. Especially is this so in his *Journal of the Plague Year*, though that scourge swept over London when Defoe was only four years old.

Robinson Crusoe was his masterpiece, and though two hundred years have passed since it was written, it comes as fresh as ever to each succeeding generation of school children. It was supposed to be founded on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailor, who lived for four years on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the west coast of South America.

It is an interesting exercise to ascertain from the children

what they would have done in the variety of circumstances in which Crusoe found himself.

The second part of *Robinson Crusoe* where the planters and others are introduced is not of equal interest.

Defoe died at the age of seventy.

XI.—Jonathan Swift (1667–1745).

Jonathan Swift was born at Dublin, but he belonged to an old Yorkshire family. At the age of six he went to Kilkenny Grammar School, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, when fourteen, but he was not a success there.

When he left the University he became private secretary to Sir William Temple, one of the chief statesmen of the time of William III., and he remained with him for nearly eleven years. Although he had a good position he was very dissatisfied. It hurt his pride to be dependent upon anybody, and especially upon a man like Temple, who always treated him with condescension.

He now took Holy Orders, and when Temple died in 1699, he went to Ireland as private chaplain to Lord Berkeley. Promotion came too slowly for him, and he plunged into the whirlpool of political controversy and pamphleteering. He was soon recognized as the most powerful and pungent writer of his time.

His first important work was *The Tale of a Tub* issued anonymously in 1704. Coarse in many parts of it, and bitterly satirical, yet it stamped him as a genius. In describing the adventures of Peter, Jack, and Martin, representing Roman Catholicism, Presbyterianism, and Episcopalianism, he clearly shows his leaning towards the English Church.

In 1710 finding himself not sufficiently rewarded by the Whigs, he transferred his services to the Tories, who welcomed him with shouts of gladness. For the next four years he was a power in the State. His patrons flattered him, and his opponents dreaded him; for his biting ridicule inflicted more torture than the cat-o'-nine-tails. He expected to be made a Bishop at least for the services he had rendered; but Queen

Anne did not like him, and he never got beyond being Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

The Whigs returned to power with the death of the Queen in 1714, and then Swift went back to Ireland, a gloomy, cynical, disgruntled man. Nothing could lift him from his slough of despond, and he gradually lapsed into insanity and died in 1745. He was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Gulliver's Travels, his best-known work, was issued in 1726. It was a great satire upon man in general, and was inspired by his hatred and contempt of the whole human race. Children must read selections from the book for the story, and the style; the deeper meaning in it can wait.

XII.—**Joseph Addison** (1672-1719).

XIII.—**Richard Steele** (1672-1729).

Joseph Addison, the son of a clergyman who afterwards became Dean of Lichfield Cathedral, was born in Wiltshire. He was educated at Charterhouse School in London, and at Oxford University. At the University he became a clever Latin scholar. He was very fond of Latin poetry, and took a delight in writing English verse in imitation of it. He sent some complimentary verses to Dryden, which delighted the poet, and led to Addison's introduction to an influential circle. He had intended to become a clergyman like his father, but he was persuaded to study and qualify himself for the Government diplomatic service. A pension of £300 a year was given to him to enable him to do this. He travelled in France and Italy from 1699 to 1703, and returned to England on the death of King William, as his pension was then stopped.

In 1704 he was asked to write a poem in celebration of Marlborough's great victory at Blenheim. He wrote *The Campaign*. It is not a great poem, but it contains a dramatic passage in which he likens Marlborough to a powerful, directing angel who "Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

The poem was received with enthusiasm; the Whig

ministry was strengthened by it, and Addison was appointed to a Commissionership at £200 a year. He became a Member of Parliament in 1708, and remained there for two years. He came into contact with Dick Steele, whose acquaintance he had made at the Charterhouse School, and from this time the careers of the two men became closely interwoven. For that reason an account of Steele is given here.

Sir Richard Steele, or Dick Steele, as he was usually named, was born in Dublin in the same year as Addison. He also was educated at the Charterhouse School, and it was there that he met Addison. But he disliked school. Just as Addison was at the top of his form, Steele was at the bottom, and he received many thrashings for his bad work and laziness. When he went to Oxford, he did not improve; and finally he ran away and enlisted in the Life Guards.

About the time that Addison was writing *The Campaign*, Steele left the army, and through the influence of friends was made Gazetteer, a position which brought him £255 a year, and a monopoly of official news. To make the best use of this monopoly he issued the *Tatler* in 1709. This was really the origin, not of our present newspaper press, but of the magazine. The *Tatler* appeared three times a week. It was intended to supply news, and a brief series of essays on various topics of interest.

Addison soon discovered that "Isaac Bickerstaff," the editor of the *Tatler*, was his old friend Dick Steele, and he hastened to lend him all the assistance in his power. The *Tatler* appeared regularly for nearly two years, and then Steele brought out the *Spectator*, which was issued daily. Steele was the chief contributor to the *Tatler*, and Addison to the *Spectator*. Addison's articles were the more delicate and refined in style; Steele's were the more original. Addison was a keen observer of men and manners; he had a command of language, a pleasing irony, and a power of delineation rarely equalled. Steele's essays are not so polished, but show more tenderness and sympathy. The De Coverley papers, written both by Steele and Addison, are the best known.

Addison rapidly moved up the social scale. He became one of the chief Secretaries of State, but soon resigned and received a pension of £1,500 a year. He died little more than a year later, at the early age of forty-seven, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Steele worked hard to secure the Hanoverian Succession, and as a reward for his services, he was knighted in 1715 by George I. After a period of financial trouble and sickness, he died in Wales in 1729.

Both Addison and Steele used all their talents to uphold purity and goodness at a period when these qualities were very much at a discount. What Dr. Johnson said of Addison is true also of Steele:—

He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed.

XIV.—**Alexander Pope** (1688–1744).

Alexander Pope was born in London. His father was a linen-draper who succeeded in business and acquired a fortune partly through that, and partly through marriage. He left London and went to live on a small estate near Windsor, which he had bought.

Alexander was a delicate child, deformed from birth, and given to peevishness. But he was quick and intelligent, and very fond of reading. His parents were Roman Catholics, and so he received his early education from a Roman Catholic priest, who taught him to read some of the Latin and Greek classics. He also went to school for a time, but for the most part his education was self-acquired. In addition to Latin and Greek, he learnt French and Italian, and he read very widely, being particularly fond of the poems of Speenser and Dryden.

He began to write poetry when he was twelve, but his first composition of note was the *Essay on Criticism* published in 1711, which called forth high praise from Addison and Dr. Johnson. Then followed *The Rape of the Lock*, which is considered the best mock-heroic poem in the language. It gives a very true picture of Society in the days of Queen Anne.

Pope spent a number of years in translating Homer's *Iliad*. It was a great financial success, and is, even to-day, the translation read by most people who do not know Greek.

In 1728 he published the *Dunciad*, a fiercely satirical poem, in which he savagely poured ridicule on those who had at some time or other offended him.

In 1733 his *Essay on Man* appeared. It was written in heroic couplets, a form of verse which Pope made perfect. Its philosophy is open to attack, but it is written in correct and masterly style.

From 1733 to 1739 he wrote a series of six satires, which he named—*Imitations of Horace*. These contain some of his finest and ripest work. Pope's poems have in them some striking lines that have entered into the very fibre of the language, e.g. :—

A little learning is a dang'rous thing.
(*Essay on Criticism*.)

To err is human, to forgive, divine.
(*Essay on Criticism*.)

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
(*Essay on Man*.)

Order is Heav'n's first law.
(*Essay on Man*.)

Pope died in 1744 and was buried in Twickenham Church.

He was a strange man, kind to his parents and particular friends, but cruelly offensive to anybody who had displeased him. He was conceited, and greedy of praise; but very angry at censure. He was ever ready to ridicule, but was most sensitive to attack upon himself.

His poetry was polished and exact in form, but almost devoid of sympathy and feeling, and far removed from nature. It is poetry of the town, and not of the country; but it reflects faithfully the age in which Pope lived.

XV.—**Dr. Samuel Johnson** (1709–1784).

XVI.—**James Boswell** (1740–1795).

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield in 1709. His father was a bookseller; he was also a strong Conservative,

and a staunch High Churchman. In these two things his son followed in his steps.

When Samuel was three years old he was taken to London, and was "touched" by Queen Anne for the King's Evil, but he was not cured.

He was a clever boy at school, and his strength of character, even at that time, made him a leader among his school-fellows.

When he left school he stayed at home for two years, spending his time in reading all sorts of books in his father's bookshop.

He entered Pembroke College, Oxford, but at the end of fourteen months he was obliged to leave, owing to family misfortunes, without taking his degree. His father died soon afterwards, and Samuel was compelled to earn his own living. At first he tried the work of a teacher, and took an appointment in a school at Market Bosworth. But he was a dismal failure, and so he turned his attention to literature.

In 1737 he and his friend David Garrick went to London. He had no money, and was obliged to turn his hand to anything that offered itself, and for a time he had a terrible struggle with poverty.

His first successful work was a poem entitled *London*. Some years later it was followed by a similar, but more powerful piece, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. His friend Garrick, who had become manager of Drury Lane Theatre, produced his tragedy *Irene* for him; but it was a failure.

In 1750 he brought out a bi-weekly periodical, which he named *The Rambler*. He wrote most of its contents himself, and continued its publication for two years. This was the period when he was fond of long and difficult words of Latin and Greek origin.

In 1759 his mother died, and he wrote *Rasselas*, an Eastern tale, during the evenings of one week in order to get money to pay the funeral expenses.

It was in 1747 that he began the work which made his name famous—the *English Dictionary*. It took him between

seven and eight years to complete it. It was published in 1755. Its definitions are brief, clear, and accurate. In recognition of his work, Oxford University gave him the degree of M.A., and later that of LL.D., and Dublin University gave him LL.D. ten years later.

When the book was published, Lord Chesterfield, who prior to that had considered Johnson beneath his notice, was now anxious to patronize such a great man. But Johnson rejected his patronage in one of the most famous letters in our language.

In recognition of his literary services, the Government, in 1762, granted him a pension of £300 a year. This enabled him to satisfy his craving for company and conversation.

In 1764 he founded the famous Literary Club, where he talked to his heart's content with Goldsmith, Gibbon, Burke, Reynolds, Boswell, and others.

A year later he went to live with a Mr. and Mrs. Thrale at their country house in Streatham. He stayed there for several years, and his host and hostess did all they could to make his life a happy one. Johnson spent his own money in helping a number of poor people, who without his aid would have been destitute. He never forgot the days when he was in poverty himself, and he had a very tender heart for those who were in a similar condition.

In 1765 he published an edition of Shakespeare, which contains an excellent preface to the plays. Between 1779 and 1781 he issued an edition of the English Poets in ten volumes under the title of *Lives of the Poets*. It contains a "life" of each poet, and a criticism of his work. Fifty-two poets were dealt with, and the work contains some masterly sketches of life and character.

In 1784 he died at his house in Bolt Court, mourned by a large circle of friends and admirers. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. The members of the Literary Club also erected a monument to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. There is a statue of him at Lichfield, and another at Uttoxeter, where his father had a book-stall.

Johnson fought his own way up the ladder of fame, and at last came to be considered the leading literary man of his time. He was honest, honourable, and courageous ; proud, yet humble ; gruff, yet tender-hearted and kind ; a man of strong convictions and sound common-sense ; undoubtedly the most prominent literary figure of the eighteenth century.

[The biography of Boswell is placed here because of his intimate connection with Dr. Johnson.]

James Boswell, familiarly known as "Bozzy," was born in Edinburgh, his father owning an estate at Auchinleck, Ayrshire. He was educated first at the High School, and then at the University of Edinburgh. In 1763 he was introduced to Dr. Johnson, and for the next twenty-one years there was a close intimacy between the two men.

Boswell was a strange mixture. Lord Brougham speaks of "his admirably good humour, his strict love of truth, his high and generous principle." Lord Macaulay says he was "servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot." A true estimate of his character lies somewhere between these two statements. He was certainly addicted to drink, and often played the fool ; but he must have been affable and sociable, and a lover of literature, or the men with whom he associated could not have tolerated him. His *Life of Johnson* shows that he was a keen observer, a fine raconteur, and a great writer ; for this biography is certainly the finest work of its kind in the language. It was published in 1791, seven years after Johnson's death, and just twenty-eight years after Boswell's first introduction to him. He had already issued his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* five years earlier. This gave an account of a famous journey that he and Johnson had made to the western isles of Scotland thirteen years before.

Towards the end of his life Boswell's health gave way, his drinking habits grew worse, and he finally succumbed at the comparatively early age of fifty-five.

XVII.—Thomas Gray (1716–1771).

Thomas Gray was born in London. His father, who was a scrivener and stockbroker, was a bad-tempered man, and treated his wife so unkindly that she had to leave him.

Thomas was educated at Eton, where his mother's brother was an assistant master, and at Cambridge University. He then travelled in France and Italy for two years, along with Horace Walpole. On his return he went to Cambridge again, and studied Natural Science and the Classics. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at his own University.

He was an able and learned man, but too indolent to accomplish much. He fussed about with trifling things, and tried to make himself believe that he was a hard worker.

He wrote very little, but that little was excellent. His most famous poem, the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*—the churchyard was at Stoke Poges, near Eton—has been enjoyed by people of every generation from that day to this. When General Wolfe was sailing along the St. Lawrence to attack Quebec he recited it to his officers, and declared that he would rather have written that poem than take Quebec.

Three years earlier he had written his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*. Later he wrote some Pindaric Odes, the best known of which is *The Bard*.

He died at Cambridge in 1771 after a brief illness, and was buried in the churchyard at Stoke Poges, about which he had written so beautifully.

XVIII.—Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774).

Oliver Goldsmith, the son of a poor, kind-hearted Irish clergyman, was born at the lonely village of Pallas, or Pallasmore, in County Longford, Ireland. Two years later the family moved to Lissoy, an old-world Irish village a few miles from Pallas, and in County Meath. It was in the parish of Kilkenny West, of which his father was now rector. Seventy acres of land were attached to the parsonage house, and with

this land the poor clergyman tried to increase his small income so as to bring up his seven children respectably. His son speaks very reverently of him in *The Deserted Village*.

Oliver was sent to the village school, but he proved to be a very dull pupil. The schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, better known as Paddy Byrne, was an old non-commissioned officer, who had served under the Duke of Marlborough. Goldsmith gives a description of him in *The Deserted Village*, beginning—

A man severe he was, and stern to view.

Oliver attended several other schools in the district till he was about fifteen years old. When quite a little boy he had a severe attack of small-pox which very much disfigured him. This was one reason why he was usually the butt of his school-fellows; the thoughtless ones were often ridiculing him and playing jokes upon him. One instance that occurred out of school may serve to show that he was not as simple as he looked.

He was at his uncle's house, and was dancing to the violin-playing of a Mr. Cumming. The musician was so struck with Oliver's comical appearance that he had to stop playing, and burst out laughing. He said the boy was like ugly Æsop. Oliver, who was then only about eleven years of age, replied with this couplet:—

Our herald hath proclaimed this saying:
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing.

Just before he was sixteen he went to Trinity College, Dublin. His life there was not much happier than it had been at school.

When he left the University his relatives wished him to become a clergyman, but the Bishop refused to ordain him. He then went to Edinburgh and studied medicine for two years. At the end of that time he went on the Continent, and travelled through Switzerland, Italy, and France, obtaining food and shelter chiefly by playing on a flute in the streets.

He is said to have obtained his degree of M.D. at the

University of Louvain, in Belgium, and then returned to London penniless. He tried to earn a living in various ways, but finally settled down as a literary hack. He issued a number of books, which are now forgotten, before he began the poems and prose-writing which have made him famous.

In 1764 *The Traveller* appeared. This established his position as a poet. He became a member of the famous Literary Club, and among his friends were Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon, and Garrick.

Two years later *The Vicar of Wakefield* was published at the instance of Dr. Johnson.

In 1770 he published his finest poem, *The Deserted Village* (Lissoy), which abounds with flowing memories of his native land. On April 4th, 1774, Goldsmith died of fever, brought on, Dr. Johnson believed, by an apparently irremovable burden of debt. For though during later years Goldsmith had been earning a good income, he was so tender-hearted and generous that he was readily imposed upon, and spent far more than he earned. Two years after his death, a tablet to his memory, containing a Latin inscription written by Dr. Johnson, was placed in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of the members of the Club.

On one occasion, when some of the members were passing the time in writing epitaphs, Garrick wrote a never-to-be-forgotten one on Goldsmith, which contains more than a germ of truth :—

Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

Goldsmith was the chief poet, and one of the chief prose-writers of his time. He had an easy, graceful, charming style which captures and keeps the interest of the reader. His literary work covered a wide field; poetry including the drama (e.g., *She Stoops to Conquer*), history (*Rome and England*), fiction, and essays, and yet Dr. Johnson was able to say in his epitaph that he touched no kind of writing that he did not adorn.

XIX.—William Cowper (1731-1800).

William Cowper, the son of a clergyman, was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Herts; he belonged to an old and distinguished family. As a boy he was always very shy and sensitive, more like a girl than a boy; and this led to his being very badly treated by some of the rough lads at the first school he attended.

At the age of ten he was sent to Westminster School, where he was very happy and made good progress. Warren Hastings attended the school at the same time.

On leaving school he studied for the law. At the age of twenty-one he went into residence at the Temple. Here he lived too much alone and became very melancholy, a state of mind which some years later developed into periods of insanity.

He had no means of support beyond a small sum of money left by his father, who had died a poor man; but a few good friends subscribed to make him an annual allowance to supplement his meagre income. He then went to live with the Rev. Morley Unwin, vicar of Huntingdon. Two years later the good clergyman was killed by a fall from his horse, and Mrs. Unwin (the "Mary" of some of his poems) took him with her to live at Olney in Buckinghamshire. It was here that he met the Rev. John Newton, who assisted him in writing those beautiful "Olney Hymns."

At times Cowper was very much troubled by religious doubts, and this encouraged those lapses into insanity to which he was subject.

Lady Austen, who resided at Olney, and was a great friend of Cowper's, suggested to him that he should occupy his mind by writing some more important work than he had so far attempted. He did so, and the result was *The Task*, his greatest poem. *John Gilpin*, too, was due to the same lady, for she told him the story, and he wrote out the ballad the same evening. These two poems in particular lifted Cowper to fame.

In 1796, Mrs. Unwin, his best and dearest friend, died.

This caused Cowper the deepest grief, and he lapsed into a state of dark despair, which is expressed with great force in his last poem, *The Castaway*. This state of mind continued until death released him in 1800.

Cowper had a gentle, loving disposition, and bore an unblemished character. He loved nature deeply and passionately, and was the first of the English poets of the time to bring back the thoughts of men from the conventionalities of town life to the delights of the country.

His letters, too, are considered to be among the finest specimens of their kind in the language. Our school children should be made acquainted with some of them.

XX.—William Blake (1757–1827).

William Blake, poet, painter, engraver, and visionary, was born in London about the time that Clive was winning the battle of Plassey. As far as can be ascertained he had very little education. He was a strange child and often seemed to see strange things, such as angels in trees. He saw visions and dreamt dreams all through his three-score years and ten. So much was this the case that many people declared that he was insane.

He began to write poetry at the age of twelve, and some of it was very good poetry, too.

Blake's father intended him to be an engraver, and wished him to be apprenticed to Ryland, the King's engraver. At the age of fourteen he was taken to interview Ryland. His first remark on seeing him was: "This man's face looks as if he will live to be hanged." Strange though it may seem, Ryland was hanged at Tyburn some years later.

Ultimately young Blake was apprenticed to James Basire, another famous engraver. He became very expert in his profession, and did some very clever illustrations for poems and books.

He wrote a good deal of poetry, most of which is now never read. He is remembered for his simple and delightful shorter poems. His *Songs of Innocence*, published in 1789,

and *Songs of Experience* in 1794, contain some beautiful poetry. The best of his lyrics are equal to any in our language, and children will take a delight in reading them.

Blake passed quietly away in London in his seventieth year.

XXI.—Robert Burns (1759–1796).

Robert Burns (Bobby Burns, as he is lovingly called), Scotland's national poet, was born in Ayrshire. He was the son of a poor farmer, and had little chance of education except what he received from his father. What opportunities were offered him he eagerly embraced. He became very fond of reading, and revelled in the works of the great English poets. In his younger days he had very little leisure, and had to do a good deal of hard manual work. He always looked back upon this period of his life with feelings similar to those with which Charles Dickens looked back upon his blacking-factory days.

When Burns was in a position to break away from his hermit life on the farm, he rushed into the opposite extreme. By degrees he acquired a taste for drink and dissipation from which he was never able to shake himself free.

He was also unfortunate in his business ventures. He tried flax-dressing and farming; but for various reasons neither of them succeeded. He finally decided to emigrate to the West Indies, and to secure money to pay the expenses he resolved to publish a volume of his poems. This speedily attained a sensational success; and so instead of going abroad, he went to Edinburgh, and issued a second edition of his poems with equal success.

His fame was now assured; money came in freely, but it was parted with as freely as it came.

Burns's latter years were darkened by suffering, sorrow, and despondency, much of it due to his own riotous living. He died at the early age of thirty-seven.

It may be said with truth that Burns was the greatest poetic genius of the eighteenth century. His heart was full

of love and tenderness towards all God's creatures, even to the

"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie"

of a mouse. His poetry has the power to make us both laugh and cry, and in such poems as *To Mary in Heaven* it touches our deeper feelings.

His songs of love and war are equally felicitous. In fact, as a writer of beautiful lyrics he probably has no equal.

XXII.—**William Wordsworth** (1770-1850).

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. His father was in a good position under the Lowthers, now the Earls of Lonsdale, and William's early days were very happy. Brought up amidst the beautiful scenery of mountain, river, and lake, he showed very early that inborn love of nature which later in life displayed itself so beautifully in his poetry.

His mother died when he was only eight years old, and his father died when he was thirteen. He left a good sum of money for his children, but owing to a dispute with the Lowthers they were unable to secure it three or four years later. For the time being this meant poverty for them. William's two uncles were very good to him and defrayed all the costs of his education. They sent him to a local Grammar School for several years, and then to Cambridge University. During the third long vacation there he travelled on the Continent through France, Switzerland, and Italy. In 1791 he went over to Paris. The revolutionary fever was at its height. At first he greatly sympathized with the revolutionaries, for he hoped that many blessings would follow everywhere from the overthrow of tyranny. But the later excesses of these self-styled Reformers cooled his ardour and saddened his heart.

He returned to London again, and in the following year, at the age of twenty-two, he began his career as a poet. A little later an old friend left him a legacy of £900, and with this he and his sister Dorothy began housekeeping on their own account; first in Dorsetshire, and then in Somersetshire.

They moved to the latter county in order to continue the friendship with the poet Coleridge, and together Wordsworth and Coleridge issued a volume of poems, entitled *Lyrical Ballads*. Wordsworth's chief contribution to it was *Tintern Abbey*, and Coleridge's was *The Ancient Mariner*.

Soon afterwards Wordsworth and his sister took a cottage at Grasmere in the Lake District. In 1802 he received his portion of his father's legacy from Lord Lonsdale, and then he married his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, a good woman whom he immortalized in the well-known lines—

She was a phantom of delight.

In 1813 he went to live at Rydal Mount, where he stayed for the remainder of his life.

In 1814 he published his longest poem, *The Excursion*. In 1843 he succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate, a post which he retained till his death in 1850. His body lies in Grasmere Churchyard.

Wordsworth's poetry was inspired by nature and not by books. He was a dilatory student in the ordinary sense. He loved to be out-of-doors amid the beautiful scenery of his beloved Lake District, communing with the birds and animals, the flowers and trees, the lakes and waterfalls and woods; and, as we thoughtfully read his poetry, we catch something of his spirit.

He was blest with a very high opinion of his own powers, and got into the habit of thinking that everything he produced was of the highest quality. We do not share that opinion. Much of his poetry is sublime and beautiful, but some of it is common-place and dull, as most people realize when reading through *The Excursion*. Nevertheless, Wordsworth was a great poet, and his poems are among the greatest treasures of our literature.

XXIII.—Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).

Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh. He was a rather delicate child, and at the age of three he went to live in the country with his grandfather, whose house was near Kelso.

Most of his time was spent in the open air with a shepherd. This did him a great deal of good.

When he was eight, he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh. He was not very clever at ordinary school subjects, but he was a great favourite with his schoolfellows, owing mainly to the gift he had of telling wonderful stories. From childhood onwards, romantic tales and old songs and ballads were his supreme delight, and some of that delight has been handed on to millions of English-speaking people all over the world.

When he left the High School he entered Edinburgh University. There he read a great deal and studied various languages which enabled him to read some of the chief works in literatures other than English.

On leaving the University he entered his father's office to study law, and at the age of twenty-one he was called to the Scottish Bar.

For several years he had been taking journeys into various parts of Scotland, studying the various types of people, listening to their traditions, and collecting their ballads. The first result of this was seen ten years later when he published *Border Minstrelsy*.

His first long poem was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, published in 1805—Trafalgar year. It met with immediate and tremendous success, and Scott became the most popular poet of the time.

The Lay was followed by *Marmion*—his finest poem—and *The Lady of the Lake*. These two poems indicate Scott's high-water mark as a poet. *Rokeby*, *Lord of the Isles*, and others that appeared later were not equal to any of the first three.

Scott was now in comparatively affluent circumstances. He was Sheriff of Selkirkshire, for which he received £300 a year, and he was one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session, which carried a salary of £1,300. This, with interest on property he possessed, brought his income up to £2,000 a year, apart from his literary emoluments. But all his earn-

ings were too little to fulfil his ambition of becoming a great landed proprietor. This was the driving power behind all his efforts. He cared little about literary fame; his time, talents, and energies were devoted to securing money to gratify his one ambition—an ambition that finally brought about his ruin.

In 1812 he began to build on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose, his splendid mansion of Abbotsford, and acquired the surrounding estate, which he enlarged at every available opportunity.

When Scott found that his later poems were not being so well received, he turned his attention to that line of literature which brought him world-wide and immortal fame. He had begun to write *Waverley* the same year as he produced *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, but threw it aside unfinished, thinking it might interfere with his newly-acquired reputation as a poet. It was now brought out again, completed, and published anonymously in 1814. It was a tremendous success, and was soon followed by others of the series:—*Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, etc. Scott did not reveal his identity till thirteen years after the publication of *Waverley*, when the books had been enthusiastically received by the reading public, not only in Britain, but in various European countries.

The large sums of money he received for his writings were, as usual, spent in beautifying Abbotsford, and enlarging the estate. Crowds of tourists visited his mansion and grounds, and received his hospitality. All sorts and conditions of men sang his praises, but this never made him conceited.

In 1820 King George IV. made him a baronet, but he still went on with his literary work. For some years he had been a partner in Ballantyne's printing firm at Edinburgh. In the commercial crisis of 1825–26 the firm failed, and Scott found himself responsible for the Company's debts to the amount of £117,000. This was a crushing blow to him, and killed all his long-cherished hopes of becoming a great landlord.

When the first effects of his great misfortune had passed away, he braced himself up for still more resolute literary work, so that he could pay off all his creditors in full. He might have become a bankrupt, and have paid so much in the pound; but this he courageously refused to do.

In five years he paid off a large proportion of the debt, but the unvarying application to work ruined his health. In 1831 he left Abbotsford and went on a voyage in the Mediterranean. He spent a few months of 1832 in Italy, returned in June, but died at Abbotsford in the September of the same year, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey. It is gratifying to know that the sale of his works ultimately discharged the whole of his heavy debts.

Scott, we are told, was a tall, rather good-looking man, slightly deformed by the shortness of his right leg, the right foot touching the ground only at the toes. When walking he seemed to rock from side to side, and used a thick walking stick, which moved as though it were fastened to his short leg.

Besides being a great creative genius, Scott was a tender-hearted, lovable man, but he was too desperately eager to make money.

His novels exhibit wonderful knowledge, and a still more wonderful insight into human nature; they are healthy, lively, vigorous, worthy, and deeply interesting. Among the best are *Old Mortality*, *Heart of Midlothian*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, and *The Talisman*.

His poems, too, though not of the highest order, are for the most part thrilling lays of considerable merit. Altogether Scott well deserved the title of "The Wizard of the North."

XXIV.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834).

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Devonshire. The father died when Samuel was only nine years old, and so the boy was sent to school to Christ's Hospital, in London, where he had Charles Lamb for a school chum.

When he was nineteen he went to Cambridge University ;

but he cared little for the ordinary College course, and most of his time was spent in reading philosophy and poetry.

After leaving the University he settled down to literary work, and soon became known as a very fine poet. He was one of the so-called "Lake Poets." He became acquainted with the poet Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, and they proved life-long friends. He and Southey also married sisters, and thus the names of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are always connected.

Strange to say, Coleridge's best poems were written, though not published, in the one year 1797; viz.:—*Genevieve*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, and the first part of *Christabel*.

Coleridge was also a very able literary critic, as may be seen from some of the articles in his *Biographia Literaria*, and his criticisms of Shakespeare in his *Literary Remains* published after his death.

Coleridge was a genius and a famous conversationalist. His influence on contemporary thought was widespread and profound. Wordsworth said of him: "The most wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge."

Southey wrote to a friend about him and among other things said: "All other men whom I ever have known are mere children compared to him."

Coleridge's chief failing was in being a slave to opium, which he took in the form of ever-increasing quantities of laudanum. In this he was very similar to De Quincey. The incurable habit probably sapped his will-power, and accounted for the fizzling out of his numerous lofty projects. He was always going to do things, but never actually did them. Had it not been for the help of friends, and especially of his brother-in-law, Southey, his wife and children would on more than one occasion have gone without food.

XXV.—Robert Southey (1774–1843).

Robert Southey was the son of a linen-draper, and was born at Bristol. An aunt and uncle paid for his education at

Westminster School, and later he entered Oxford University, where he received a visit from Coleridge.

Like the other "Lake Poets," Coleridge and Wordsworth, he at first favoured the French Revolution, but his opinions altered so much during subsequent years, that he fiercely opposed constitutional changes of every kind.

When he left Oxford he went to Portugal, and stayed there some time to study the language and literature of Spain and Portugal. Returning to England, after various changes he settled down at Keswick in the Lake District. He tried the law, and secretarial work, but found neither to his liking. He then devoted himself to literary work, and felt that he had fallen into his proper groove.

In 1813 he became Poet-Laureate. In 1835 he received a Government pension of £300 a year, and that relieved the financial stress to which he had been so long subject.

He wrote extensively on various subjects; *e.g.* :—The Peninsular War, Lives of Bunyan, Wesley, Cowper, and Nelson, the latter being his best prose work. In fact, he is a greater prose writer than he is a poet, his style being so easy, graceful, and fluent.

His chief poems are *Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*; but none of his poetry is really great. His shorter poems are the favourites with children; *e.g.*, *The Inchcape Rock*, *The Battle of Blenheim*, and *Bishop Hatto*. These and his *Life of Nelson* keep his name alive.

He died at Keswick and was buried in Crosthwaite Churchyard.

He was a kind-hearted, hard-working man, and spent a good deal of his earnings in helping those who but for him would have been in great distress.

XXVI.—Charles Lamb (1775–1834).

Charles Lamb was born of humble parentage in London. For seven years he was a pupil at Christ's Hospital School, where he made the acquaintance of Coleridge. His father's means did not permit of his going to the University, and

when he left school at the age of fourteen he became a clerk. At the age of seventeen he entered the service of the East India Company, and remained in their employ for thirty-three years, after which he retired with a good pension.

There was one great tragedy in Lamb's life. His sister Mary, who was ten years his senior, had occasional fits of madness; and during one of these attacks in 1796 she killed her mother with a table-knife. From that time Charles took care of his sister; he made himself responsible for her actions, and tended her with all a brother's love. In his essays she is spoken of as "Cousin Bridget."

He began his literary career by writing poetry. Then he and his sister Mary wrote the *Tales from Shakespeare*. Charles wrote the tragedies, and his sister wrote the comedies. Soon afterwards he began his delightful series of essays, known as the *Essays of Elia*.

Elia was the name of an old Italian clerk in the South Sea House, where Lamb used to work before entering the service of the East India Company. The old man was dead, and Lamb adopted his name as a literary *nom de plume*.

These essays will make his name beloved by many generations of Britons still to come. They first appeared in the *London Magazine*, and were afterwards reprinted and issued in book form. They are noted for their smoothness, their sweetness, their humour, and their sympathy.

Lamb's health began to fail soon after his retirement, mainly owing to his sister's more frequent attacks of madness. On one occasion when he was out for a walk he fell and injured his face. Erysipelas set in, and he died on December 29th, 1834. His sister lived for another thirteen years.

Lamb was a delicate, nervous, but lovable fellow, given to stammering in his speech, and rather too fond of his glass of wine, which evidently he took in the hope that it would help him to bear his almost intolerable burden. His writings show that he was a humorist in a class by himself, gentle and subtle, but never acrid. As an essayist and a critic he occupies a place in the front rank of all English men of letters,

while his devotion and self-sacrifice with regard to his sister command our reverence and our admiration.

XXVII.—Thomas Campbell (1777–1844).

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow. His father was a merchant who had seen better days. Thomas was a clever boy at school, and did equally well at Glasgow University, but he lacked staying power; and as a man he always seemed to have difficulty in making up his mind to anything. Finally he settled down as a literary man. A Government pension of £200 a year granted in 1805 proved a great help. It removed all fear of poverty and enabled him to devote himself entirely to literature.

His two long poems, *The Pleasures of Hope* written in 1799, and *Gertrude of Wyoming*, produced ten years later, are now seldom read; and had Campbell written nothing better he would long since have been forgotten. His name lives to-day because of his splendid battle poems, e.g., *Battle of the Baltic*, *Ye Mariners of England*, and *Hohenlinden*. These proclaim him the finest war singer in the language.

Lord Ullin's Daughter, and *Lochiel's Warning* are also well known. *The Last Man* was the last, but not the least, of his poetic efforts.

On two occasions he was made Lord Rector of Glasgow University. He died at Boulogne in France, but his body was brought to England, and buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

XXVIII.—Lord Byron (1788–1824).

George Noel Gordon Byron was born in London. His father was Captain John Byron, an ex-officer of the Guards, a wicked, extravagant man, who wasted nearly all his wife's fortune, and then deserted her. She was a proud, bad-tempered woman, who sometimes showed her son every indulgence, and at other times mocked him, because of his lameness, due to a malformation of the feet. We must take these things into consideration, and then we shall not judge

the poet too harshly on account of his many failings and misdeeds.

He lived at Aberdeen with his mother for some years, and went to Aberdeen Grammar School. At the age of ten he succeeded to his great-uncle's title and estates. Three years later he was sent to Harrow. In 1805 he went to Cambridge University, but he was idle, extravagant, and dissipated. A few years later he went on a continental tour through Spain and Portugal, Turkey, and Greece, and during that time he wrote the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. They were published in 1812, and at once put Byron in the front rank of living poets. His rise to fame was sudden and dramatic, for at one bound he became the lion of the literary and social life of London.

After a time his wicked ways turned all self-respecting people against him, and so in 1816 he left England never to return. He visited Brussels, Paris, and Geneva. In the last named town he met the poet Shelley, and while staying there he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold*, which contains the splendid description of the ball at Brussels, before the battle of Waterloo. He also wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon*, after being shown the inside of the castle by a half-intoxicated soldier.

He then went to Italy and there wrote five cantos of *Don Juan*—it consisted of sixteen cantos when finished. He wrote *Mazeppa* about the same time. The fourth and finest canto of *Childe Harold* was written at Venice.

In 1821 when the Greeks began to try to throw off the Turkish yoke, Byron sent them money and supported them with all the energy of which he was capable. Later he went to Greece and worked unceasingly to put the Greek army into a state of efficiency. But the strain proved too heavy for his wasted frame. He caught a fever and died at the early age of thirty-six. His body was brought to England and buried near Newstead Abbey, his former home.

Byron was a poetic genius. He was gifted with a vivid imagination and had a fine vocabulary. Some of his lines

are ablaze with fire and passion, and they sweep the reader along in their breathless rush.

XXIX.—Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822).

Percy Bysshe Shelley was the son of a baronet, and was born at Horsham in Sussex. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford University. His pamphlet called *The Necessity of Atheism* published at the University led to his expulsion.

When he was nineteen he made a very foolish marriage, which turned his father against him. He soon tired of his wife, and in 1816 she drowned herself in the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, London.

Shelley travelled on the continent and began to write poetry. In 1818 he went to Italy, and lived there for the remainder of his life. Lord Byron was one of his intimate friends there.

Shelley wrote a fine lyrical drama, *Prometheus Unbound*; a powerful tragedy, *The Cenci*, and a lament for the death of Keats, *Adonais*. He wrote many shorter poems, too, a number of which are given in the schemes of work.

In the summer of 1822 he went on a boating expedition; the boat was upset, and all the occupants were drowned. His body was washed ashore some time later; it was cremated, and the ashes were buried at Rome near the grave of Keats.

Shelley is best known for his beautiful lyrics, many of which are unsurpassed for their musical sweetness, beautiful imagery, and delicacy of touch.

XXX.—Frederick Marryat (1792-1848).

Frederick Marryat, better known as Captain Marryat, was born in London. His father was a West Indian merchant.

The year after Trafalgar he entered the Royal Navy, and for nearly a quarter of a century he served his King and country with credit and efficiency. He gave up the seafaring life before he was forty, and began his career as a sea novelist. He wrote a number of books from which we can glean a good deal of information about the navy during the

period of the French Revolution. His descriptions of naval customs and sea exploits are thrilling and true to life; they bear the unmistakable stamp of an eye-witness.

His best-known novels are:—*Masterman Ready*, *Jacob Faithful*, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, *Poor Jack*, *The Children of the New Forest*, and *The Phantom Ship*.

He earned large sums of money by his writings, but these went as quickly as they came. Later in life he bought a farm in Norfolk, and retired there. Soon afterwards he was stricken with grief at the loss of his son, who was drowned in the wreck of the "Avenger," and he died at the age of fifty-six.

XXXI.—Mrs. Hemans (1793–1835).

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, whose maiden name was Browne, was the daughter of a Liverpool merchant. She was brought up and educated in North Wales, and began to write poetry at a very early age. A volume of her poems was published when she was only fourteen. The poet Shelley was anxious to cultivate her friendship, but her parents would not allow her to associate with him. At the age of nineteen she married Captain Hemans, but the union was not a happy one, and six years later they separated. She then devoted herself to poetry, and wrote to support her five sons. Some years later she went to Scotland, and became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott. She also met Wordsworth in the English Lake District.

Her short poems became very popular both in England and America. They reveal a tender, loving disposition, a vivid imagination, and a deep patriotism. The best of them are given for study in the courses of lessons.

Mrs. Hemans was always rather delicate, and her strenuous work probably brought on consumption, from which she died at the age of forty-one.

XXXII.—John Keats (1795–1821).

John Keats was born in London of humble parentage. He went to school at Enfield, but, owing to the death of his

parents, he had to leave when he was fifteen, and was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton, a place made famous by Cowper's *John Gilpin*.

He became acquainted with Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and Hazlitt, and their companionship turned his thoughts to literature. He was very fond of the poetry of Spenser, and that writer supplied the necessary spark that set his poetic genius aflame. He began to write verses, and in 1818 *Endymion* appeared. Contemporary criticism condemned it, but that condemnation has since been reversed. It was followed by *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*—the Knight-at-Arms being Keats himself, and La Belle Dame, Miss Fanny Brawne, whose love he was unable to win. Then appeared some splendid odes by which his name will ever be remembered.

Soon afterwards consumption took hold of him, and in 1820 he sailed for Italy. First he went to Naples, and then to Rome; but he died the following year, at the early age of twenty-six, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. A year later Shelley's ashes were buried near him.

Many people believe that had Keats lived, he would have been one of our greatest poets. He had a splendid imagination, he revelled in the beautiful, and had the power to express his thoughts in exquisite language.

XXXIII.—Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881).

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire. His father was a sturdy Scottish stonemason, deeply religious and of sterling character. His mother, whom he loved with a passionate devotion, was gentle and pious.

Thomas was educated at the parish school, then at an academy at Annan, and afterwards at Edinburgh University, where he distinguished himself in mathematics. His parents would have liked him to become a minister, but it was not to be. At the age of nineteen he became mathematical master at Annan Academy where he had been a pupil. Two years later he was appointed assistant master at Kirkcaldy. But

Carlyle was not suitable for a school teacher; he lacked sympathy and patience, and was too harsh. Two years more of teaching convinced him that he had taken up the wrong vocation. So he gave it up, went to live in Edinburgh, and devoted himself to literature. He wrote a number of articles of varied merit, and also became a private tutor to law pupils. This brought him £200 a year, and introduced him to a higher class of society.

In 1824 his *Life of Schiller* began to appear in the *London Magazine*, and the same year he translated Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. In 1826 he married Miss Jane Welsh, a clever young woman, the only daughter of Dr. John Welsh, a Scottish physician. They settled in Edinburgh. Soon afterwards his first article in the *Edinburgh Review* appeared—one on *Richter*. In 1828 he went to live at Craigenputtock, in Dumfriesshire, among the hills and solitudes. Here he wrote *Sartor Resartus*—the Tailor Repatched—which was in some ways an autobiography. It also contained the germs of his teaching. He also wrote essays for the *Edinburgh Review*—notably that on *Burns*.

In 1834 Carlyle removed to Cheyne Row, Chelsea, hence the name given to him, "The Sage of Chelsea." Here he lived for the remainder of his life.

About this time he began his great work on *The French Revolution*. A year later he sent the MS. of Volume I. to John Stuart Mill. Mill lent it to a Mrs. Taylor, and that lady's servant accidentally burnt it, and Carlyle had to write it over again. In spite of this it was issued in 1837. It took the literary world by storm, and at once placed its author in the front rank of the literary men of the day. It is a vivid, brilliant, and accurate account of a terrible drama.

In London he delivered several courses of lectures, one on "German Literature," another on "Periods of European Culture," another on "The Revolutions of Modern Europe," and a fourth on "Heroes and Hero-Worship"—the last was afterwards published.

In 1843 appeared *Past and Present*, and in 1845 *Letters*

and *Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*. These restored the great Protector to his proper position among the most illustrious men of Britain.

In 1851 his *Life of Sterling* appeared. It is one of the best biographies in the language.

Between 1858 and 1865 appeared his *Life of Frederick the Great*. It is a work of wonderful research, and contains many brilliant and expressive passages. It deals in eulogistic terms with one of the most unscrupulous tyrants of modern times.

In 1865 Carlyle was made Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. He was deeply interested in the Franco-German War of 1870-71, and sided with Germany. About this time his health began to fail. In 1872 his right hand became paralysed. Honours were heaped upon him; some of them he refused to accept. When he died it was the general desire that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey; but he left instructions that his body should be placed beside those of his relatives at Ecclefechan, and his wishes were respected.

Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, published by Mr. Froude, threw a somewhat unfavourable light on his character. He was often hasty and unjust in his judgments, arrogant and cynical in his manner, and harsh and uncharitable in his home life, though, when too late, he bemoaned the loss of opportunities of showing to his wife some degree of tenderness and love. His chief failing was his conceit. He believed himself to be a sort of Gulliver among Lilliputians. To him Keble had the brain of a rabbit; De Quincey was an animalcule; George Eliot a chattering woman; Darwin a "poor fool"; Lecky a willow-pattern man; and he speaks of "poor Tyndall," and "poor little Browning."

But he was always honest to his deepest convictions, and a sincere lover of truth and integrity.

Altogether Carlyle was one of the greatest thinkers, essayists, biographers, and historians that Britain has ever produced.

XXXIV.—Thomas Hood (1799–1845).

Tom Hood was the son of a publisher and engraver, and was born in London. His education was only elementary owing to the death of his father; and at the early age of thirteen he entered a merchant's office. He was a delicate boy, and indoor work of this kind was not at all suitable for him. In fact, consumption was in the family, and was the cause of his mother's death. He soon had to leave office work; then he went to Dundee to live with some relatives, and stayed there for three years. He was now nineteen years of age, and seemed to have out-grown his boyish ill-health. So he returned to London and became an engraver. After two years apprenticeship he started work on his own account, until he found the real direction in which his genius lay. He turned his thoughts to literature, and in 1821 he became sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. This brought him into contact with several eminent literary men of the time, including Charles Lamb. Charles and Mary Lamb came to live in Islington, and Hood often visited them. It was at their house that he met Wordsworth and Coleridge. He also became acquainted with De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Barry Cornwall.

Hood's poetry was produced during the last twenty years of his life. His best known poems are:—*The Dream of Eugene Aram*, *Miss Kilmansegg*, *The Haunted House*, *The Bridge of Sighs*, and *The Song of the Shirt*, the last of which appeared in the 1843 Christmas number of *Punch*.

Owing to the failure of his publisher, Hood at times suffered acutely from poverty; and on one occasion he was obliged to leave the country and try to earn a living on the continent. He did his best to satisfy his creditors and then returned to London again. A few years later his health broke down completely through overwork, and consumption set in. He kept to his bed for several months and was cheered by the knowledge that Sir Robert Peel had secured him a Civil List pension of £100 a year, which would be continued to his wife after his death.

He died on 3rd May, 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London. On his tombstone is the epitaph : "He sang the Song of the Shirt."

Hood was not a poet of the first rank, but he possessed a unique vein of humour which expressed itself frequently in puns, as seen in *Faithless Nelly Gray*. He also had in him an element of real pathos that touches the emotions of his readers. He knew from personal experience what suffering was, and he had a great deal of sympathy with those who were passing through deep waters. His sympathy with the poor was very marked, and was largely due to his intimate knowledge of some of the struggling sections of our city inhabitants. This mainly accounts for the wide popularity of some of his poems.

XXXV.—Lord Macaulay (1800-1859).

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in Leicester. When very young he acquired a great love of reading, and showed that he had a most retentive memory. He was a clever writer at the age of twelve, and had that attractive way of expressing himself which so characterized his writings and speeches of later years.

His father was Zachary Macaulay, a highly-respected, well-to-do merchant, and one of the leaders of the party that was working hard for the abolition of slavery.

Thomas first attended a private school at Shelford, near Cambridge. His letters written at school to the people at home (see Sir G. O. Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*) are very interesting.

At the age of eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Mathematics he disliked, but he excelled in Classics and in English.

He had a distinguished University career, and at the age of twenty-four he became a Fellow of his college. He still showed that he possessed the same wonderful memory that was so noticeable in his childhood. He was known to say on one occasion that if by some unhappy circumstance all

copies of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* were destroyed, he would undertake to reproduce them both from memory.

His first important literary production was his article on Milton, contributed to *The Edinburgh Review* in 1825. It immediately made him famous. As article after article appeared he rose higher in the estimation of the literary public. He became a barrister in 1826, and entered Parliament in 1830. There he soon distinguished himself as an orator and debater. He spoke with great effect in favour of the Reform Bill. In 1831 he was returned as a Member of Parliament for the newly-formed borough of Leeds. In 1834 he became President of the new Law Commission for India and a member of the Supreme Council, with a salary of £10,000 a year. The same year he went to India and stayed there four years. His residence in India helped to give greater vividness to the descriptions in his two brilliant essays on *Lord Clive* and *Warren Hastings*.

In 1839 he became member for Edinburgh, was made Secretary for War and a member of the Cabinet.

In 1842 he published his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, splendid, vigorous ballads, which are always keenly enjoyed by school children.

In 1839 he began to write his famous History, but did very little of it for several years. The first two volumes appeared in 1848 and were a tremendous success; the second two volumes were issued in 1855. The history opens with the accession of James II., and Macaulay intended continuing it to the end of George III.'s reign, but was able to bring it down only to the death of William III.

In 1857 he was raised to the peerage, and was afterwards known as Lord Macaulay.

The last work of his that was published during his lifetime was a biography of Pitt, which contains some of his best writing. He never married, and died at Kensington at the age of fifty-nine. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey near the graves of Addison and Johnson.

Over the doorway of his house, Holly Lodge, Kensington, is a memorial tablet, unveiled by Lord Rosebery in 1903.

Lord Macaulay was an honourable, generous Englishman, careful and painstaking in all that he did ; he was universally acknowledged as the first prose-writer of his time. His clear, forceful, attractive English is worthy of close study.

XXXVI.—Lord Lytton (1803–1873).

Edward George Earle Lytton-Bulwer, born in London, was the son of a General, and belonged to an old and distinguished family. He was educated at a private school, and later was sent to Cambridge University.

At the age of twenty-four he married an Irish lady whom his mother did not like, and so she discontinued the income she had always allowed him. This caused him to turn his thoughts seriously to literature, and during his lifetime there were few branches of it that he did not enter : novels, poetry, plays, history, and essays all claimed his attention.

Pelham, a novel of fashionable society, published in 1828 was the first book to bring him popularity. Three years afterwards he entered Parliament. In 1843 his mother died. He succeeded to her estate, and took the name of Bulwer-Lytton. Later he became Colonial Secretary ; he was made a peer in 1866.

His best-known and most widely-read books are his historical novels :—*The Last Days of Pompeii* ; *Rienzi* ; *The Last of the Barons* ; and *Harold*. He also wrote *The Cartons*, *My Novel*—considered by many people to be his best work—and *What will He do with It ?* He wrote poetry too, but none of it was of much value. Some of his plays, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*, have had considerable vogue.

Lytton died at Torquay. He was a hard worker and a prolific writer. The quality of his books is much inferior to that of such men as Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray ; but many of them contain vivid picturesque scenes and clever descriptions that make very interesting reading.

XXXVII.—Mrs. Browning (1806–1861).

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (*née* Elizabeth Barrett) was born at Coxhoe Hall, Durham. She showed promise when quite a child. She says herself :—

“I wrote verses at eight years old and earlier. The early fancy turned into a will and remained with me; and from that day to this, poetry has been a distinct object with me—an object to read, think, and live for.”

She was a delicate girl and was educated at home. An accident had injured her spine, and from this she never completely recovered. The doctor said she must go to a warmer climate, so her brother took her to Torquay, in Devonshire. One day he went out in a sailing-boat in Torbay, and by some mischance or other the boat went down and he was drowned. This terrible occurrence completely prostrated her, and it was some years before she recovered from the effects. She grew up to be a delicate woman; and her father, thinking she had not long to live, was strongly opposed to her marriage with Robert Browning. So they were secretly married in 1846 without her father's consent, and proceeded at once to Italy, first to Pisa and then to Florence, where they decided to settle down.

In 1850 her collected poems were published. *Aurora Leigh*, her chief poem, was issued six years later. Her best-known poem is *The Cry of the Children*, which was published in 1841. She died at Florence in 1861.

Mrs. Browning's poetry is by no means faultless—her rhyming is sometimes very faulty—but it is forceful and musical, and contains a vein of genuine pathos.

XXXVIII.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882).

Longfellow, although an American poet, is so well known in Britain, that an account of him and his work is here given.

He was the son of a lawyer, and was born at Portland in the State of Maine, U.S.A.; and when he went to college he had Nathaniel Hawthorne for a classmate. He took little interest in athletics, but books were a delight to him. He was an expert in languages. In 1826 he came to Europe

and travelled in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Ten years later he became Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University, U.S.A. In 1839 his first book of poetry appeared, entitled, *Voices of the Night*. It contained *The Psalm of Life* and *Excelsior*. From that date poems were issued in some profusion. The chief longer poems are *Evangeline* (1847), and *Hiawatha* (1855), both very much admired. *The Golden Legend* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* are also well known. His shorter poems such as *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Slave's Dream*, and *The Children's Hour*, are known and loved universally.

He visited England in 1868, and was honoured everywhere.

Longfellow was not a front-rank poet, but he was a lovable man, and his poetry reveals his gentle nature. He and Tennyson have done more than any other writers to create a love of poetry in the minds of all English-speaking peoples.

XXXIX.—Lord Tennyson (1809–1892).

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, a village in North Lincolnshire, where his father was rector. Gladstone, Darwin, Lincoln, and Mendelssohn were born in the same year.

Alfred was educated at first chiefly by his father, and afterwards attended the Grammar School at Louth. Even in these early days he began to write poetry. He and his brother Charles published a volume of poems in 1827, entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, for which they received the sum of £20.

When he was nineteen, Tennyson went to Cambridge University, and here he met Arthur Henry Hallam, youngest son of Hallam, the historian. A close and loving friendship was established between them, and when in 1833 Hallam died suddenly at Vienna at the early age of twenty-two, Tennyson's grief was profound. Nearly twenty years later he immortalized his dead friend in his great poem *In Memoriam*.

In 1829 Tennyson won the University Chancellor's prize for English verse with a poem entitled, *Timbuctoo*. From this time onwards he continued to publish poems, at first many of them of a lyrical character; later, many were in blank verse.

A volume published in 1833 contained *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *Enone*, *The May Queen*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, and *A Dream of Fair Women*. All these are beautiful poems, admirable in rhythm, rich in colour, and musical in the highest degree. Here Tennyson began to show that he was a great artist, and his greatness was acknowledged by such men as Carlyle, Emerson, and Dickens.

In 1845 he received a Government pension of £200 a year.

In 1847 he published *The Princess*, a long poem in which he advocates the higher education of women and combats the idea that Woman is the rival of Man.

In 1850 on the death of Wordsworth he was made Poet Laureate. The same year he published *In Memoriam*. In 1852, on the day of Wellington's funeral, he published his famous *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. In 1854 appeared *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. The following year he issued his own favourite poem *Maud*, which contains some very beautiful lyrics. By 1885 he had completed *The Idylls of the King*, a series of poems on King Arthur and his Knights, which were received with very great enthusiasm by the literary public. In 1884 he was given a peerage. He also wrote several plays, among them being *Harold*, *Queen Mary*, and *Becket*. In 1889 he wrote *Crossing the Bar*, and gave instructions that it was always to be put at the end of every edition of his poems.

He died at the age of eighty-three, and was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

Though Tennyson lacked the intellectual depth of Browning, he may fairly be described as the greatest poet of the nineteenth century. His phrases stick in the memory, and his word-pictures delight the artistic soul. There is a

lingering music about his lines that fascinates, there is at times a haunting sadness that casts a spell over us. No writer has more enriched our language, and none is more worthy of careful study.

XL.—William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863).

William M. Thackeray, who sprang from a fine old Yorkshire family, was born at Calcutta, his father being in the service of the East India Company. But his father died when William was only five years of age, so the boy was brought to England.

He was first sent to a school at Chiswick and then to the Charterhouse School. Later he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he counted Tennyson and Fitzgerald among his friends. Here he contributed verses and caricatures to a little paper called *The Snob*.

When he left Cambridge he travelled in France, Germany, and Italy, studying art, as he was intended for an artist.

In Germany he met Goethe. A comfortable fortune of £20,000 had been left him by his father, but in two years this had disappeared, partly through bad investments and partly through the failure of an Indian bank; and finding that he was unable to get a living as an artist, he turned to literature.

In 1836 he married the daughter of Colonel Shawe, an Irish officer. Soon afterwards he obtained a post on the staff of *Fraser's Magazine*. To it he contributed *The Yellow-plush Papers*, *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, and a powerful story of an Irish gambler, entitled *Barry Lyndon*.

In 1842 he joined the staff of *Punch*, to which he contributed the famous *Snob Papers*, and *Jeames's Diary*, as well as his first ballads.

In 1847 Thackeray began the publication of *Vanity Fair* in monthly parts. By the time it was finished in the following year, it had placed him in the front rank as a writer of fiction. *Vanity Fair* was followed by *Pendennis*, mainly autobiographical, *Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*.

Esmond, which was published in three volumes, and not in parts, is perhaps his greatest work. In it he reproduces the manners, customs, and conversations of the days of Queen Anne in a very wonderful way.

Then Thackeray, like Dickens, began to lecture, and this proved to be a far more profitable occupation than writing novels. In London and in certain provincial towns, and then in America, he delivered a course of lectures on *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*, and another on *The Four Georges*. In 1860 he became the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which through his name attained a wide circulation. In it appeared *The Roundabout Papers*, very delightful essays. He relinquished the editorship in 1862, and died suddenly on December 20th of the following year. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London.

Thackeray, who wrote mainly for the middle and upper classes, was one of the greatest English novelists. Unlike Dickens he knew little or nothing of the lower sections of society. He was often cynical, and sometimes inclined to be pessimistic. He was passionately fond of the eighteenth century writers, and his intimate knowledge of the works of Addison, Steele, Swift, and others had a great deal to do with the formation of his graceful style of writing. He had an ingrained hatred of shams of all sorts. "Whited sepulchres" always came in for his most scorching satire. He was never tired of advising people against being ashamed of the station in life they had sprung from, or were destined to fill.

XLI.—Charles Dickens (1812–1870).

Charles Dickens was born at Landport, Portsmouth. His father was an easy-going Navy Pay Clerk, whose peculiarities may be studied in the person of Mr. Micawber.

During the boy's early years his father moved from Portsmouth to Chatham, where he stayed until Charles was eleven years old. Here the boy received some rudiments of education. He was timid and delicate, and took little or

no interest in ordinary boyish games. As soon as he was able to read, most of his spare time was spent in eagerly devouring the contents of *The Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and Fielding's books.

In 1823 his father was removed from Chatham to London, and then began those bitter experiences of poverty and all that follows in its train, which made such indelible impressions on the boy's sensitive mind—reflections of which appear again and again in the pages of his books.

His father was lodged in the Marshalsea Prison for debt, and Charles was sent to work in Lamert's blacking factory. He loathed the place and all it contained, as may be gathered from his description of David Copperfield's miserable time at Murdstone and Grinby's. Owing to a fortunate disagreement between his father and Lamert about the time that his father left the prison, Charles was withdrawn from the factory and sent to school again, where he stayed for nearly two years, and then he finally left school.

Charles now entered a lawyer's office. His spare time was occupied in learning Gurney's shorthand—Pitman's was not then in use—so that he might become a reporter. He succeeded, and secured employment on the *Morning Chronicle*, one of the chief daily papers of the time. Before long he turned his attention to the writing of original stories. In 1833, at the age of twenty-one, he sent a story entitled *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*, to the *Monthly Magazine*. It was accepted, and so Dickens entered upon his literary career. Three years later a number of these short stories were published under the title of *Sketches by Boz*. This was followed by *Pickwick Papers*, which placed Dickens in the front rank of popular novelists. Then came *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge*. The plot of the latter is very complicated, but the style is Dickens's best.

Dickens went on a tour in America in 1842, and when he returned he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, one of his finest books, in which he cleverly satirizes the American boaster.

In 1843, he wrote *A Christmas Carol*, which is now a classic. *Dombey and Son* was issued five years later, and was followed by *David Copperfield*, probably his best work, which contains a good deal of the author's personal history, and was his own favourite production. He also wrote *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, and *Our Mutual Friend*—the last three being among his best works.

In 1856 he acquired Gadshill Place, a large house near Rochester, and here he lived for the remainder of his life.

In the autumn of 1869 he began *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, but it was never finished, as he died of apoplexy on June 9th of the next year. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Charles Dickens by sheer ability had risen from poverty to a position of affluence. He left a fortune of £95,000, a good proportion of which had been obtained from his reading tours in Britain and America. He was an energetic, persevering man of genius, sympathetic and charitable, especially to the poor; but occasionally he was somewhat inclined to be overbearing and conceited. Now and again in his books he gave too much caricature, and something very near bathos for pathos. Their most attractive feature is their delightful humour. Again and again has he made our homes ring with joyous laughter, and to-day many of his characters are amongst our familiar fireside friends.

XLII.—Robert Browning (1812–1889).

Robert Browning was born in London. His father was a highly-respected official in the Bank of England; his mother was of German origin.

Robert was educated at private schools, and by a private tutor, and when very young he began to write verses. In 1834 he visited Italy for the first time, and in the following year he published a poem called *Paracelsus*, which gave him a place as a poet and, in the opinion of men like Carlyle, laid the foundation of a successful literary career.

In 1816 he married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess. They went to live at Florence in Italy, and stayed there till Mrs. Browning's death in 1861. Soon afterwards he settled in London. He had already published *Sordello*, a difficult poem which Carlyle and Tennyson declared nobody could understand, *Bells and Pomegranates*—containing *Pippa Passes*—and other poems. His chief work is *The Ring and the Book*, which at once placed him in the front rank of living poets.

But he is best known to most people by his shorter poems, e.g. :—*Rabbi Ben Ezra* ; *How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* ; *The Pied Piper*, etc.

For years Browning's poems appealed only to a select number of educated people. His subjects were often difficult and uninteresting, and were not always expressed in a very attractive way. But as time went on, others began to recognize his greatness. Browning Societies were formed to study and discuss his poems, and then the poet's originality, philosophy, power, and intense feeling became evident, and his fame spread far and wide.

He died in his son's house at Venice at the age of seventy-seven. His body was brought over to England and buried in Westminster Abbey on the last day of the year 1889.

XLIII.—Charlotte Brontë (1816–1855).

Charlotte Brontë was the third daughter of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, a clergyman of Irish descent, who had settled in England.

She was brought up with her two sisters, Emily and Anne, in a small parsonage at Haworth, near Keighley, amid the bleak moorland of West Yorkshire. She was left motherless at the age of six ; and when quite young she had to be a mother to her younger sisters, her elder sisters having died when children. Her life was not a happy one. The family was poor, she herself had indifferent health, there were various domestic troubles, and the girl had no friends to give her a helping hand in her literary efforts.

All three sisters had literary ability. Their first venture was a volume of poems issued under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. It was not a success. Charlotte rose to fame after the publication of *Jane Eyre* in 1847. It was followed by *Shirley* in 1849, and *Villette* in 1853.

In 1854 she married her father's curate, the Rev. A. Nicholls, but her health gave way and she died the following year. Emily had been dead seven years, and Anne six. Their father lived till 1861.

Charlotte Brontë has a very powerful and vivid style. Her narrative is always interesting, and some of her descriptions of nature possess an impressive grandeur rarely equalled.

XLIV.—James Anthony Froude (1818–1894).

James Anthony Froude was a son of Archdeacon Froude, and was born near Totnes, in Devonshire. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Oxford University.

When he left the University he became very friendly with Carlyle, and began contributing articles to various magazines. In 1856 he began to publish his chief work, *The History of England from the Fall of Cardinal Wolsey to the Spanish Armada*. It was completed in twelve volumes by the year 1870. This work is now considered to be of greater literary than historical value. It is written in a beautiful and masterly style, but its statements are sometimes inaccurate, and its judgments biased, though not nearly to the extent that Freeman and other opponents made out.

When his friend Carlyle died in 1881, he published various volumes relating to him, e.g. :—*History of the First Forty Years of Carlyle's Life*; *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Even in these publications he showed want of discretion by revealing matters that it would have been better to have kept private.

In 1892 Froude was appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford University, and his lectures there were afterwards published in book form, one of the most interesting series being *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*

(1895). Froude must be read for his charming style, which affords great delight to the thoughtful reader. His descriptions of scenes and events are such as make them live in the imagination of the reader, and children will be as interested in listening to one of his lectures, well read, as they are in reading any tale of adventure.

XLV.—John Ruskin (1819–1900).

John Ruskin was of Scottish descent, and was born in London. In *Fors Clavigera* (Chance, the Club-Bearer) he gives us many glimpses of his early life.

He was brought up under Puritan influences, was compelled to read the Bible with care and reverence from Genesis to Revelation, and to learn many passages by heart, a training which had no small influence on his future literary style. His father, who was a well-to-do wine-merchant, was very fond of art, and took John to see all the best collections of paintings that were available.

The boy's early education was private. When he was seventeen he went to Oxford University. His blameless life and religious tendencies while at the University led his father and mother to hope that he would enter the Church; but John decided otherwise, much to his parents' disappointment.

His father being wealthy, and he an only child, there was no need for him to work for his living, so he devoted his attention to Art. Some time before this, his father had made him a present of a book on Italy that contained some very fine engravings by Turner. This drew John's attention to Turner's beautiful landscapes. He met the artist in 1840, and from that time onwards was his advocate and defender. Out of a letter written in Turner's defence there grew his great work, *Modern Painters, their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters*. By a Graduate of Oxford. The first volume appeared in 1843, a second in 1846, two others in 1856, and the fifth and last in 1860. This is the finest treatise upon Art in the English language. Its style is simple, yet beautiful and melodious, and it stamped

Ruskin as one of the foremost writers of the day. Some of the most beautiful passages from *Modern Painters* have been published in a volume entitled *Frondes Agrestes*. Other works on Art by him are :—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and *The Stones of Venice* ; the latter is considered by some people to be his finest work. He also wrote a charming fairy tale, entitled, *The King of the Golden River*.

Ruskin was very much influenced by the teaching of Carlyle, and this caused him to turn from Art for a time, and devote his attention to the destruction and re-construction of the prevailing systems of Political Economy. With this object in view he published a number of books, e.g. :—*Unto this Last*, *Munera Pulveris* (Gifts of the Dust), *The Crown of Wild Olive*, and *Sesame and Lilies*. Many of his opinions were prejudiced, and his ideas were unpractical ; but altogether he had a great influence for good on the moral and social conditions of his time.

Every teacher should ponder over and cherish what he says about education in *The Crown of Wild Olive*. They are among the best things he has ever written.

(1) The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

(2) Education is not a profitable business, but a costly one : nay, even the best attainments of it are always unprofitable in any terms of coin. No nation ever made its bread either by its great Arts or its great wisdoms. By its minor arts or manufactures, by its practical knowledge, yes ; but its noble scholarship, its noble philosophy, and its noble art, are always to be bought as a treasure, not sold as a livelihood. You do not learn that you may live ; you live that you may learn. You are to spend on National Education and be spent for it ; and to make by it, not more money, but better men—to get into this British Island the greatest possible number of good and brave Englishmen. They are to be your money's worth.

Even Ruskin's bitterest opponents recognized his purity of motive, his goodness of heart, and his devotion to truth.

For style he is unsurpassed. His musical phrases, beautifully finished sentences, eloquent passages, and frequent word-painting give great delight to the reader.

Ruskin married in 1848, but a separation followed in 1855. Like Carlyle, he was "gey ill to live wi'." He was highly-strung, imperious, "touchy," and could brook no opposition.

In 1869 he was appointed Slade Professor of the Fine Arts at Oxford, which position he held until 1878, and again in 1883 and 1884.

In 1871 he bought the estate of Brantwood on Coniston Water in the Lake District. After resigning his Professorship in 1884, he lived there entirely; and thence he issued *Præterita*—an autobiography in monthly parts. Twenty-four parts appeared, then came an interval owing to illness. After this four numbers were issued, bringing his life down to 1864. He died at Brantwood, and was buried in Coniston Churchyard.

XLVI.—Charles Kingsley (1819–1875).

Charles Kingsley, the son of a clergyman, was born in the West Country, near Dartmoor. He was a clever boy. He went to school at Helston in Cornwall; later he proceeded to King's College, London, and then to Magdalene College, Cambridge. In 1842 he became curate of Eversley, in Hampshire. Two years later he was presented with the living, and remained there for the rest of his life. He soon became noted as a Broad Churchman and Christian Socialist. The Chartist movement deeply interested him, and he wrote two novels in which he sets forth his ideas on social reform:—*Yeast* (1848), and *Alton Locke* (1850). In these he shows very plainly his deep sympathy with the poor; for he considered that the condition of the working classes in England was a disgrace to any Christian country.

Then at intervals followed his three historical novels:—*Hypatia* (1853) deals with a decadent period of the Ancient world; *Westward Ho!* (1855), though tinged with bigotry, is a splendid book for boys, and one in which the indomitable spirit of the Elizabethan sea-dogs lives over again; and *Hereward the Wake* vividly portrays the final

efforts of the Saxons to throw off the yoke of their Norman conquerors.

The year after the publication of *Westward Ho!* he produced *The Heroes*, an admirable collection of Greek myths, very interesting to children. *The Water Babies* appeared in 1863, and is also a great favourite with the young folks.

Kingsley was also a poet, and some of his ballads and songs make delightful reading. *The Three Fishers*, and *The Sands of Dee*, with their tender pathos, are well known. *A Farewell* should be committed to memory by every British boy and girl.

Kingsley became Professor of History at Cambridge University in 1860, and held the position till 1869, when he was made a Canon of Chester Cathedral; four years later he became Canon of Westminster Abbey. He died in 1875 at the age of fifty-six.

XLVII.—George Eliot (1819–1880).

George Eliot, whose real name was Mary Ann Evans, was born near Nuneaton, in Warwickshire. She received her education at a good school in Coventry. When she was seventeen her mother died, and she afterwards kept house for her father till his death in 1849.

When she was twenty-two they went to live at Coventry. Here she met a man named Hennell, a rationalistic writer against Christianity, and it was through him that she gave up her Christian belief.

She read widely. She made a careful study of French, German, and Italian, and read many of the best books in these languages. She was also well acquainted with Greek and Latin. She was twenty-seven when she first took up literary work, and later was for a time assistant editor of *The Westminster Review*. This brought her into contact with Herbert Spencer, George Henry Lewes, and "Mark Rutherford." Nothing need be said here of her relationship with Lewes.

Her great power as a novelist did not show itself until

she was approaching forty years of age. Then she wrote some articles for *Blackwood's Magazine* which were afterwards reprinted as *Scenes from Clerical Life*; they showed that she was a writer of great power. *Adam Bede* appeared in 1859 and made a great sensation in literary circles. *The Mill on the Floss* was issued in 1860. The first part of this is autobiographical. The history of Maggie and Tom Tulliver is really that of the authoress and her brother Isaac. *Silas Marner*, one of the best of her productions, was published in 1861. She also wrote *Romola*, a tale of the times of Savonarola, and *Felix Holt, the Radical*. Then for a time she turned her attention to poetry, and wrote *The Spanish Gipsy*, and other poems. They contain some fine passages, but cannot be called great.

She soon returned to novel-writing, and issued *Middlemarch* (Mid-Mercia), which by many is considered to be her finest production.

She died at Chelsea, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

George Eliot was a very careful writer, a complete master of fine, vigorous English, and a very clever delineator of rural life and scenery. She had an accurate and detailed knowledge of the thought, speech, and life of the lower middle classes of the midland counties. In her writings she emphasizes the value of work, and shows how easy it is to sink into sin unless we continually exercise our will-power, and are prepared to make sacrifices.

XLVIII.—**Matthew Arnold** (1822-1888).

Matthew Arnold was the eldest son of Dr. Arnold, the famous Headmaster of Rugby School. He was born at Laleham, near Staines, on the Thames, and was educated first at Winchester, then at his father's school, and afterwards at Oxford University.

A short time after leaving Oxford he became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and through his influence secured an appointment as Inspector of Schools in 1851, a position which he held for thirty-four years. He began to

write poetry some time before this. *The Forsaken Merman*, one of the best known of his poems, is one of the earliest.

In 1857 he was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and held the post for ten years.

Other poems of his are *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Balder Dead*, and *Rugby Chapel*. He also wrote a large number of essays on religion and other subjects. In 1886 he received a pension of £250 a year. He died two years later.

His poems are often very beautiful, and his prose style is clear, cultured, and musical. He was also one of the foremost literary critics of the last century.

XLIX.—Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909).

Algernon Charles Swinburne's father was an admiral, and his mother was of aristocratic descent, being the daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham.

The boy was educated at Eton and Oxford, and in his early days began the study of poetry.

When he left the University he became associated with D. G. Rossetti and George Meredith. He began to be recognized as a poet in 1865 when he published *Atalanta in Calydon*. But his *Poems and Ballads*, published the following year, alienated many people, whose idea of propriety caused them to take offence at certain portions of the volume; and a heated controversy was occasioned in the literary world.

He wrote many poems and prose works, but he never became popular in either branch of literature.

Some of his poems are beautifully expressed, and he possesses great metrical power. In later years he became nearly stone deaf. He never married, and for years before he died he lived with his friend Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton at Putney Hill.

L.—Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894).

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, and was an only child. His father was a civil engineer. His mother was a delicate woman, though she outlived her son,

and Robert Louis no doubt inherited some of her physical weakness as well as her intellectual powers. He was a delicate boy from the first, and suffered frequently from bronchitis and nerve troubles. When only eight years old he had a severe attack of gastric fever, and escaped death only by a hair's-breadth. He possessed a vivid imagination, was passionately fond of childish amusements, and indulged in them freely indoors, where he had to stay so frequently on account of sickness. This love of child life in him never died, and we see it very plainly in many of the poems in his *A Child's Garden of Verses*.

He went to various schools, and from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year much of his time was spent in travelling; then he entered Edinburgh University. He was a great reader, and read widely, especially poetry, fiction, and history. He also assiduously practised writing of various kinds in prose and verse, the manuscript of some of these interesting attempts being still preserved.

About this time his father took a country cottage among the Pentland Hills, and the family spent a good deal of time there. The surrounding scenery was a great delight to Robert. It was always intended that he should follow his father's profession and become an engineer; but that proved to be unsuitable owing to his indifferent health, so he began to study for the Bar. In 1873 his health broke down, and he had to spend the winter in the Riviera. He returned the following spring, continued his studies, and was called to the Bar in 1875. Among his friends at this time were W. E. Henley, Andrew Lang, and Edmund Gosse.

For the next three or four years he wandered about in Britain and on the Continent, living a Bohemian sort of life which kept him in moderate health.

In 1876 he wrote those brilliant essays in the *Cornhill Magazine*, afterwards collected in book form and entitled *Virginibus Puerisque*. Already people were beginning to see that a new writer had appeared on the horizon, who possessed a refreshing and charming style.

In 1879 he went to San Francisco, and there married an American lady, a Mrs. Osbourne, who was very devoted to him, and delighted as much as he did in gipsy life and ways. The same year he issued that delightful book, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*.

Between 1880 and 1887 he was a confirmed invalid. Consumption set in, and he was often prostrated by a hacking cough, bleeding at the lungs, and fever. It was in 1881 that he began *Treasure Island*, and his father helped him a good deal by giving him accounts of his own sea-faring experiences. He was not able to complete it till the next year. In 1885 he finished his *A Child's Garden of Verses*. The next year he issued two books which greatly enhanced his reputation:—*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, founded in part on a dream of the author. The book instantly became popular, and was translated into German, French, and Danish. The other book was *Kidnapped*, a boy's story as deeply interesting as *Treasure Island*. In 1888 he wrote another boy's tale, *The Black Arrow*, a fascinating story of the Wars of the Roses.

On the death of his father in 1887, he, his wife, stepson, and mother went to America, and here he began *The Master of Ballantrae*, one of his finest romances. It was issued two years later.

In 1888 they set out for a cruise in the Pacific and visited the South Sea Islands. Two years later they settled at Vailima, in the island of Samoa, and there Stevenson spent the last four years of his life.

He was a great worker in spite of his delicate health. Up at six in the morning, working till midday, and then again till four or five o'clock in the afternoon. The end came rather suddenly, and he was buried on one of the forest-clad hills of his far-away island home.

Robert Louis Stevenson is a master of clear, beautiful, and musical English prose, and no writer in our language is more suitable for study by school children.

LI.—Rudyard Kipling (*b.* 1865).

Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay. He was the son of John Lockwood Kipling, who was at one time Head of the School of Art at Lahore. His mother was a sister of Lady Poynter, and of Lady Burne-Jones. Their son was named Rudyard after Rudyard Lake, near Burslem, where the father and mother first met.

When he was twelve years old Rudyard left India, came to England, and entered the United Services College, North Devon. He gives us some of his ideas and experiences of school life in *Stalky & Co.*, where he himself is represented by the "Beetle." He returned to India in his later teens, and became sub-editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, and of *The Pioneer*. It was for these papers that he began to write short stories.

Mr. E. K. Robinson says that when Kipling was busy with his work he had a bad habit of dipping his pen too deeply into the inkpot, and then flinging the ink all about the room, spotting his own light clothes with it, and those of anybody else who happened to be near. But he also tells us that "His sterling character gleamed through the humorous light which shone behind his spectacles."

Kipling visited various parts of the empire and the world, and became well known for his ardent imperialism, and he did a great deal to make us realize our imperial responsibilities.

In prose, *The Light that Failed*, and *Captains Courageous* are well known. But his *Jungle Books*, and *Just-So Stories* are more widely read and enjoyed than any others of his prose works.

As a writer of poetry he stands first amongst our living poets. *The Recessional* is his greatest poem. *A Song of the English* and *The White Man's Burden* are also very fine poems. *Songs from Books*, *The Five Nations*, *The Seven Seas*, *Barrack Room Ballads*, and *Departmental Ditties* all contain typical examples of his poetic genius.

LII.—Sir Henry Newbolt (b. 1862).

Sir Henry J. Newbolt was born at Bilston, in Staffordshire; his father was the vicar of St. Mary's Church there. Henry was educated at Clifton College, and at Oxford University. He was trained for the law and was called to the Bar in 1887. From 1900 to 1904 he was editor of *The Monthly Review*.

He is the author of many stirring poems:—*Admirals All*, *Drake's Drum*, *The Fighting Téméraire*, and *Vitai Lampada* are among the best known.

Sir Henry Newbolt lives at Salisbury, and is fond of shooting and fishing.

LIII.—John Oxenham.

John Oxenham was educated at Old Trafford School, and at Manchester University. He has lived in France, and the United States, and has travelled extensively in various parts of the world. He has written a good deal of prose and poetry. Of his prose, *Under the Iron Flail*, *Bondman Free*, *Giant Circumstance*, and *Mr. Cherry* may be mentioned; and of his poetry some excellent examples will be found in *Bees in Amber*, *The King's Highway*, *All's Well*, and *The Fiery Cross*.

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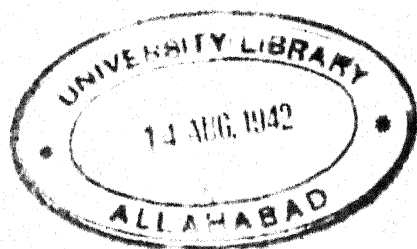
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